The Saturday Evening
POST
January 11, 1958 - 15¢

THE CHANGING MIDWEST

By John Bartlow Martin

Radio City Music Hall

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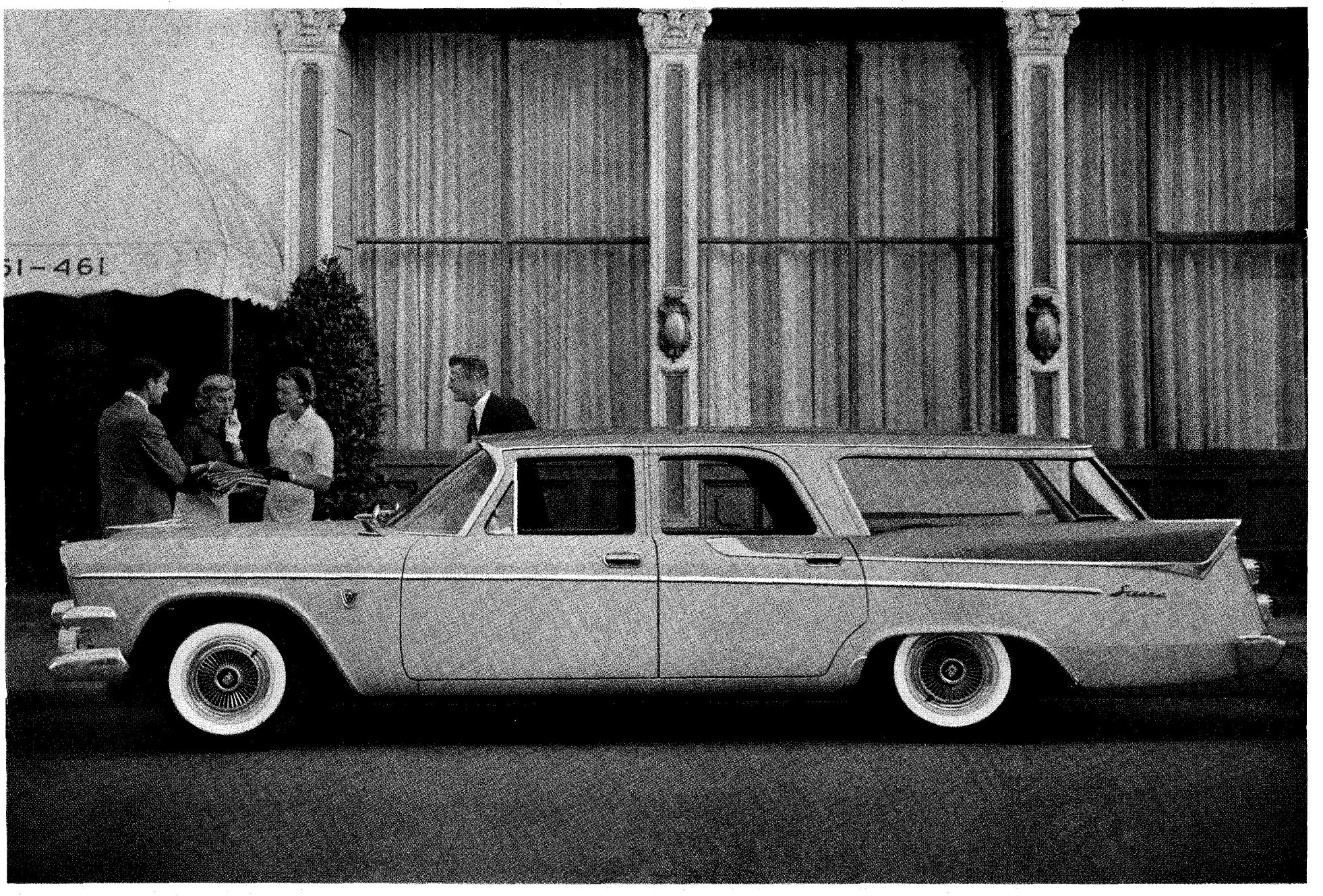
Clothes courtesy I. Magnin

Life is a picnic with a Swept-Wing Sierra in the stable

WHAT THE MILLIONAIRE SAID TO THE BYSTANDER

"How much does it cost to own a yacht like that?" a millionaire sportsman was asked about his 200-foot luxury vessel. His answer was simple: "If you have to think about costs, you shouldn't own one." Now maybe you have that attitude about a Swept-Wing 58 4-door station wagon. Certainly this "land yacht" costs more than other body styles. And true, there are cheaper wagons on the market. (Also smaller, lighter, less luxurious.) But here's a new way to look at the cost: If you divide the purchase price *by the number of times* you'll use this wagon, it may prove to be the least expensive car you could buy. Because, you see, you'll use it for everything: It's that great.



Station wagon owners of the world, arise! If you own a non-Chrysler Corporation wagon, you are suffering under the yoke of antiquated design. Do you have to battle an awkward, two-piece tailgate? (Our Swept-Wing 58 has a one-piece tailgate; window lowers into it.) Do the passengers struggle to get in and out of third seat? (Our wagons have rear-facing, rear-entry third seat in Observation Lounge.) Do you worry about exposing capitalist luxuries stored in rear? (We have secret storage compartment that locks.) Are you oppressed by need to remove seat to make cargo room? (Dodge rear seat just flips forward.) So quit dreaming about what's going to happen to station wagons "come the revolution." Friend, the Swept-Wing 58 wagon *is* a revolution. Get aboard.

SWEPT·WING 58 *by* DODGE

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Mrs. Nature, smiling with frosty affection on her children young and old, has solidified the water of the Fox River at Batavia, Ill.; and on this glorious rink a person can skate for many miles, if he can skate. Pity the poor denizens of great, highly civilized metropolises who can only skate round and round in small circles on frappéed ammonia pipes. Well, in this teeming scene we have figure skaters, chair skaters, collapsing skaters; we have jumpers, pucksters, walkers, lovers; and we have those daredevils who are following the leader—presently they will link hands and play snap the whip, a maneuver which practically always goeth before a fall. John Falter declares that by the time he had finished painting all those portraits he had a sore wrist.

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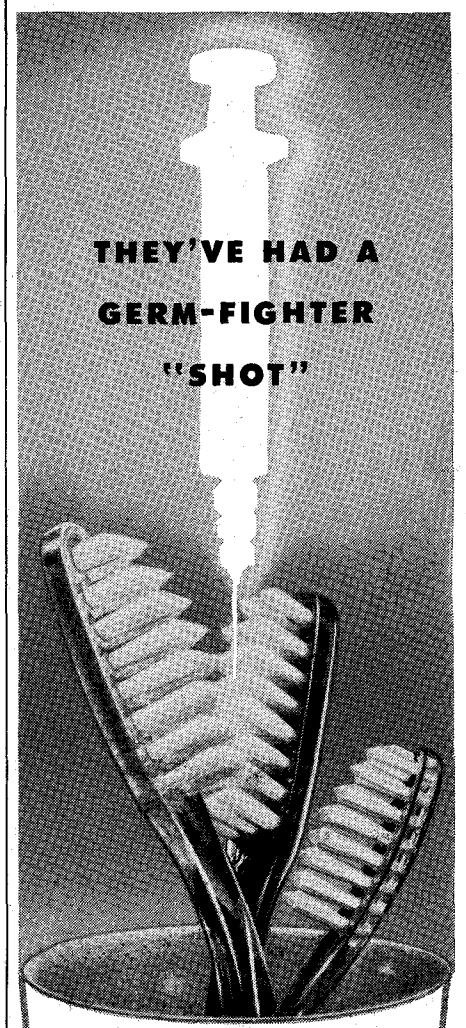
These toothbrushes
won't pass along germs!



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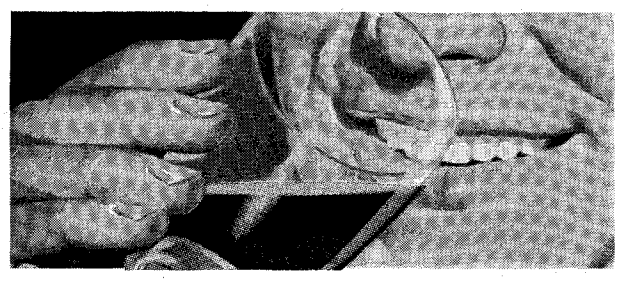
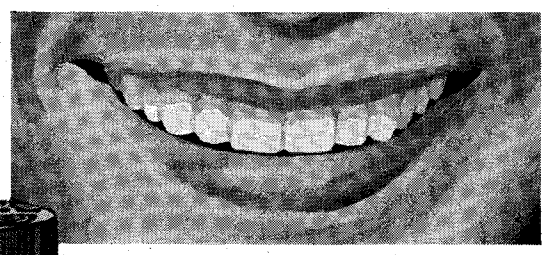


...and your mouth feels clean



because it is clean

Lavoris Clean!

And your mouth stays clean longer!

Recent laboratory tests prove that even one and a half hours after a Lavoris rinse, bacteria count in the mouth is still substantially reduced. Add this lasting effect to Lavoris' unique cleansing action and you see why Lavoris is the *complete*, all-family mouthwash.

EXTRA TIPS ON FAMILY MOUTH CARE

SORE THROAT—A Lavoris gargle will clear away throat mucus and soothe irritated tissues.

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DENTURES—Regular use of Lavoris helps keep mouth tissues clean and comfortable . . . the breath pure and fresh.

GUMS—Lavoris' astringent action tones gums . . . helps keep them firm and resistant.

Take a tip from your dentist—use Lavoris, the sparkling red mouthwash that tastes good . . . does good!

Letters

Can Man Live by the Rat Race Alone?

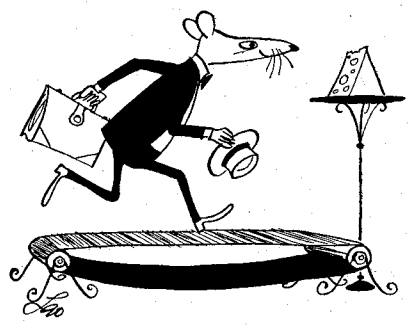
Dear Sirs:

Howard Upton's article, HAD ENOUGH OF THE OLD RAT RACE?, December 7th, was true and well written, but it sure took a lot of words . . . to remind us that in the United States the choice of [a way of] life is simply a matter of "to each his own."

JAMES J. METCALFE
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Howard Upton's well-reasoned article . . . contains all the ammunition



needed to combat the poorly worked-out philosophy accepted by so many white-collar workers. . . .

From now on, without apologies or complexes, I am devoting my whole energies to becoming a better and faster rat.

WILLIAM M. UTTER
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Howard Upton . . . is a man who faces the realities of the world we live in with a penetrating eye. The fact that it fails to dismay him one little bit puts a nice, sturdy prop under my waning confidence in the status quo.

It is obviously written with the American male, circa 1957, in mind, but it applies equally well to the female of the species. I, myself, feel like a Brother Rat or should I say Sister Rat?

MRS. RUTH V. BROWNING
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed Howard Upton's . . . article very much. It made me look around with an open eye and open heart. It made me appreciate things—and yes, even myself a little more.

MRS. O. W. BEISNER
Raytown, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Upton . . . has, I think, a nagging sense of guilt about his thesis . . . he protests too much and gives his show away with the use of the words "*mediocre* sculptor," "*inept* philosopher." On the defensive, he begs the question when he says his heroes "need not rationalize" . . . and I maintain, does us all a great disservice when he ends by saying without reservation: "The real hero is the fellow you see there with the brief case, waiting to catch the night plane to Houston to see what he can do about sacking up that big double-threaded pipe order."

Let us hope that none of these "heroes" see this article. But they will, and thereby lose more of their resistance to the pressures of the rat race . . . and whatever influences may lead them, against their better judgment, to stay in it and give it the Upton-recommended "all they've got."

ARTHUR E. HOBBS
Darien, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Our hospitals are crowded with people who grimly held on because they judged the Full Life meant sticking to the "Old Rat Race" or were so lacking in imagination that they couldn't conceive of a different and better way of living.

HAROLD E. GRAHAM
Camden, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

In a materialistic society Mr. Upton's article is excellent soothing syrup. But shall man live by bread alone?

C. B. NORRIS
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

It is not, as author Upton infers, necessarily better for a man to be a reasonably good accountant than to be a mediocre sculptor. Not everyone can be the best in the world in his chosen field, but integrity and happiness with one's work are important nevertheless. If a man is happy being a mediocre sculptor, isn't he really better off than if he's a reasonably good accountant or customer's man or buyer, with a secret yen to express himself artistically (and not just for a hobby)? A yen which frustrates him and may even gnaw a hole in his duodenum? . . .

Our living standards, our whole economy, might be on a somewhat lower plane if every man turned to what he really wanted to do—but there would be fewer cases of stomach ulcers and severe emotional disturbance. Which is better?

WHIT HILLYER
Evanston, Ill.

The G-Men of England

Dear Sirs:

Concerning your story MY SCOTLAND YARD ADVENTURES [Nov. 23], Sir Ronald Howe says, "I went out of my way to meet murderers and to study them. I found them dull, and their crimes dull."

Murders dull?

Does Sir Ronald mean that the shocking murders didn't affect him?

What a hardened view of life and death.

GAIL HUTCHINGS
Winchester, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The writer mentioned the fact that in England it is deemed unnecessary to arm the police. . . .

One of the first things which strike an American in the British Isles is the tremendous concern with and regard for vested authority. In fairness to the many valiant members of American police forces, I feel it should be pointed out that while most Americans obey the law, they do not have the regard for it that characterizes the average Englishman. . . . The majesty of the law is ingrained and traditional with the British. . . .

In America we have a somewhat different tradition. It is only sixty-seven years since the formal closing of the American frontier . . . and disputants settled their own differences by gunfire. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

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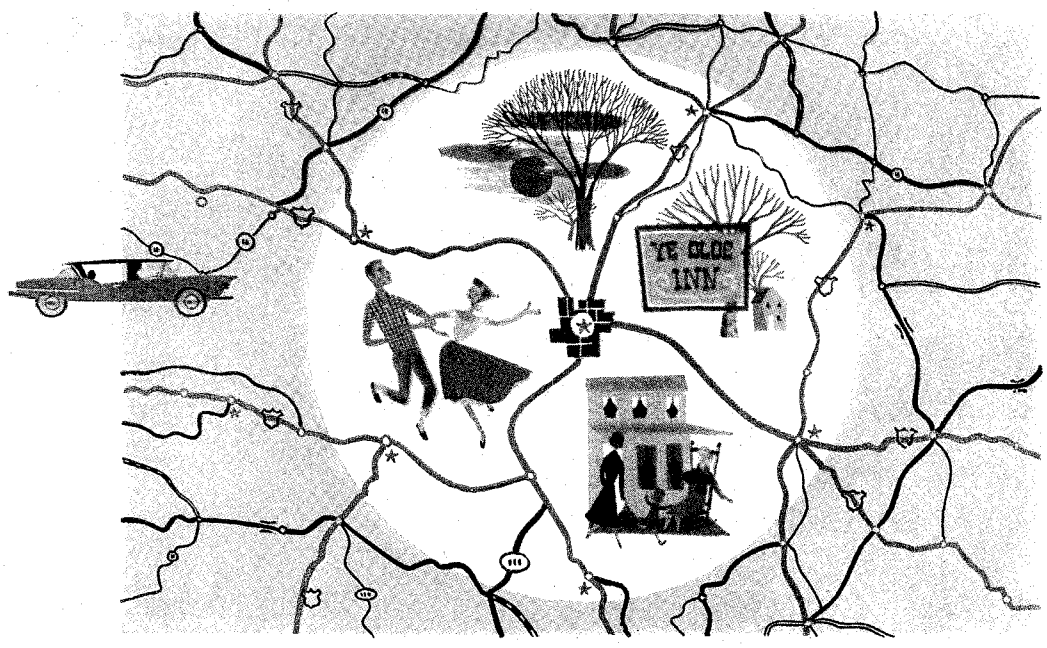
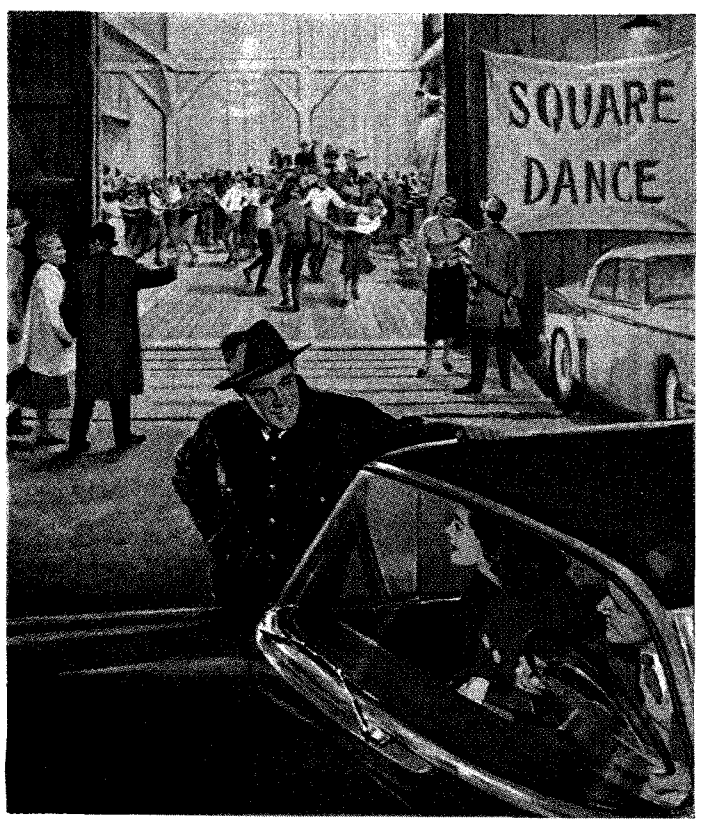
Your car makes this a Magic Circle



Discover the mapful of fun that's around you anywhere you live (and drive) . . . just set your course by car



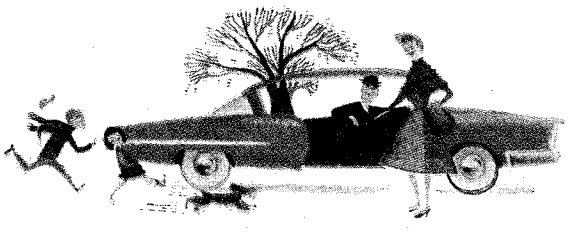
Swing a partner. Swing out of your driveway and you'll find your Magic Circle is full of many kinds of fun like this, just a few quick comfortable car miles away.

Good eating, too, starts with your car. Sit back and enjoy the chef's specialty at your favorite country inn. Or, simply set out to discover the undiscovered.

Renew old friendships. Your car can be your way to warm hospitality. Make that long-overdue date to share old memories or to create a few for the future.

Discover the rich experience a winter sunset can be. Get out and enjoy the beauty winter brings to so many scenes, any day in your Magic Circle.

See winter in an exciting new light through the window of your car. Any time of year, your Magic Circle surrounds you with a worldful of things to enjoy. And from start to end of every trip you take, over 200,000 friendly trained service station men stand ready to make it a carefree pleasure. See for yourself tomorrow, next weekend or next vacation.



DRIVE MORE . . .
IT'S FUN TO EXPLORE
YOUR MAGIC CIRCLE

"ETHYL" (TRADE-MARK) ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION
New York 17, New York

Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compounds . . . used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure

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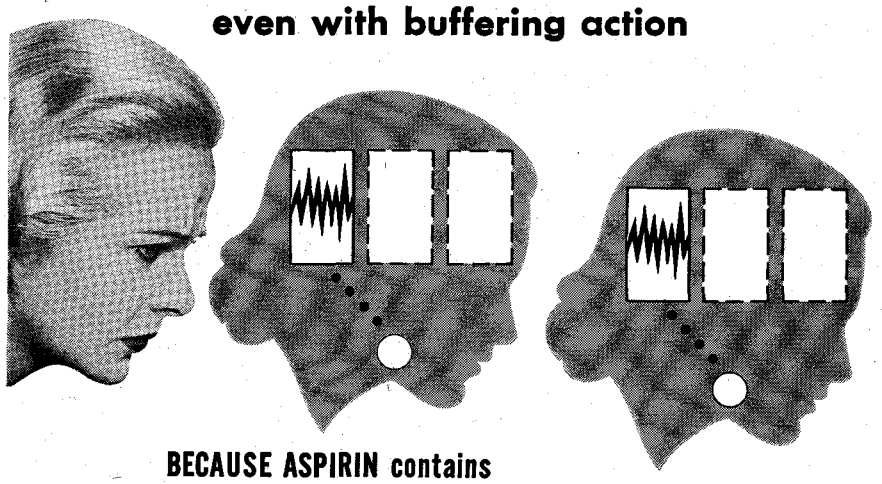
Here's why

ANACIN®

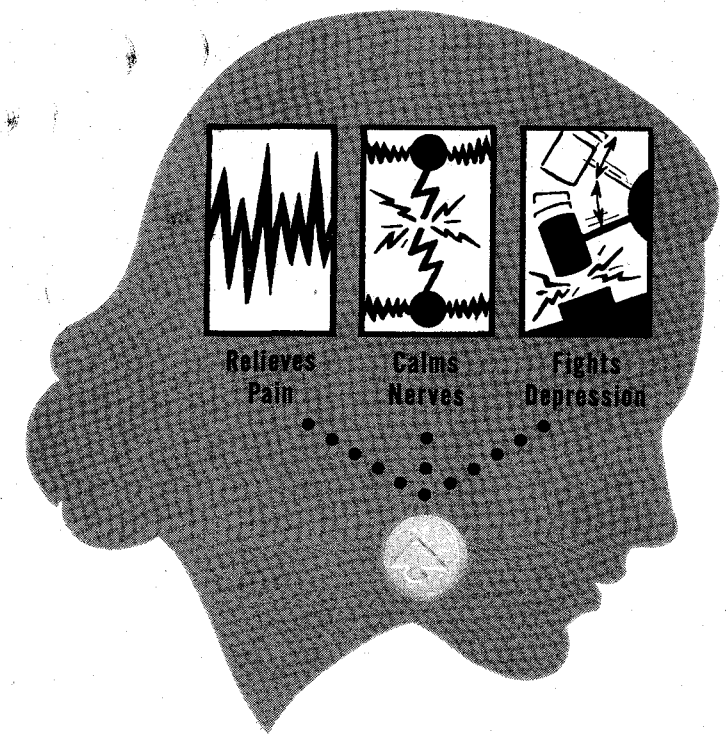
gives better TOTAL results in

PAIN RELIEF

better than aspirin...
even with buffering action



BECAUSE ASPIRIN contains only one pain reliever..... ADD BUFFERING ACTION and you still have only one.



BUT ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression.

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves—leaves you *comfortably relaxed*. (3) Fights depression. Thus, Anacin gives you better TOTAL results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Secondly, England is an island. The avenues of escape are few when one compares England and Scotland to the United States. This in itself is a deterrent to crime on the scale in which it exists here. . . .

Thirdly, the British police are not confronted with a polyglot population with many differing ancestries and traditions concerning the law. . . . The fleeing British criminal cannot count upon indifference from the vast majority of the British people. They are for the most part quite interested in seeing to it that the criminal is caught. The average American reads of some crime, mildly deplores it and then dismisses it as something for the "cops" to worry about. . . .

I do not set myself up as an authority on crime or police forces, but I feel that abandoning firearms for police is sheer madness so far as the United States is concerned. . . .

JAMES F. COLLINS
El Monte, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

In your article in last week's Post about Scotland Yard, written by that ignorant Englishman who was the chief. He talks about a "priest" that was discovered taking clothing, etc., from his parishioners for himself. Upon reading it, I discovered, as usual, that it was not a priest of the Catholic Church but a minister of a non-Catholic Church. Everyone always associates a priest as a Catholic and rightly so.

RICHARD P. O'DONNELL
Hammond, Ind.

● *Fully ordained Anglican clergymen are always called priests. —ED.*

Swedish-Born Governors

Dear Sirs:

On page 49 of the Dec. 7 issue you have an interesting article captioned MONTANA'S GALLOPING SWEDE by Paul F. Healy. Under the title is stated "J. Hugo Aronson, the nation's only foreign-born governor. . . ." This is an incorrect statement.

Like his compatriot J. Hugo Aronson in Montana, Governor Joseph B. Johnson, of Vermont, was born in Sweden and today he is serving his second term as Republican Governor of Vermont.

LEUEEN M. HECTOR
Brattleboro, Vt.

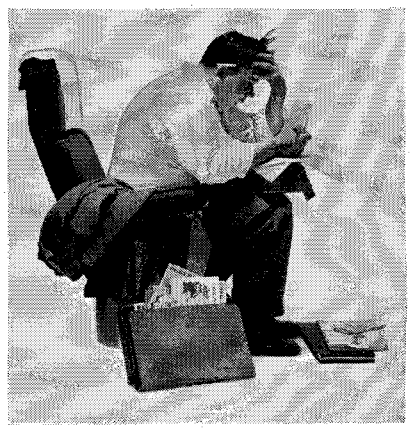
● *The mistake was made by our title-writing and research departments, not by the author. Our thanks to reader Hector and eighteen others who called us on this inexcusable goof. —ED.*

The Swindle Sheet

Dear Sirs:

After a long close look at the cover picture on the Nov. 30th issue of the Post, I can't see where or how the so-called old "Masters" have anything on artist Norman Rockwell.

CHAS. HUBBELL
Carson City, Nev.



Dear Sirs:

Your November 30th cover . . . was superb.

Having recently been promoted to an assistant account executive on a national account which requires a lot of traveling, I well appreciate what Ernest Hall is going through.

The artist's selection of theater programs and menus in the under-arm brief case was excellent. The attaché case was well illustrated in its most functional use.

RALPH L. KEARNES
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The Norman Rockwell cover, far from being funny, is a moral tragedy. Here is the young business executive, the future leader. He will control the destinies of a business concern, its employees and their families. He may even become a leader in the community. But look at him! He's just a fat, sloppy chiseler, his brief case bulging with evidence of moral degeneracy.

What kind of a future has our country with men like that to look to?

GERALD J. PARENT
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I, too, have an "expense-account" husband. His doesn't take him to such glamorous places as the Copacabana, and he only has male customers! But he certainly must know exactly how the poor guy feels, though, as the following incident will tell.

The first curse word I ever heard from our little three-year-old son was "damn it." I proceeded to find how this came about and I, much to my husband's regret, did just that. He said, "Daddy *sayed* it one time when he was doing his 'spense account."

MRS. A. E. KENNEDY
Arlington, Texas

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

17, 18, 19–Bill Shrout. • 20, 21–Carroll Jones. • 22–Ollie Atkins, two from International. 23–Wide World, two from International. • 24–Fred Otnes. • 25–Greensboro Daily News, Joern Gerdts. • 26–Greer & Throckmorton, from Joseph Kraft, Greer & Throckmorton. • 27–Greer & Throckmorton. • 28, 29–Esther Henderson. • 30–John Bickel. • 31–Robert Meyers. • 32, 33–Peter Stevens. • 34, 35–Ivan Dmitri. • 36, 37–Noel Sickles. • 38, 39–Era Zistel. • 43–Sam Bates. • 92–Ivan Dmitri. • 96–Two by Ollie Atkins; Joern Gerdts.

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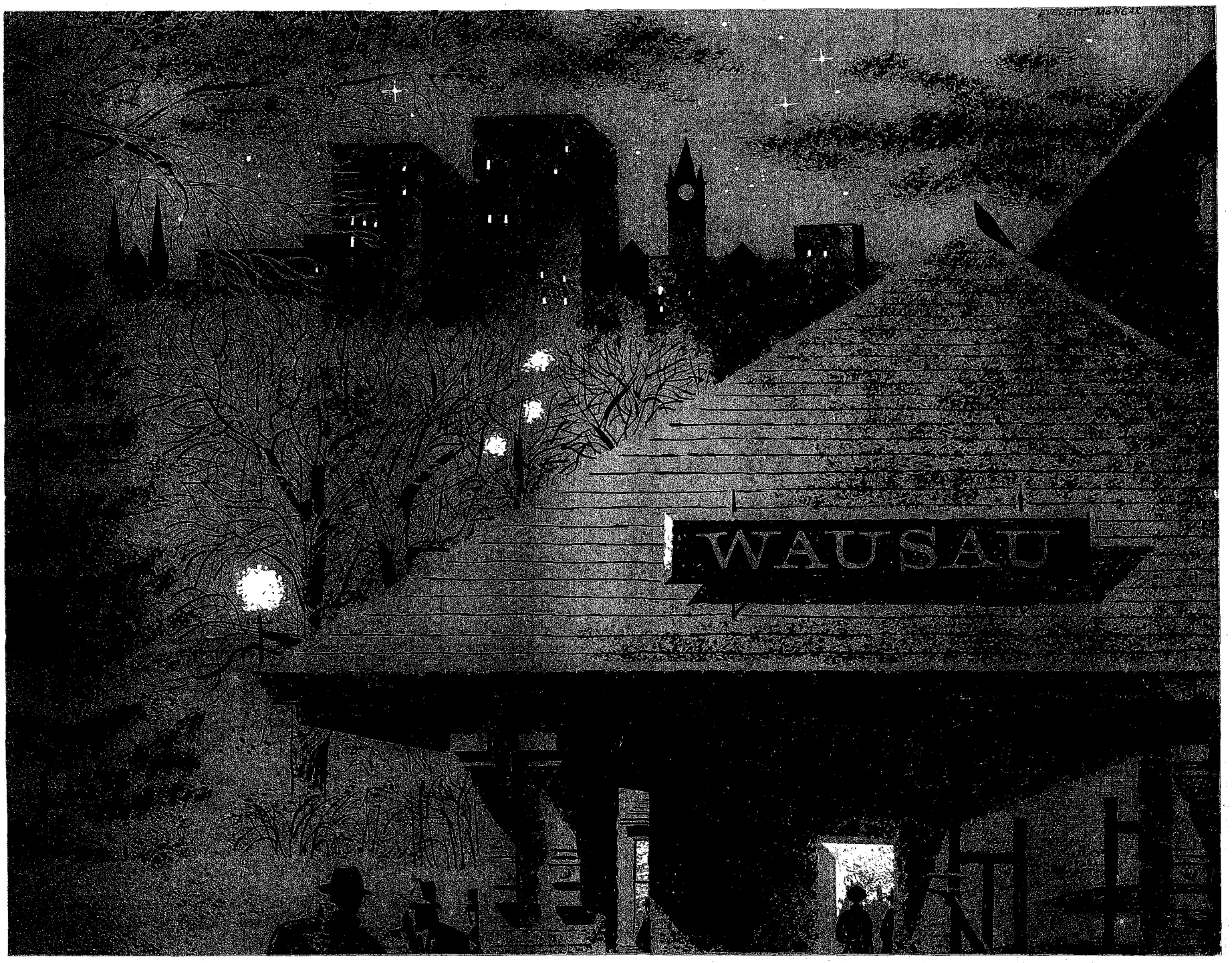

How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?

The fishing's good near Wausau. It's only a stone's throw to where the deer run. Once in a while, they say, a lynx comes down from the north.

And it's the home of one of the most important insurance companies in the world.

How come?

This was lumber country once. And lumbering was a hazardous business. 46 years ago a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers under Wisconsin's new workmen's compensation law. The group came to be called The Employers Mutuals.

Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided it from the beginning.

How come?

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost *personal* character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

There was a "Wausau personality" about us that people seemed to like and we didn't want to lose.

We're a large company today. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance, and are one of the very largest in the field of workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born and raised in Wausau, that we aim to hold. One is unexcelled service on claims. The other is an accident prevention program that means lower insurance costs to policyholders.

We're still "Wausau." But today there are offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau in 104 cities. "A little bit of Wausau" is near you, wherever you live. And we're still good people to do business with.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with."

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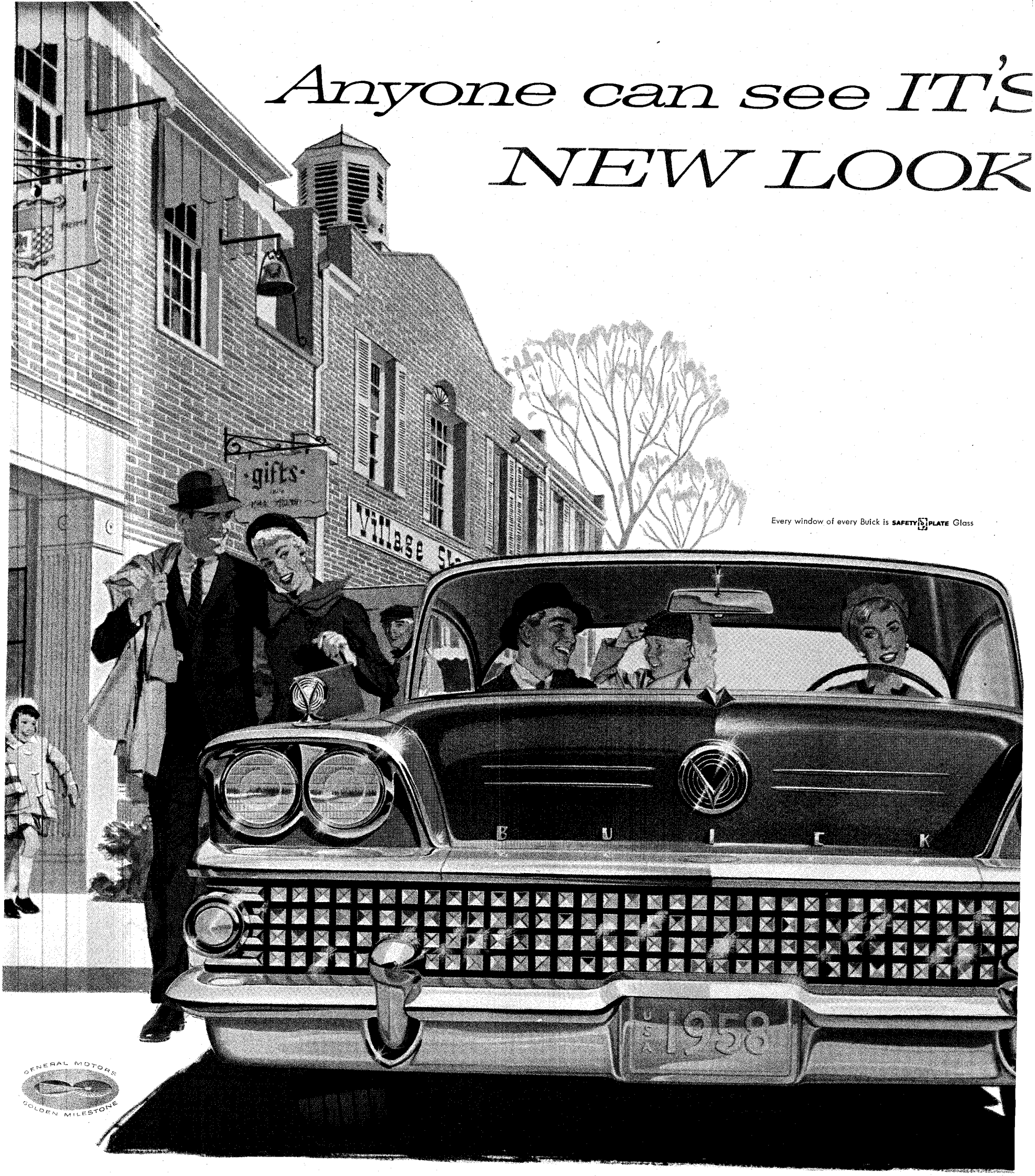
Anyone can see IT'S NEW LOOK



Every window of every Buick is SAFETY-PLATE Glass

GENERAL MOTORS
GOLDEN MILESTONE

–It looks and feels like flight on wheels

THE AIR BORN

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THE FRESHEST ON WHEELS

WHO needs 20-20 vision to see that this Dynastar Grille is the brightest note in styling since running boards disappeared?

And who needs more than 15 minutes at the wheel to come to this firm conclusion:

This 1958 Buick—this B-58 Buick that's born of aviation principles—is the lightest-feeling, the sprightliest-handling, the mellowest-moving car that ever ate out of your hand.

Because this big, roomy B-58 Buick—and only the B-58 Buick—gives you a Flight Pitch Dynaflow,* and a B-12000 engine, and an air ride*, and a host of other features that make it the car of magnificent change—the greatest Buick ever produced.

So see your Buick dealer and sample the fun in the first big car that's light on its feet. Sample a car that's built finer and tighter and sweeter than any car that ever came off the Buick line.

Do it today, and you'll thank us for the tip.

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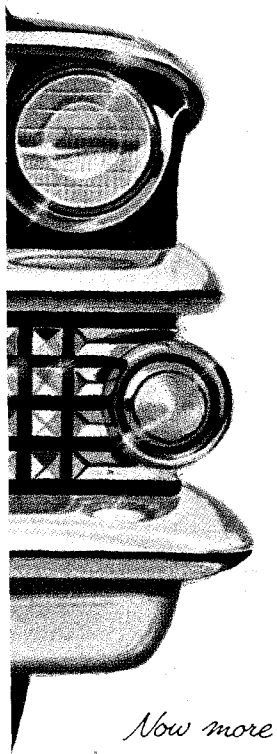

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B-58 BUICK

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Editorials

Now We're Supposed to Give Up Our Trinidad Navy Base!

The United States is now getting a tough object lesson on the difficulty of relying on military bases on foreign soil. Our teacher is the newest member of the community of nations, the British West Indies Federation.

This new Caribbean nation includes the former British colonies of Antigua, Barbados, Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, Trinidad, et al. Its first official act upon becoming a nation was to demand that the United States tear up a ninety-nine-year lease on our naval base at Chaguaramas in Trinidad, and turn the base over to them as the site for their new capitol.

This U. S. naval base was established early in World War II as part of the destroyers-for-bases deal between F.D.R. and Churchill. It enabled the U. S. Navy to make the Caribbean area untenable for German submarines, which had sunk 279 Allied ships in the vicinity. As of now, something like 58,700,000 tons of shipping annually pass through the Caribbean. In a new war, the Chaguaramas base, or one in that general area, would again be essential for the protection of our access to important raw materials.

But the local politicians of Trinidad claim that the one site in the West Indies suitable for their capitol is the U.S. naval base at Chaguaramas. The New York Times reported from Trinidad last August that "this has become a major issue in the West Indies and a clear threat to good relations with the United States."

The West Indians do not desire the U.S.A. to clear out of the area altogether. Their idea is that we should fill in a swamp and on it build another naval base at an estimated cost of $100,000,000. As Dr. Eric Williams, Chief Minister of Trinidad-Tobago, put it, "One would have thought this a small price to pay for West Indian good will and avoidance of friction."

In view of the enormous amounts this country has been willing to spend on good will, this conclusion by the West Indians is understandable. However, our lease on the land occupied by the present base has a long time to run, and it is unlikely that a new base would fare any better if politicians discovered some reason to ask us to move out again. Furthermore, the Navy's estimate of the cost of duplicating the Chaguaramas base is nearer $350,000,000 than $100,000,000.

Plainly we are up against the same problem that bedevils the West in so many areas. Ambitious politicians find such needling profitable, and Soviet propagandists have used nationalistic ambitions to their advantage. The State Department has apparently decided to play along with commissions of inquiry and other devices to soothe West Indian sensibilities.

Our not-too-educated guess is that the best way to end the agitation would be to make it unmistakably clear from the start that, if we are eased out of Trinidad in disregard of our plain rights under the lease, we are going for keeps, payroll and all.

We Can't Do Without Our Independent Endowed Colleges

A few months ago Doctor Nathan Pusey, president of Harvard University, which is now making a public appeal for $82,000,000 in new funds, appeared on Meet the Press. A question by one of the reporters assumed that the money was needed for expansion, so as to make room for more students.

That was not the point, said Doctor Pusey. Harvard did not anticipate any marked growth in the physical sense. New endowment would cover some new buildings, but was chiefly needed to maintain faculty salaries, to meet increased current costs of operation and to provide for research of the quality for which Harvard is famous.

By contrast, Dr. William S. Carlson, who heads the system of tax-supported colleges in the state of New York, has just announced a program which will raise the present enrollment of 55,000 students to 100,000 in the next five years.

The contrast in objectives indicates the different roles played by private and public institutions in a complete system of education. Within the next ten years, experts anticipate a sharp rise in the number of students looking for training beyond the high-school level. The great majority of them will go to tax-supported schools, which can find more easily the necessary financing, and whose programs in some of the states are technical or vocational. For example, of the 42 separate units in the State University of New York, only one, the smallest, is devoted to the liberal arts.

The independent colleges and universities, given the slow, painful process of rallying private support by fund-raising campaigns, must take a much more cautious line, on purely practical grounds. But a more important consideration lies in the necessity of preserving their own traditions and their own values, which a hurried expansion could dilute beyond recognition. It is impossible to raise tuition fees to a point where the colleges would be self-supporting. As Doctor Pusey remarked, not altogether facetiously, if Harvard did that, he would expect half its students to turn up at Yale or Princeton.

Harvard is not the only independent center of higher learning in need of new funds. But, because of its age and illustrious record and in spite of a tendency to go to fantastic lengths to prove that "moss-covered error" is not "moored by its side while the world on Truth's current glides by," Harvard may stand as a symbol of the emergency that confronts virtually all private colleges and universities. Their financial crisis can be met only by the liberal support of all who believe in freedom in education.

Being in the Minority Doesn't Necessarily Mean a Man is Daft

"Mental health," if we are to believe all the appeals, is in a very precarious state. With mental hospitals crowded and current events conspiring to drive people crazy, there is need for more money, trained people and research in this field. However, one occasionally suspects that the mental-health industry sometimes gets into lines which might better be left to others.

Many people are alarmed, for example, at the increasing number of references in mental-health literature to political attitudes as evidence of mental instability. Skepticism on foreign aid, for example, is supposed by the sociological fringe on the psychiatric sector to suggest "basic insecurity." At the International Congress of Mental Health held in London in 1948 it was solemnly concluded that "principles of mental health cannot be successfully furthered in any society unless there is progressive acceptance of the concept of world citizenship." Until the one-worlders take over, we might as well stay crazy.

A dilly in this field was recently reported from Chicago. A junior in the Thomas Kelly High School, apparently inspired by events at Little Rock, wrote a petition asking the principal and the schoolboard to follow a policy of racial segregation. According to him, the whole thing was a gag. Whether it was or wasn't, the episode would look like something which a school principal could take care of by requiring the culprit to memorize fifteen lines from the works of Booker T. Washington, or Julius Caesar, if a copy of the Gallic Wars was available. But here is what happened:

The principal suspended the boy for two weeks and then summoned the police. According to U. S. News and World Report, three detectives took the boy to the station house and charged him with disorderly conduct. When he appeared in juvenile court, the magistrate ordered a psychiatric examination, after which it was reported that the boy had nothing much wrong with him except that he revealed "conflicts" by objecting to Negro boys' attentions to white girls. The boy was put under the supervision of the court for a year. He was also fired from the school's military-training unit!

All this smacks of persecution, with the accompanying implication that anyone who differs from the "law of the land" at any given moment is, as the expression is, "disturbed." What would have happened to those zealots who worked for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment throughout the prohibition era if the more aggressive custodians of "mental health" had been as potent then as they apparently are now, we tremble to think.

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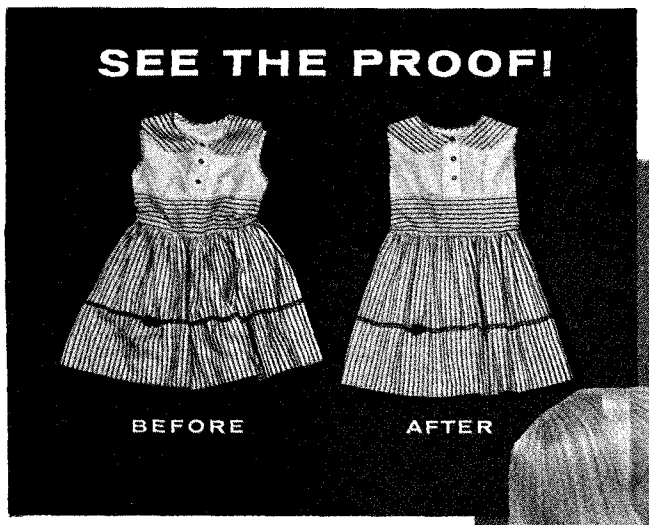
All new '58 FRIGIDAIRE Electric DRYERS have "WRINKLES-AWAY"



Before — Mussed, wrinkled dress. Ordinarily you'd have to iron it.

After "Wrinkles-Away"—same dress, wrinkles gone without even a touch of an iron!

Styled with the New SHEER LOOK—PLUS

Model DI-58

- Practically does away with the ironing of wash 'n' wear fabrics
- Smooths out wrinkles in wash 'n' wear clothes mussed or creased from storage or wear
- Eliminates the time-lag and the line-sag from "wash-and-drip-dry" laundering

Just turn this dial and erase the wrinkles

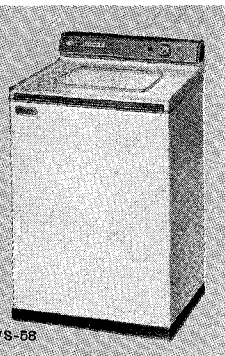
Here's the greatest worksaving feature since dryers were invented! Saves hours of ironing!

Now, *automatically — with one single setting of the dial* — wrinkles are smoothed out with measured heat, then fabrics are tumble-dried in cool air to "set" the smoothness.

More good news—this marvelous new "WRINKLES-AWAY" feature is on *all* 1958 Frigidaire Fabric-Master Electric Dryers—yours at no extra cost, even in the lowest-priced model.

Other New Features on Frigidaire Dryers: Exclusive Filtrator controls moisture, lint automatically—without plumbing or venting • Illuminated Easy-View Control Panel with full-width fluorescent light • Drying Temperature Selector with "Normal," "Delicate" and "No Heat" settings • Easy-to-Clean Nylon Lint Trap • Porcelain Enamel rust-resistant top and drum • Choice of Sunny Yellow, Turquoise, Mayfair Pink, Charcoal Gray—sold by Frigidaire at same price as White.

All-New '58
FRIGIDAIRE
3-Ring Agitator
WASHER



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Manufacturer's Suggested Price **$229.95**

With Built-in SudsWater-Saver at no extra cost!
Cut washday costs almost ⅓!

*In tests of 6 leading automatic washers under controlled laboratory conditions. Reports #29123 and #29123-A, dated May 2 and May 10, 1957.

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You'll find his name in the Yellow Pages of your Telephone Directory

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Motorola Masterpiece, Model 6K22. 20-watt output. Response 30 to 15,000 cycles. 4 speakers (three 5¼" and 15"). Diamond stylus. Optional extra: AM-FM high fidelity tuner, custom-designed for easy plug-in installation in the record storage compartment.

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You're looking at the wrong miracle! Junior's new-found grace is only a *minor* miracle compared to this new Motorola High-Fidelity Console. Its famous components would cost you over $350.00, bought separately. (And you'd still have to put them together.) We custom-assemble them, ready to play, for just $239.95!* What's our secret? Being the World's largest exclusive electronics manufacturer gives us savvy—so we can give you *More to enjoy.*

Motorola® High Fidelity

*Price in Imperial Mahogany finish. Slightly higher South and West. Price and specifications subject to change without

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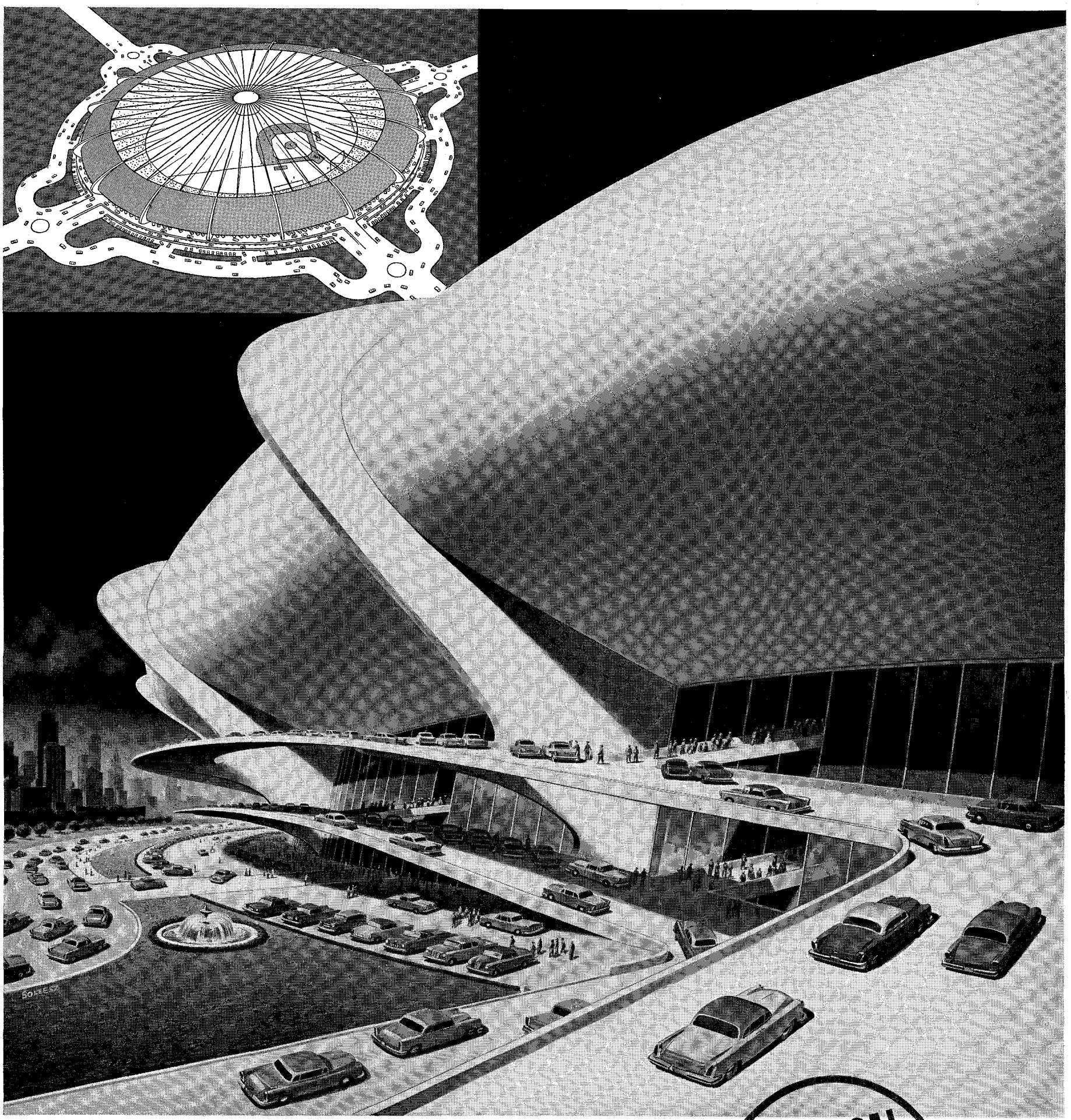

TOMORROW'S ARENA:
concrete bowl with transparent cover

This all-weather arena will meet almost any needs, can be made large enough to accommodate from 10,000 to 200,000 spectators. The design principles call for a minimum of structural materials, costly excavation and foundation work, since the prestressed concrete bowl is bound together into a unified structure by the steel cables that also support the transparent plastic roof. Land requirements, too, are held to a minimum. The problem of parking space is taken care of by the spacious multi-deck parking ramps that are an integral part of the underside of the bowl. This simple, practical arena design is made possible by the versatility of concrete.

LEV ZETLIN, *Consulting Engineer*

When such concrete structures of tomorrow are built, Universal Atlas will supply, as now, a major share of the essential building material—cement.

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UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY, 100 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.—MEMBER OF THE INDUSTRIAL FAMILY THAT SERVES THE NATION—**UNITED STATES STEEL**

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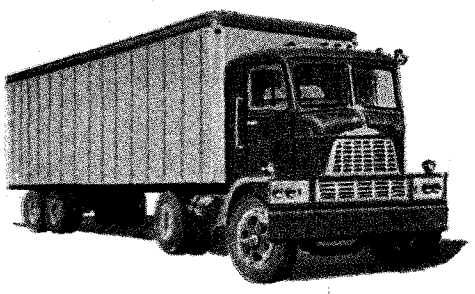
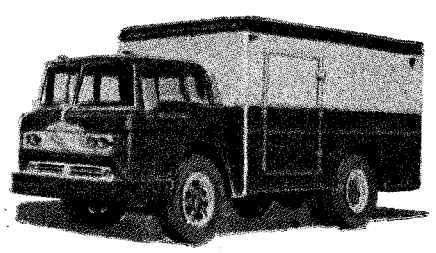
Offering a full range of advanced Mack engines—gasoline, diesel, turbodiesel—

Two great new MACKS



New look in a proved performer

Going great guns right now as top money-maker for major trucking fleets across the nation is the famous Mack Model H—higher-built for road-commanding vision. Its clean, functional design is newly restyled for even better looks and faster maintenance. And it takes any heavy-duty Mack engine . . . with full tilt-cab accessibility.



New! Compact! And with power to earn

It's the Mack Model N truck or tractor—Mack from the word "Go!" For city work . . . for local hauling . . . for highway operation . . . it has the ultimate in panoramic vision, easier parking and smooth maneuverability. Styled low—for entry-exit ease—it still takes any Mack engine, gasoline or diesel . . . with full tilt-cab accessibility.

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join the Bulldog fleet

A smash-hit, double-header debut! Not one, but two new Mack lines bow in at the Chicago Auto Show as Mack takes the wraps off the widest range of heavy-duty, cab-over-engine trucks in the nation today. They offer a full range of advanced Mack engines — gasoline, diesel and turbodiesel — and every one has full tilt-cab accessibility!

Look for these compact new cost-busters on the highways... on city streets... and in Mack branch and distributor showrooms. They're coming soon! Mack Trucks, Inc., Plainfield, New Jersey.

IT'S PART OF THE LANGUAGE...

BUILT LIKE A

Mack

TRUCKS • BUSES • FIRE APPARATUS
AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT

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When you can't always brush after meals,
even though it's best — start the day with...

GLEEM *Today as ever* ...the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

How many "snacktimes," as well as mealtimes, are there when brushing your teeth afterwards just isn't possible? Gleem answers this problem: Just use Gleem each morning to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day*. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 is so effective that just *one* brushing completely destroys most bacteria. And youngsters love Gleem's flavor! So always depend on the one and only Gleem!

Only GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific odor-measuring tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss*. So start *your* day with Gleem!

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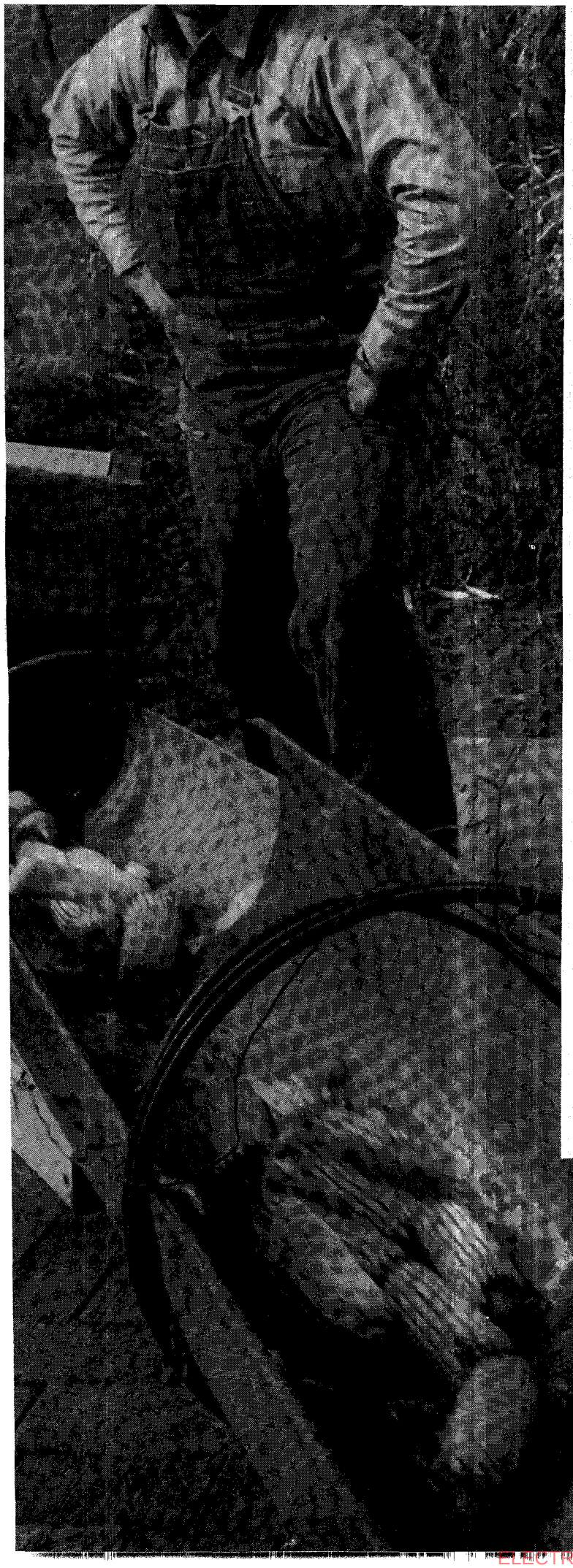

THE POST REPORTS ON

The Changing Midwest

What new forces are altering the lives of Americans in the once-isolated midlands? Here are the results of a reporter's special assignment to find out what's happening to Main Street.

By John Bartlow Martin

PART I

Rushville, Indiana—a small town, a farm town, on the gently rolling Midwest plain, America's heartland. On a Saturday noon last summer the shady side of Main Street was crowded, women in cotton dresses carrying shopping bags, two men gabbing in front of a clothing store, and teen-age girls skipping in and out of the Louis Ice Cream Shop, where pop was still a nickel.

A constant stream of cars moved along Main Street—a truck filled with lowing calves, a dusty new sedan with an old farmer at the wheel, three lads in a convertible, their tires squealing as they raced away from the stop light. Moving—everybody was restlessly moving. To the casual glance, Haydon's Hardware Store seemed like any other old-fashioned, small-town hardware store with a spruced-up front. But, like Rushville itself, its exterior concealed unexpected changes: young Richard Haydon sells not only hardware but

"I'd rather see a little less prosperity with peace," says Marion Liggett, of Rush County.

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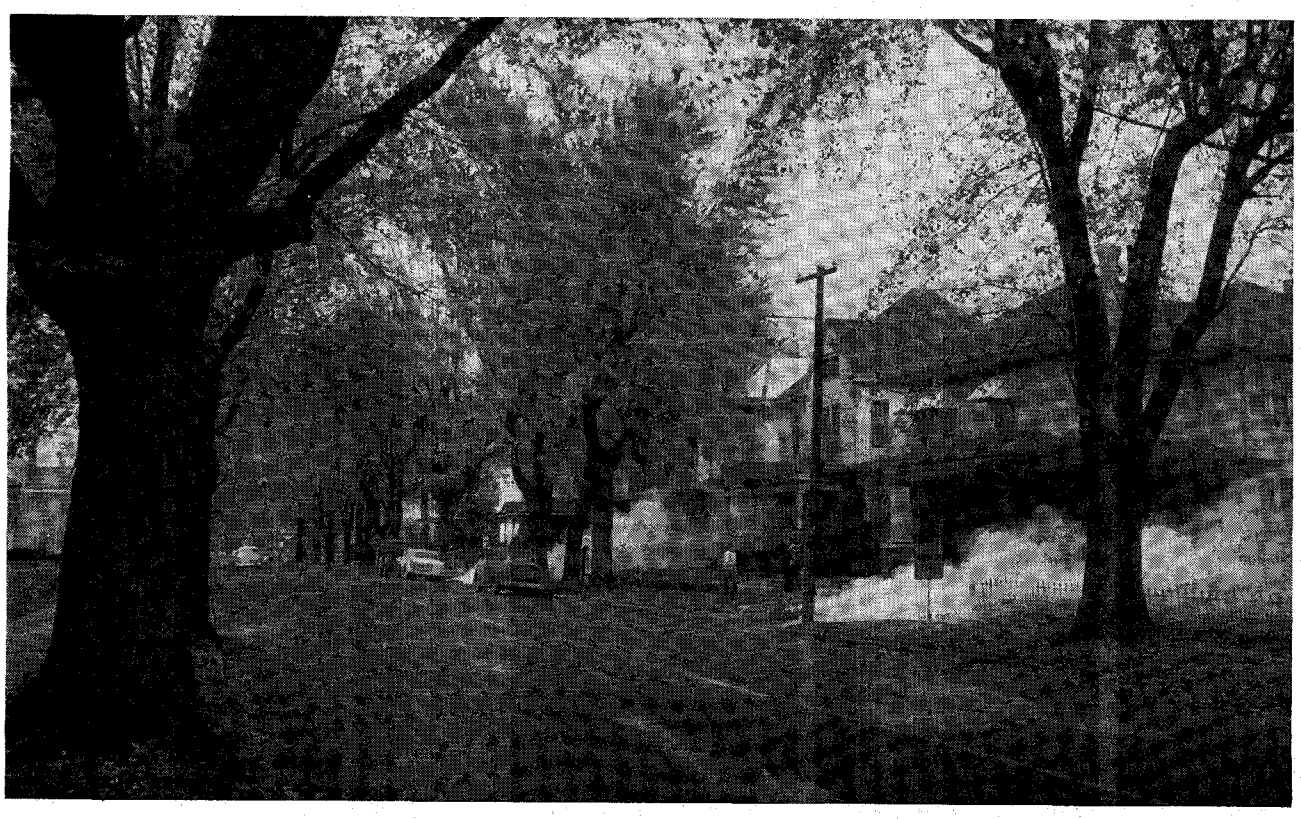
Rushville, Ind., teen-agers on Main Street after school. Here, as everywhere, the question of whether or not to go steady is debated by the young.



Beyond this older residential section, which was built years ago by well-to-do retired farmers, lie new subdivisions of ranch houses. But Rushville, still clinging to its agricultural past, has not grown like other Indiana towns.

Chinese rugs and exotic gifts. "My wife and I spent six weeks in Honolulu last winter," he says, "and we brought back a lot of lovely ivories and jewelry and batik place mats."

On the hill north of the two-block business district stood the old houses, some of them enormous, with great round towers and spires and stained-glass windows, built years ago by retired farmers. Beyond lay the new subdivisions of ranch houses. A corner of the tiny lobby of the Durbin Hotel was called the Willkie Lounge, and pictures of Wendell Willkie campaigning in 1940 adorned the walls; for Willkie, who married a Rushville girl, had opened his campaign for the presidency from this hotel.

At eight P.M. the sun was striking the clock tower of the massive stone courthouse. The stores were open tonight, Saturday night; the sidewalks were crowded; the town looked busy. But most people seemed to be passing through, not shopping or socializing, as in the past. A banker said, "Rushville is no longer a Saturday-night shopping town. The farmer has a car, or two cars, and he can send his wife to town any day of the week. The old days are gone."

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Photographs by Bill Shrout

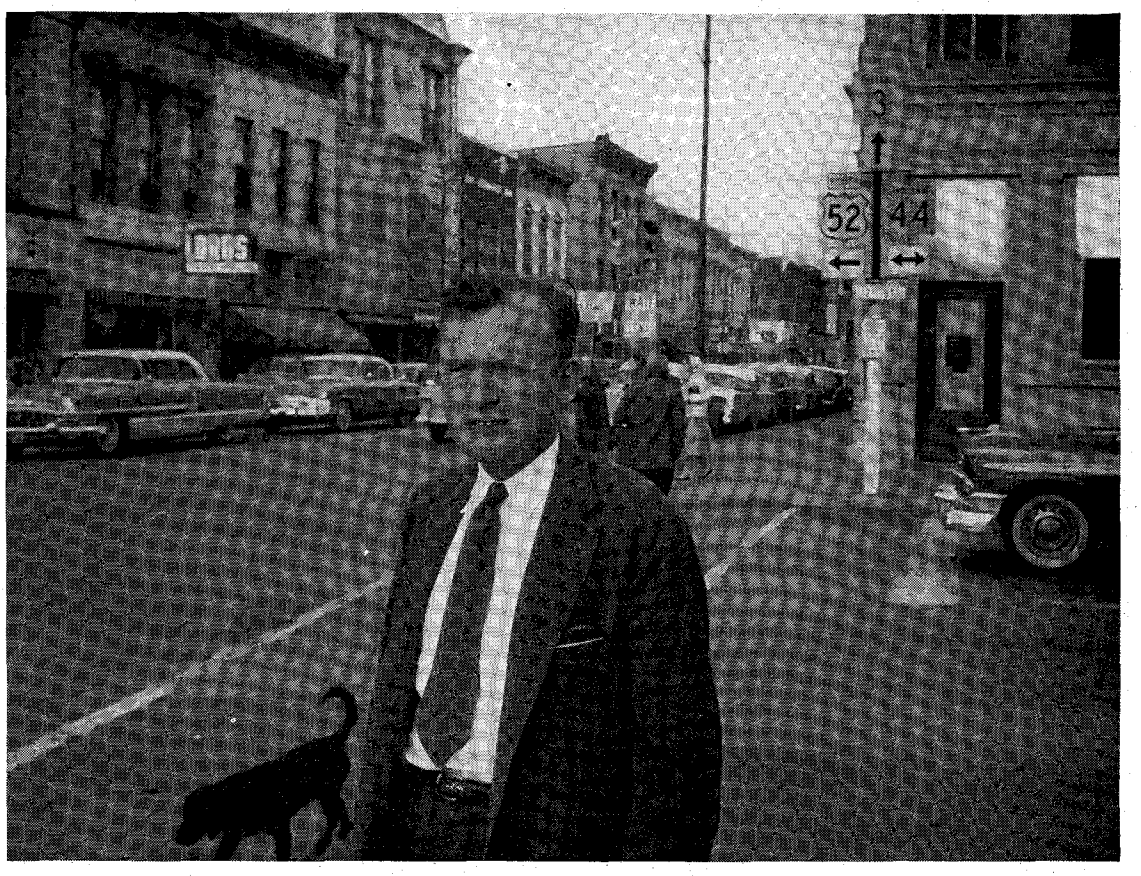
But though the streets were crowded with carefree folk in the summertime, in winter they were deserted. A cold wind blew, and great flocks of pigeons wheeled about the courthouse towers against the gray sky. A haberdashery, lit by unshaded bulbs, clerks standing around idle, looked cavernous and empty. Trucks rumbled through town, but the joyriders of summertime were gone. Was everybody staying indoors because it was cold? In any case, the town looked dead, locked up for the winter.

What is going on in the Midwest? What are people there thinking and talking about? Can any changes be detected in this once bucolic, complacent, comfortable, isolated, inland heart of America? By exploring this region we may learn something about America at large. I toured the Midwest twice in 1957, once last summer and again, to take a second reading, this winter, visiting each time a farm town, a factory city, a great metropolis and a scattering of other places. First let us visit the farm town, Rushville.

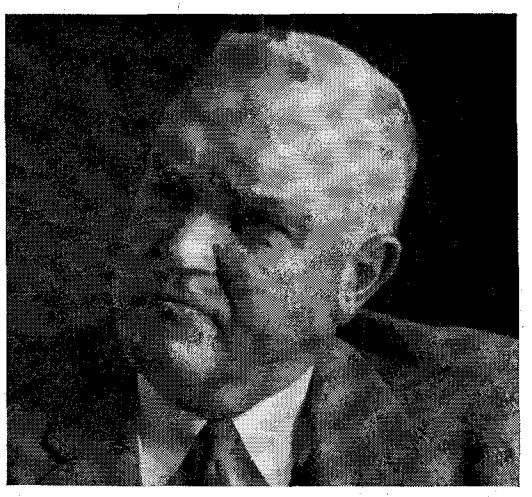
Rushville, a town of 7000, lies thirty-eight miles southeast of Indianapolis, which is planted squarely in the center of Indiana. This is the James Whitcomb Riley country. Driving down from Indianapolis on Route 52, you pass through a hamlet of which Riley wrote, "The little town o' Tailholt is big enough fer me." Rushville lies on the banks of Flatrock Creek in rolling countryside. Here are fine farms and winding streams, woods along the watercourses, fat cattle grazing in the pastures, and mile upon mile of corn.

Rush County is one of the best corn-hog counties in Indiana—indeed, in the nation. Anybody can tell you whether Rushville is prosperous by glancing at the price of hogs. Rush County is Republican. It has rarely gone Democratic for President. This was the home of Sen. Jim Watson, a Republican stalwart who helped torpedo the League of Nations and is said to have contributed to political dialogue two of its choicest maxims: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," and, "We've got 'em beat if they don't buy us." Rush County is conservative. One farmer here owns several hundred acres of land which he won't sell because he doesn't want people living near him, and won't farm because he doesn't want to pay an income tax.

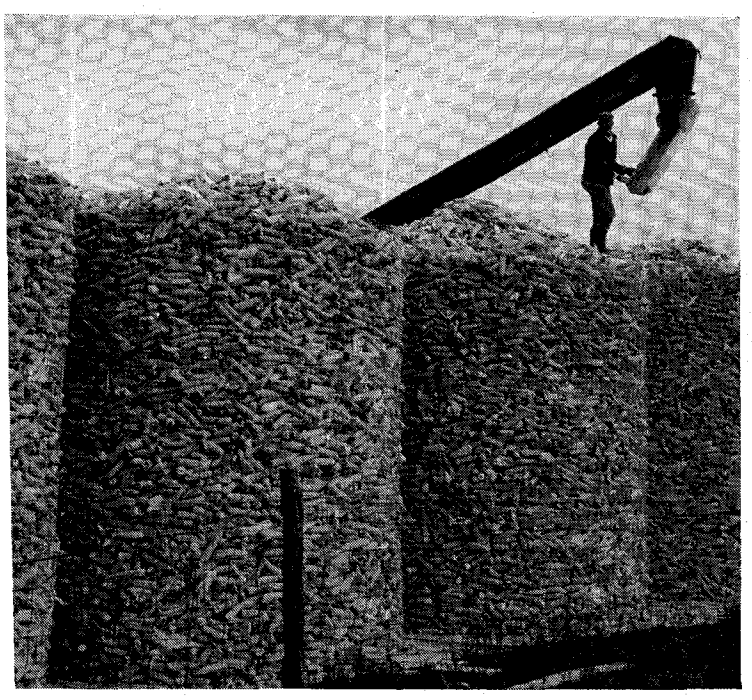
The county agricultural agent is Clarence L. Spuller, a big six-footer. He has been called "the most respected and best-loved man in the county." Sitting at a roll-top desk in the courthouse at eight A.M. one day last summer, he said that farms were getting larger and more mechanized. "During the war the boys went off to service. Help was scarce. The farmers started buying laborsaving machinery—combines and pickup balers and everything. This used to be one (Continued on Page 84)



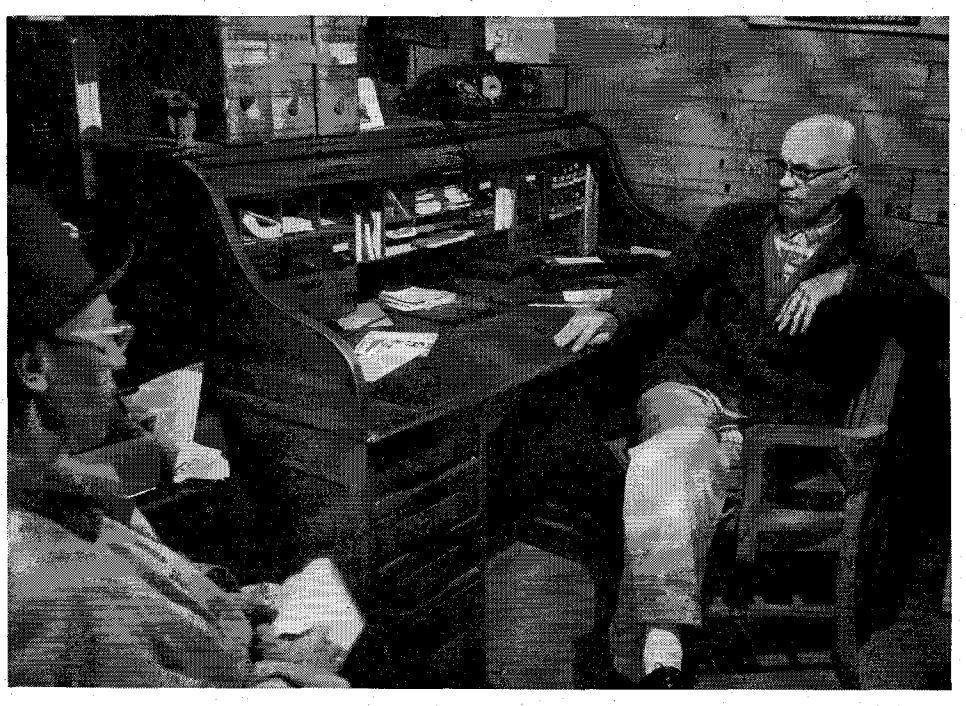
Philip H. Willkie, son of the 1940 presidential candidate, was born in Rushville and is now president of its National Bank. "I'm not sold that the people here are as isolationist as the newspapers would have you believe," he says.



Mayor William Morgan: "We haven't had any foreign element come in . . . to upset our tranquillity."



Indiana corn piles up in Rush County. The owner—standing by the loader—happens to be named Benson. Bumper crops like his aggravate the "surplus" miseries of his namesake (no relation) in Washington.



The author (left) interviews feed-store proprietor Newton L. Halterman. "A young fellow can't hardly get started in farming nowadays unless his father helps him, it costs so much. And I don't think those costs ever will go down unless there's a major depression."

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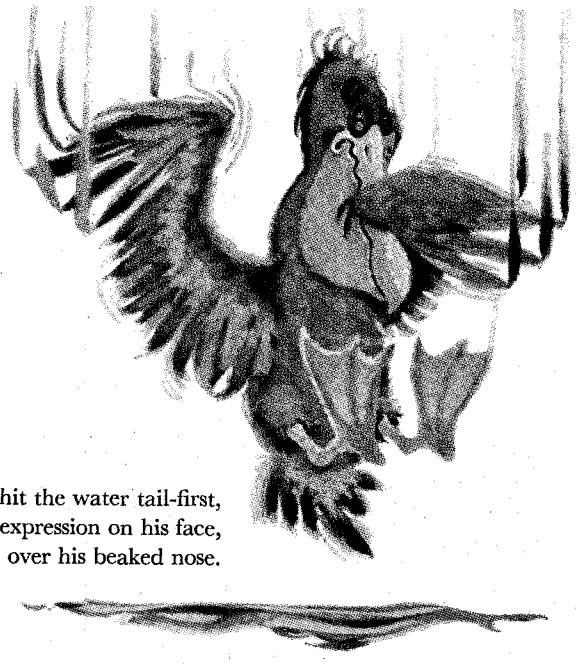


He hit the water tail-first,
an agonized expression on his face,
one wing tightly clenched over his beaked nose.

The Pelican that Hated to Dive

The author of
The Duck That Flew Backwards
returns with a new
and engaging tale
of an offbeat bird . . .

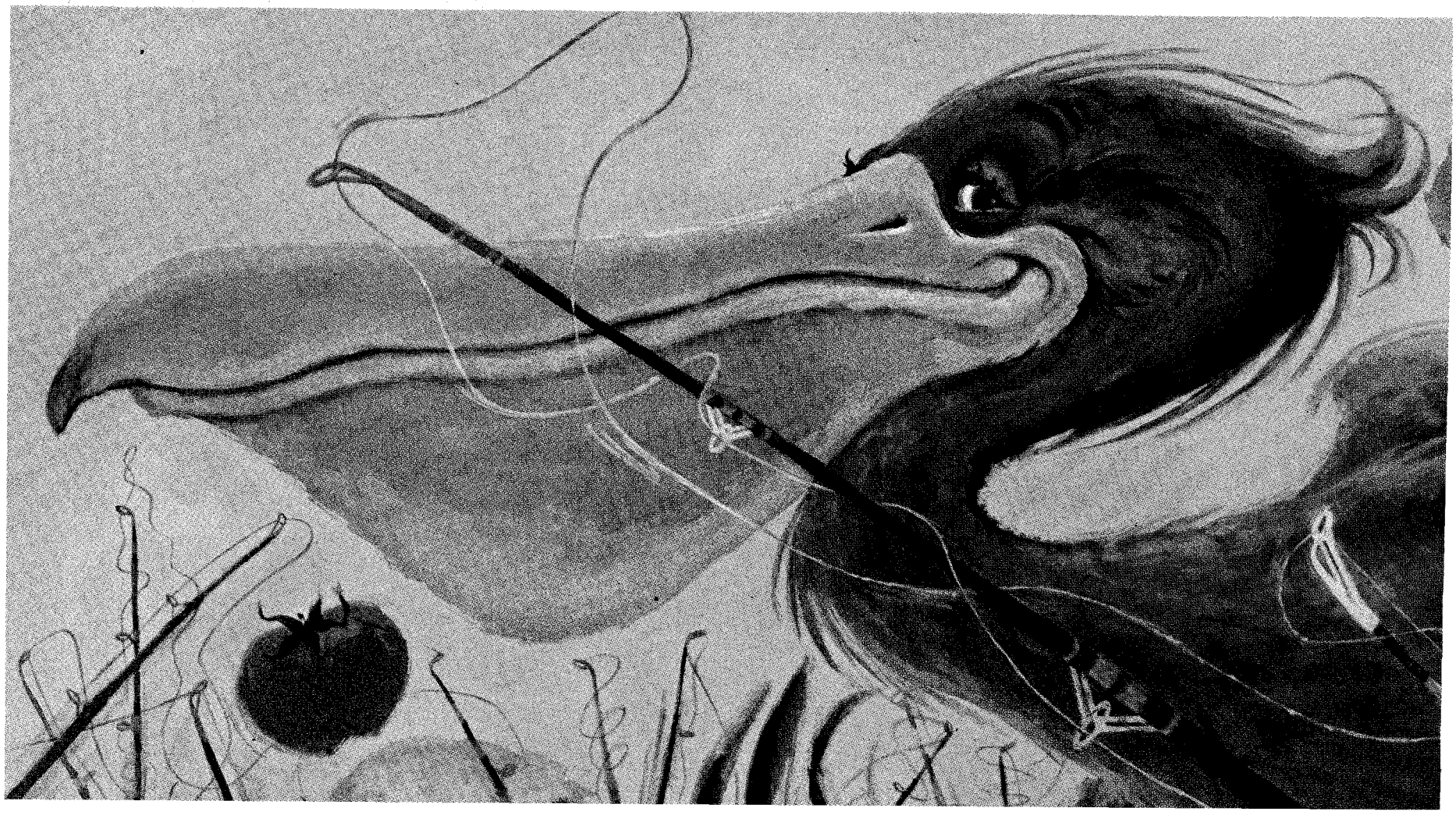
By DON TRACY

Illustrated by Robert Jones

Pomeroy sat on a buoy, feeling sorry for himself. It was a new frame of mind for Pomeroy; until very recently he had been one of the brashest, most obnoxious personalities on the west coast of Florida. He had started being difficult the moment he had found out what he had been christened.

"Why ain't my name Pete?" he had squawked shrilly, at the time. "Every other pelican in the world is named Pete, man, woman or child, and what do I get hung on me? Pom-er-oooy!"

"It," said his momma, "is distinctive."



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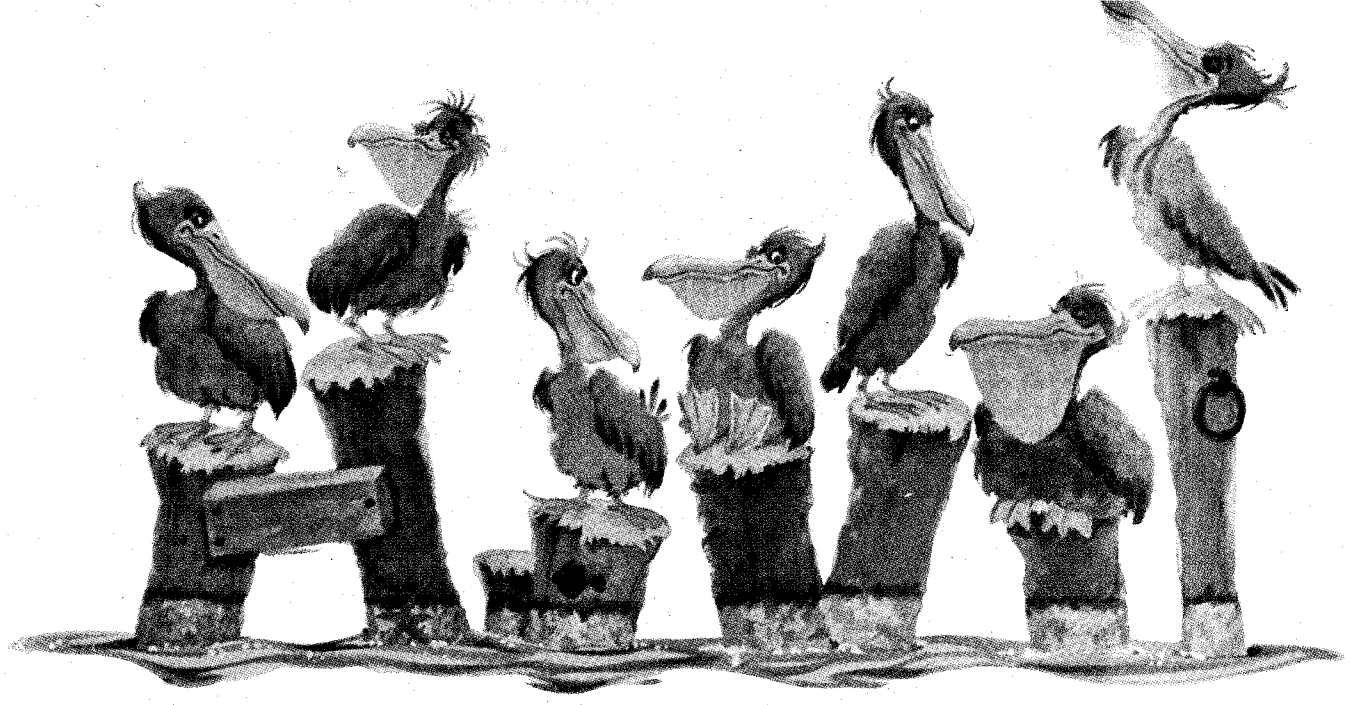
Something hit him in the head, sending him into a spin from which he barely recovered.



The Club.

"You ain't just whistlin' Dixie," Pomeroy said rudely.

"Well, it could have been worse," his father offered in consolation. "I, personally, put my foot down on Percival, not to mention Philemon."

"But why anything but Pete?" Pomeroy moaned.

"It's this way," poppa had explained. "Your mother happens to be the first pelicaness since the dawn of history who had so much time on her hands ——"

"No such thing," his momma had said.

"—— that she could lie around the nest dreaming up pretty names for you. Your mother's a romanticist, my boy, and there's nothing that can be done about it. I know; I've tried. So I'm afraid you're stuck with Pomeroy."

And indeed he was. During his pinfeather days on Spindrift Key he tried to convince his young pals that his real name was Pete like everybody else's, that this crazy Pomeroy thing was a mother's fancy. He got nowhere. After all, a bird could beat up on his playmates just so long before he had to quit from sheer wing weariness and, invariably, as soon as he took a breather there came again the yodeling cry of "Yoo-hoo, Pom-er-oooy!" and another fight was on.

The young pelicans on the other keys got into the act. Let Pomeroy try to escape the hard time at home by sneaking next door and he would be greeted by a storm of yoo-hoos and a flurry of mincing wing flaps that required satisfaction. He grew up to be a battle-scarred boy, but the name stuck.

And take the matter of fishing. The first time Pomeroy was (Continued on Page 88)

Pomeroy made four runs over the pier before he was satisfied with the shambles.

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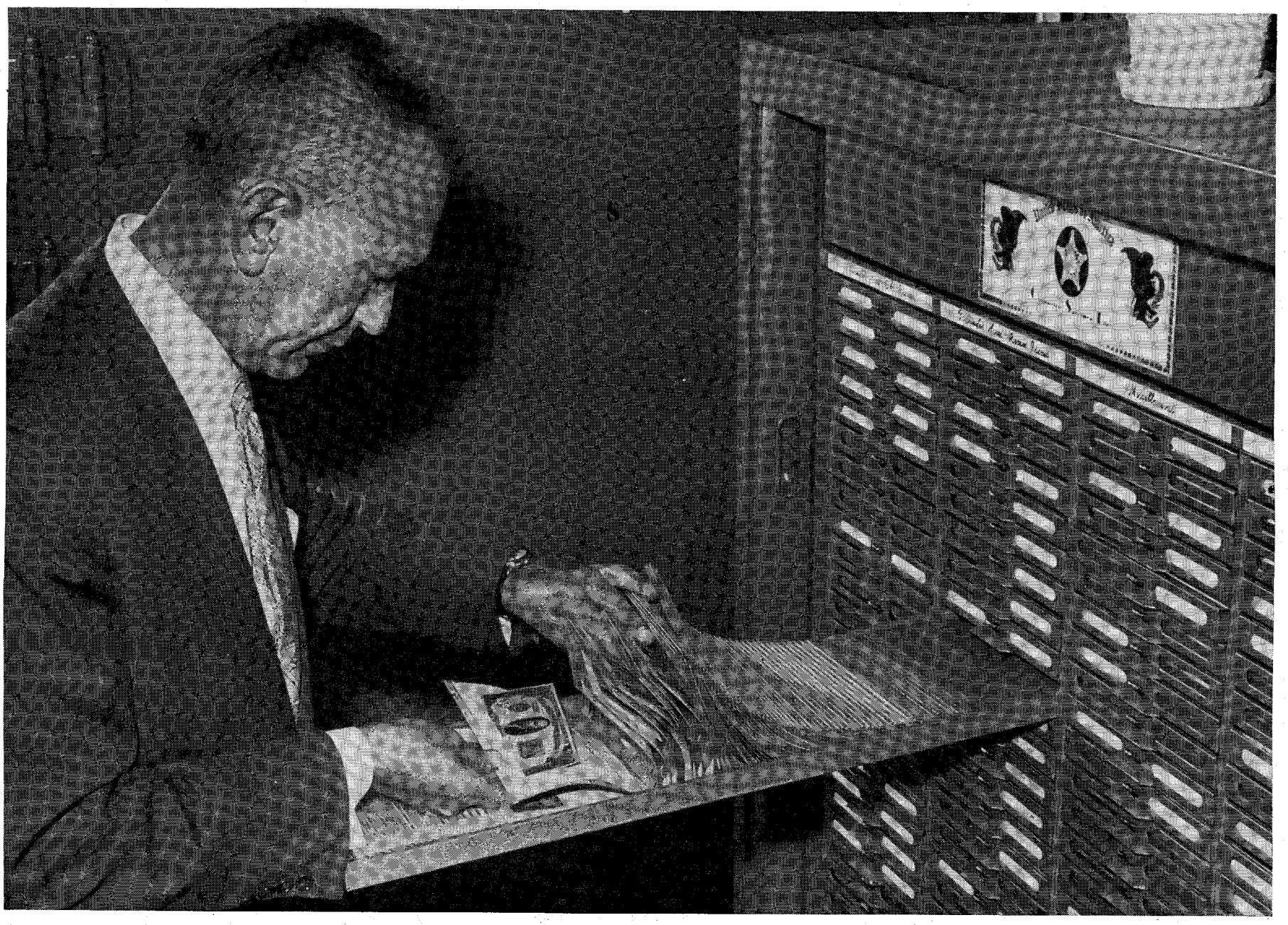
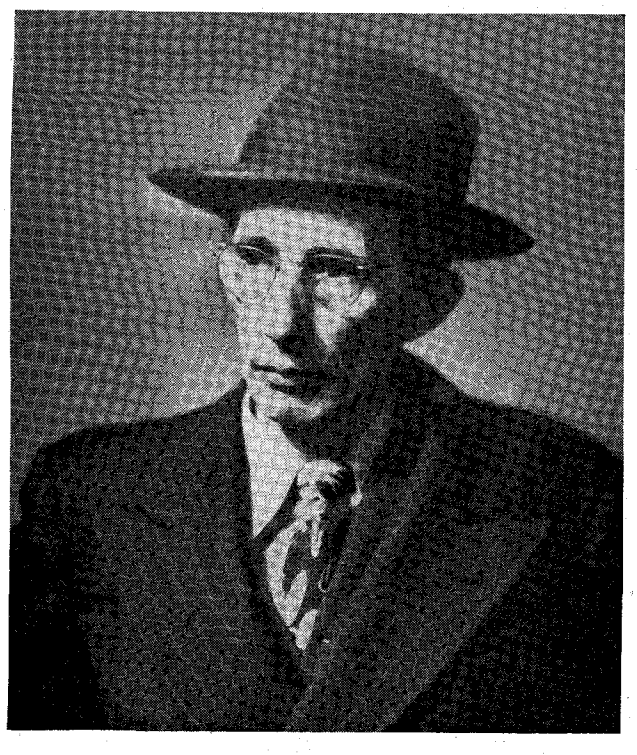


Secret Service boss U. E. Baughman examines a confiscated ten-dollar bill from his counterfeit-specimen files. In the last fiscal year his agents seized $1,547,000 in bogus money.

Hugo Hedin, arrested after a 12-year manhunt by the Secret Service, was a "perfectionist."



Government investigators examine the apartment workshop where Hedin made his fake ten-dollar bills. He was a master counterfeiter, who even manufactured his own paper.

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What You Don't Know About Money

By BEVERLY SMITH, JR.

A Post editor exposes some curious facts about U.S. currency, and the feats of some extraordinary counterfeiters.

They tell the tale of the wicked golfer who died and went to hell. He was hospitably greeted by Satan, who took him out to a beautiful golf course, fitted him out with togs and gave him a fine bag of clubs.

"But where are the balls?" asked the golfer.

"There aren't any," said Satan with a satanic smile. "That's the hell of it."

I was reminded of this old story recently when I made a study of United States currency, particularly paper currency—folding money, of which about $29,000,000,000 is in circulation. I wanted to know who makes it, who fakes it, who eventually destroys it—all such questions. I, like the golfer, was hospitably received. For weeks I practically wallowed in money. I handled it by the millions and had other millions within reach. I was allowed to throw a quarter million dollars' worth of it into the fire and burn it up. But was I allowed to get away with a single measly dollar bill for my own use? No, sir. That was the hell of it.

I did, however, acquire a batch of curious facts about paper money, and stumbled upon all manner of interesting questions which had never occurred to me before. You will see a dozen of them in the accompanying box. I will answer these questions and some other strange ones as I ramble along. (Continued on Page 80)

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

1. How, and why, does the newly issued $1 bill (you may have one in your pocket) differ from the old one?

2. How come that one family has made the paper for U. S. currency for almost eighty years?

3. What make of car appears on the back of the $10 bill?

4. What gave Hitler's experts the most trouble when they tried to counterfeit U. S. currency during the war?

5. What part of a bill should you study first if you suspect a counterfeit?

6. The names of how many states can be read, under magnification, on the back of the $5 bill?

7. What time is it by the clock on Independence Hall on the $100 bill?

8. How did war and science change the tiny red and blue fibers embedded in our paper money?

9. How often can "folding money" be folded without breaking?

10. Who has had more "money to burn" than any other man in history?

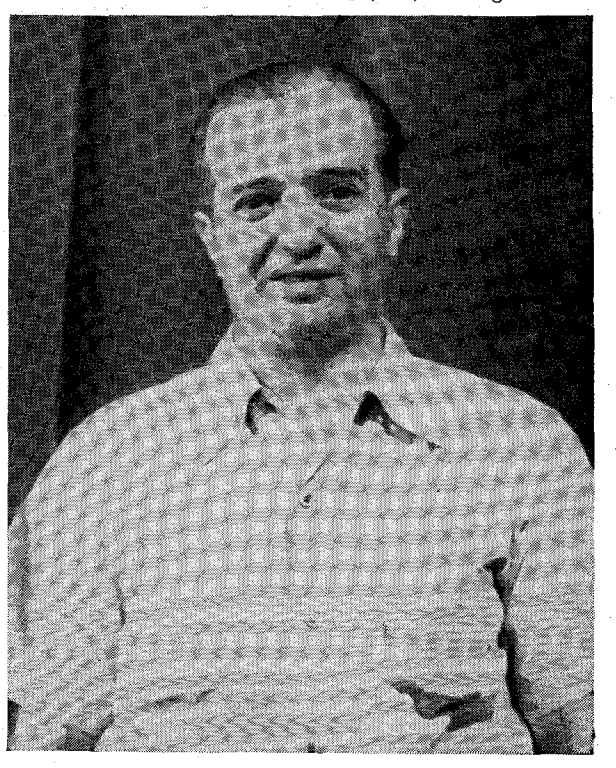
11. Which George Humphrey went in for counterfeiting while another George Humphrey was Treasury Secretary?

12. What popular superstition about money costs the taxpayers over a million dollars a year?

Glenard Schmidt and Roger Haizlip, below, were convicted of helping to circulate $245,000 worth of fake $20 bills.

These members of a Chicago ring tried to pass a bad $10 bill for a Thanksgiving turkey.

William Skally, one of the biggest operators in recent times, was the leader of a $4,000,000 ring.



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"Fire when ready," the skipper ordered.

Combat Code

By JACLAND MARMUR

From the bullet-torn beach came the signal only one man could send.

If ever you're down on Harbor Drive, along San Diego's foreshore, you might hear that startling music. Suddenly and without warning, a clarinet in the upper octave will begin a fancy cadenza. It will soar and bubble aloft and come dancing across the water till it trips to the throaty tones on the opening bars of melody. If you look across the harbor to where the fleet destroyers moor, you might see a lean, tall silhouette on the forecastlehead of one of them, white hat back on a jet-black head, licorice stick tipped up in the air. And from far away you are sure to hear the fluting response come drifting back from a tin can rounding Shelter Island, heading up channel to her mooring nest. The minute it begins, the destroyer people will all look up. Over on Fleet Landing, on the decks of all the ships, they stop to listen and grin. They know what it means. Destroyer Division Sixty is operating out of Diego again. That's two of them saying hello. That's Benny and Joey Risko, kicking sweet Dardanella around.

That much they know. It's by way of being a legend in the fleet destroyer force. But in the way of legends, there are few who know the truth. Chuck Brodson is one of those who do. Brodson was there when it all began. He was the chief who was standing near the gangway head when a motor whaler came churning through the harbor chop, bringing a brand-new draft of men, most of them boots, to join the USS Paul Banyan. Brodson was giving that crowded whaleboat a sternly professional eye. Korea was boiling then. The division was sure to be ordered to the forward area soon, and a four-hash-mark chief in a tin can full of green first hitchers is bound to have his worries. Brodson looked away a moment. And that's just when it happened.

Across the water, he heard a long, thin note ascending, fluttering an instant, then spilling into arpeggio. Another flutelike wail joined in, and all of a sudden the music began. Brodson's head spun back. He saw them right away. One of them forward in the whaleboat, the other on an after thwart, both with those gob-sticks tipped to (Continued on Page 76)

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It All Comes Out of Your Pocket

By LESLIE A. MILLER as told to Sidney Shalett

A former governor sounds off against an abused Congressional pastime: Spending huge sums for "improving navigation" on minuscule waterways.

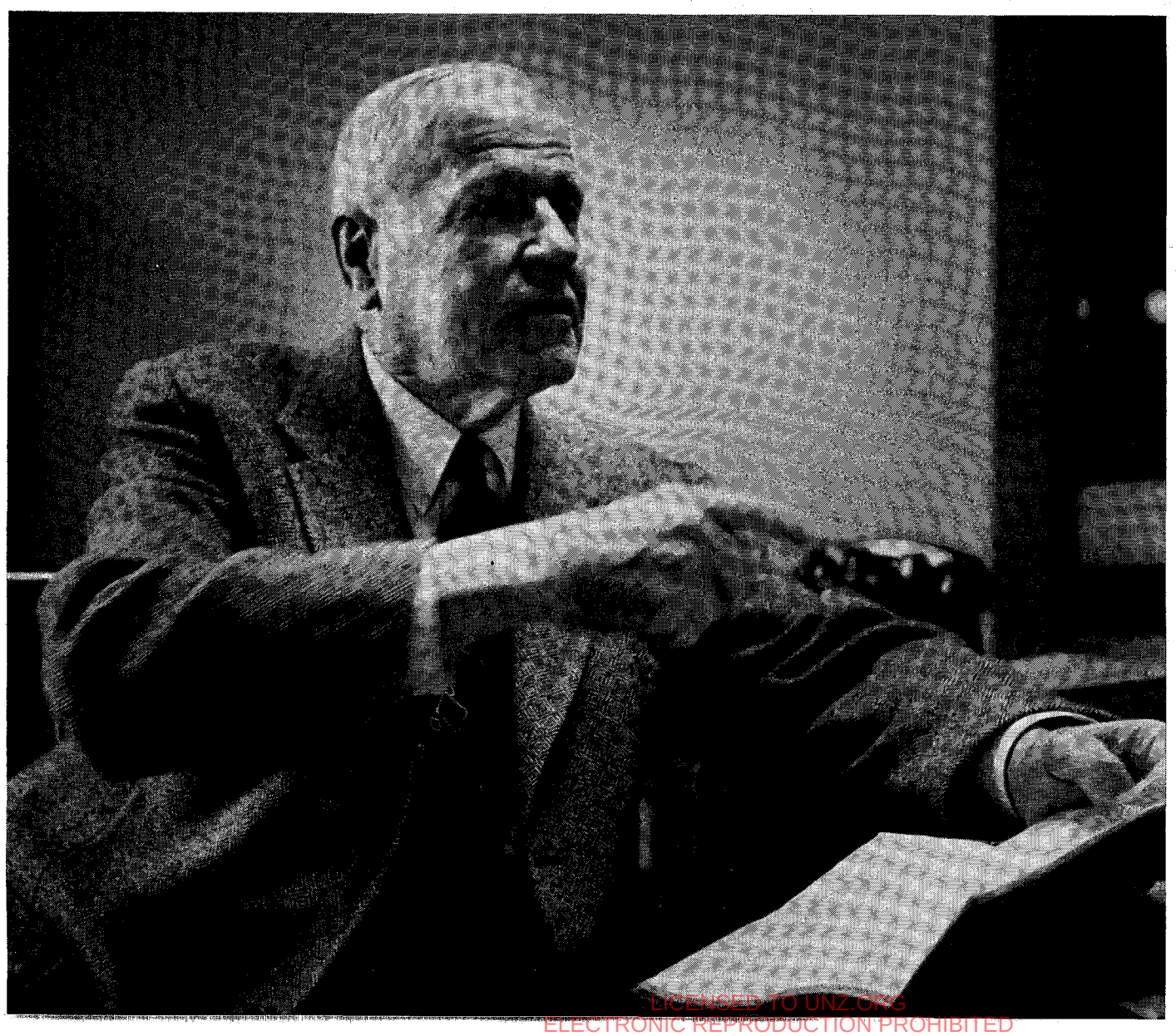
Now that the 85th Congress has begun its second session, an item of unfinished business left over from last year's turbulent proceedings—pork-barrel legislation concerning rivers and harbors and flood control—is up for action. This hardy political perennial has become such a familiar story that the public hardly notices it any more, but it can spell ruination to future generations of taxpayers. Federal expenditures on river and harbor development began in 1824. Actual disbursements and authorizations, from that year to the present, already stand at some $35,000,000,000, and future projects have been proposed that would bring the nation's waterways bill to a staggering total of $70,000,000,000.

What is this "pork barrel" about which there is such unremitting controversy? A standard reference work defines the phrase as "an appropriation of money by Congress as part of a scheme of political patronage." I prefer the down-to-earth description I heard recently from a politician—"Pork-barrel projects are those which are always located in someone else's state."

Not all water-resources expenditures are pork, but many projects being pushed through Congress are uneconomic, unnecessary and even beyond our current engineering capacity to complete. Already there is admission that even the insatiable Corps of Army Engineers, which the late Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes once described as "the most powerful and most pervasive lobby in Washington," has been fed more than it can digest. The corps has on its books approximately 3200 active projects, with a total estimated cost of $16,715,000,000, and (Continued on Page 67)

"Ah, Ha! Another Expendable Critter"

HAYNIE—GREENSBORO, N. C., DAILY NEWS



The author was governor of Wyoming from 1933 to 1939, and saw a lot of Congressional spending from there. Later he served on a "Hoover Commission" task force which probed Federal water-resources expenditures throughout the last century. Over the years he has spotted a good many of the ratholes that drain off U.S. tax revenues.

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Ambush: Algerian rebels leap out of the brush and halt a French truck. They have just shot the French soldier leaning on his elbows.

I Saw the Algerian Rebels in Action

By JOSEPH KRAFT

The author (center), in nationalist uniform, with two rebel officers. The captain at left was once a private in the French Army.

Strike and run: These rebels have just destroyed a jeep and killed three Frenchmen (note the body between the two Algerians). Now they disappear into the hills.

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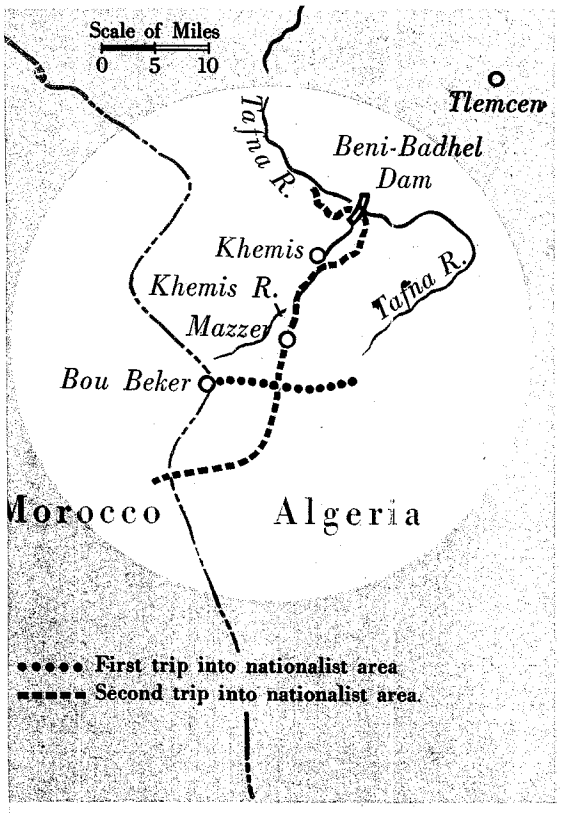
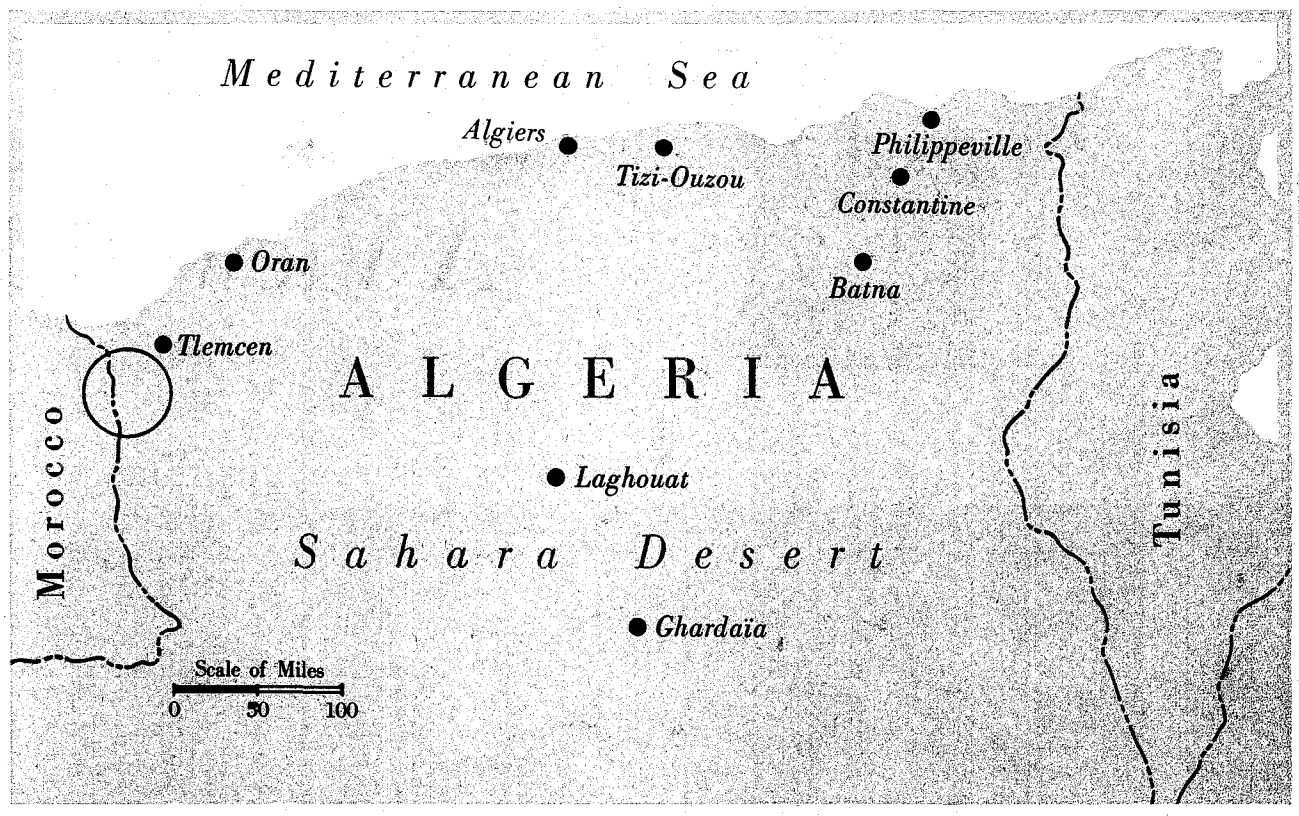


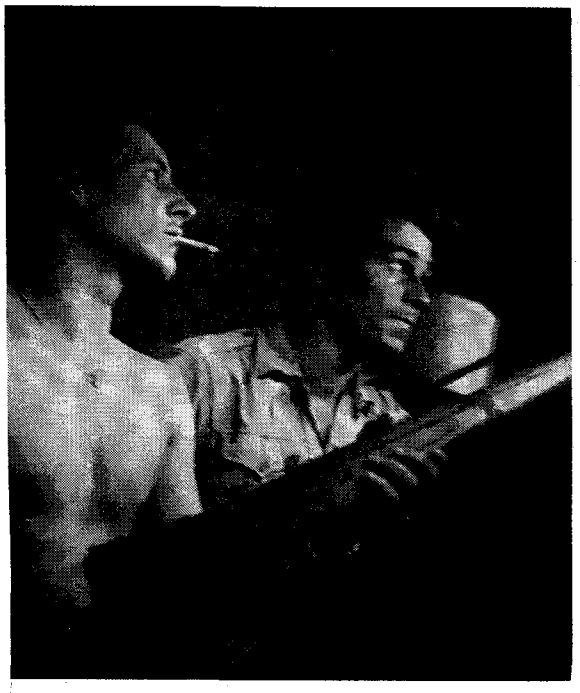
he author went behind rebel lines on two expeditions—
ranged for him by Algerian nationalists in New York.
e describes the second trip in next week's installment.



One million Europeans and 8½ million Arabs and Berbers live in strife-ridden Algeria. To the west is Morocco, to the east Tunisia, both friendly to the nationalist cause.

PART ONE

A correspondent's story of war-torn Algeria, where he crossed the frontier to accompany nationalist rebels on their raids against the French.



Under fire: Guerrillas have just sniped at these French guards riding an armored boxcar in Western Algeria.

Across the burning sands of the Sahara, up and down the terraced Casbah of the city of Algiers, on the plain of Oran, in the highlands of the Atlas Mountains, there rages the only serious armed conflict in the world today—the war of the Arab nationalists against France for control of Algeria.

It is a struggle of the broadest political dimensions. Behind Arab nationalism stalks the jackal of Communism. The rise and fall of French fortunes cast long shadows over the Atlantic alliance. Three times the United Nations has wrestled with the Algerian problem in vain. Washington is at cross-purposes about it.

Militarily, the struggle is less impressive. A guerrilla war, it features long periods of calm shattered by sudden violence. Many Algerian cities have been more placid than Little Rock, Arkansas. Still, the French have thrown into the battle nearly 600,000 soldiers and police, four times the force they used in Indochina. Against them are ranged—what?

To answer that question I crossed through the French lines and spent three weeks with the Algerian rebels.

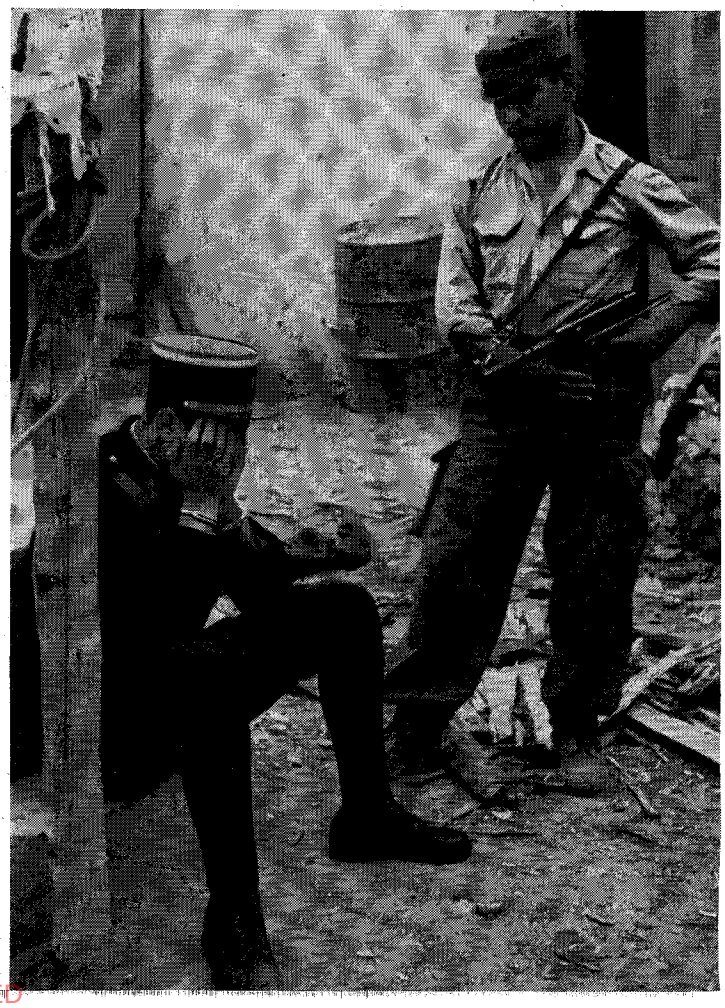
The venture began in New York, at the United Nations office of the Front for National Liberation, the chief Algerian nationalist organization. There the FNL officials arranged a simple system of coded telegrams to assure my introduction to their "brothers" in Algeria. Before joining the rebels, however, I passed six weeks seeing Algeria through French eyes.

My first port of call was Algiers and the government general headed by Resident Minister Robert Lacoste. His aides roughed out the basic French views. "Algeria," one of them said, "is a problem of too many and not enough."

"Too many" meant the population, 9.8 million in all, and divided into two communities. More than a million are European settlers, about half of them descendants of French families which have lived in Algeria for generations; the rest a Mediterranean potpourri of Spanish, Italians, Maltese and Jews. Cheek by jowl with the settlers is a Moslem community of Arabs and Berbers which, thanks to French medicine, is doubling its ranks every twenty-five years. It was under 2 million when the French Army invaded Algeria in 1830. It is over 8.5 million today. By 1980, it will be 18 million.

"Not enough" referred to the basic lack of economic resources (Continued on Page 93)

According to the rebels, this French gendarme had "sadistically tortured" Arabs. They captured him—and slit his throat five minutes after this picture was taken.



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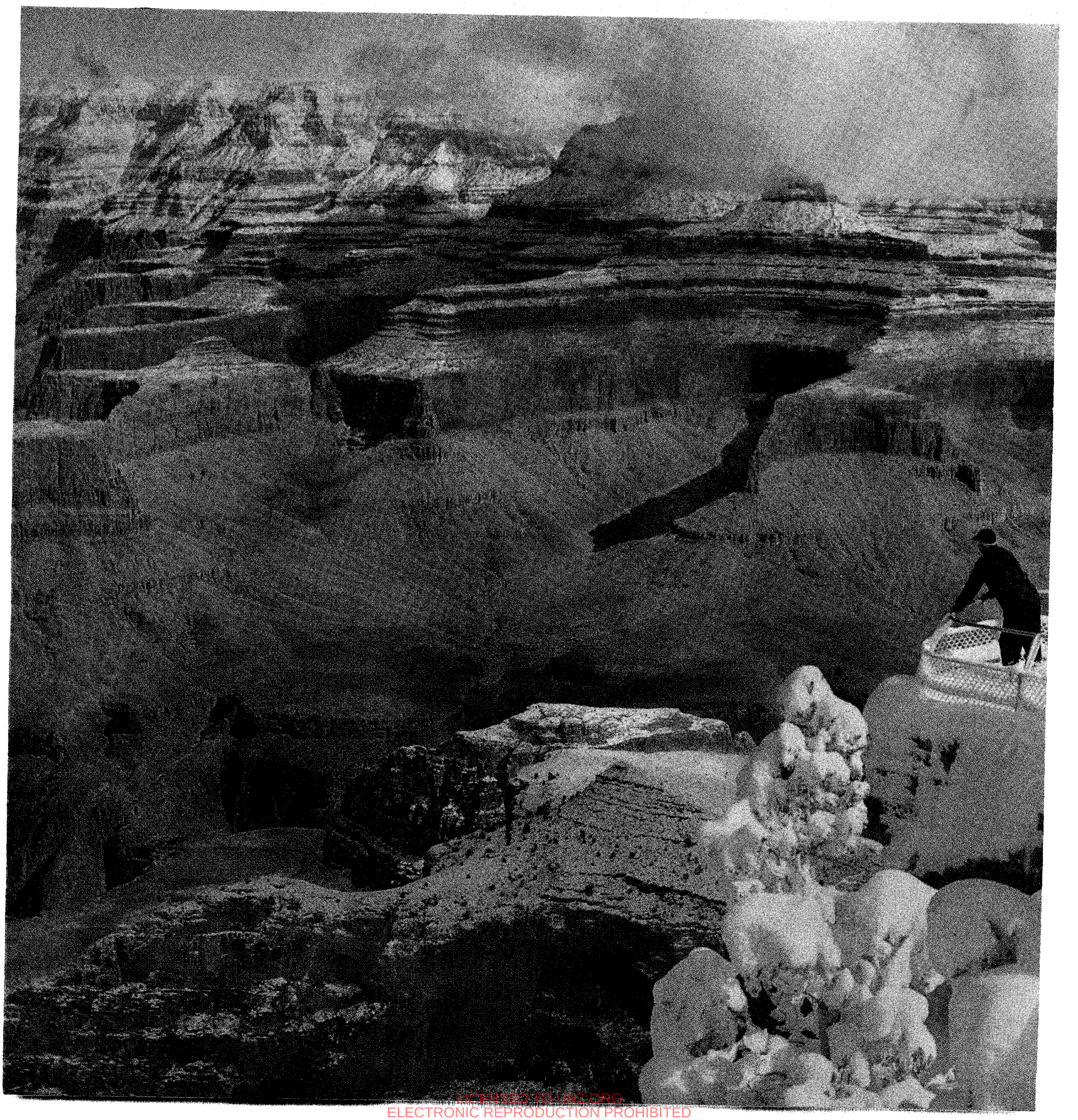
The Face of AMERICA

A View of Eons



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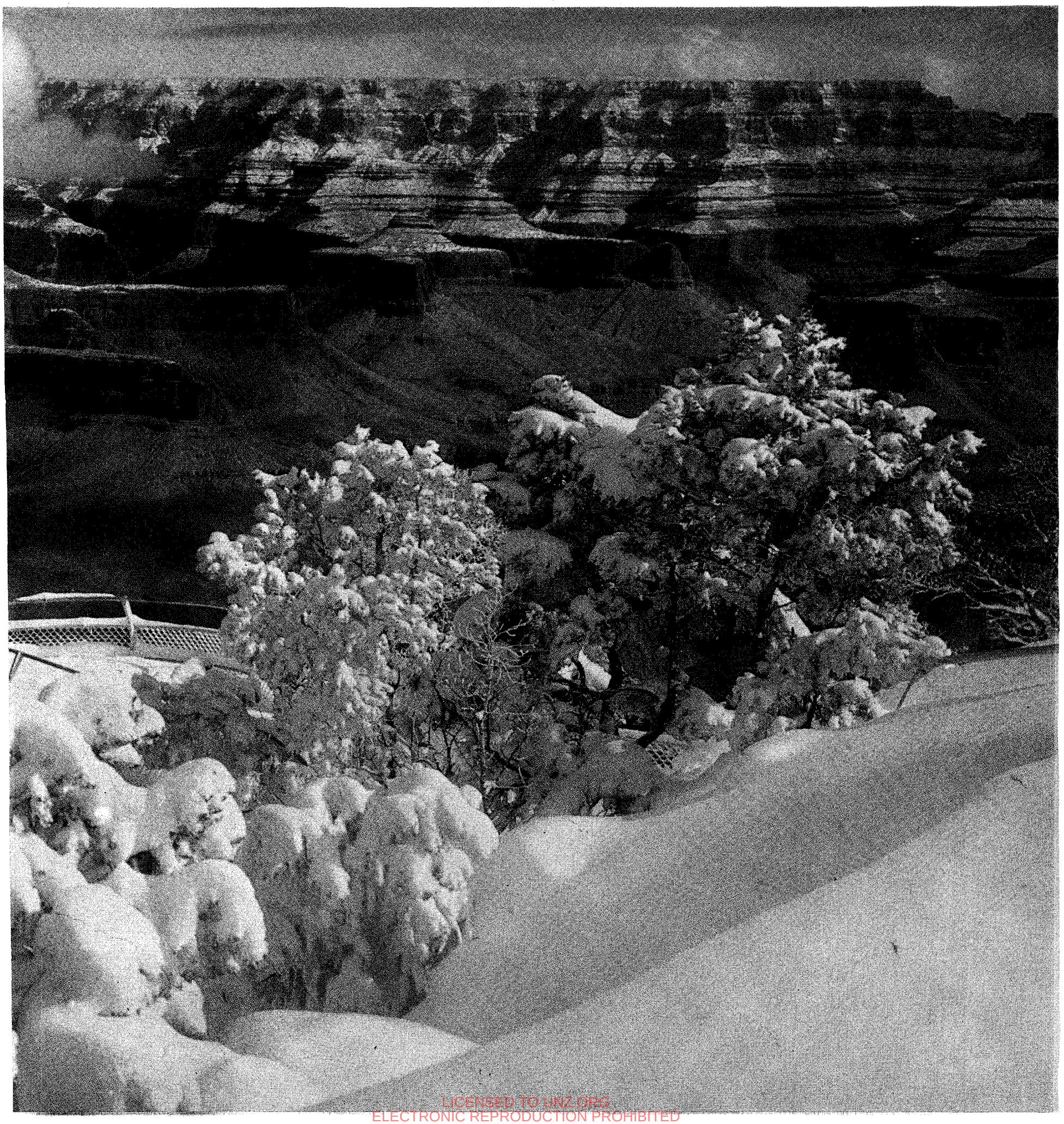
No matter the season, few sights inspire such profound awe as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The visitor who peers into its silent depths looks back into the earth's ages, engraved on butte, precipice, crag and promontory. One mile below this snow-capped outcropping flows the Colorado, chief architect of this 280-mile gorge in the high plateaus of Arizona. At the bottom, in semitropical warmth—even in midwinter—the river's silt-laden waters grind the chasm ever deeper. And this immense testament to nature's inexorable forces delights the eye as it stuns the imagination: Each moment changes the giant kaleidoscope, as the moving sun and drifting clouds play upon the battlements. And a view of the canyon is therapeutic too. A man always goes away feeling a little less important than when he came. • Photograph by Esther Henderson



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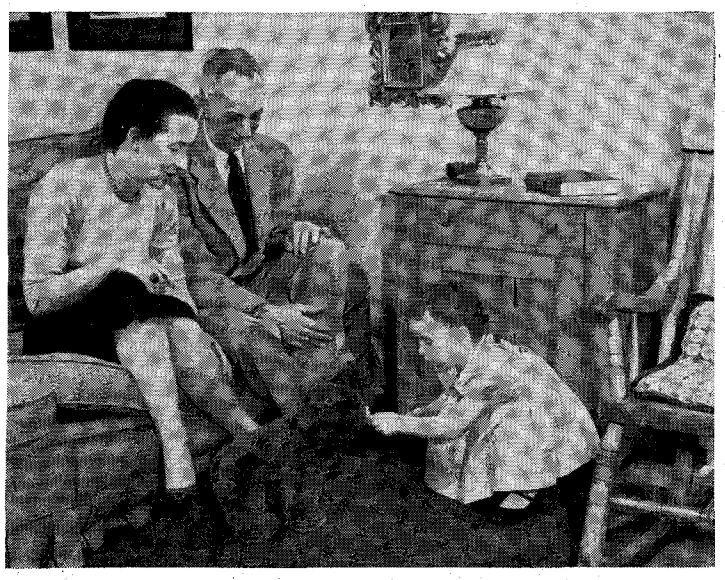
A housewife frankly estimates her true market value, as a domestic necessity. Her conclusion? . . .

My Husband Ought to Fire Me!



A "rare moment of order" in the author's household. Her husband is writer Roderick Lull. The baby is Johanna, 2.

By PEG BRACKEN

If you are at all attuned to the times, you know that a housewife isn't a housewife any more; she is a homemaker. She is a versatile expert, a skilled professional *business manager*, *practical nurse*, *house cleaner*, *child psychologist*, *home decorator*, *chauffeur*, *laundress*, *cook*, *hostess*—all this, besides being a gay, well-groomed companion. And she is therefore worth, at prevailing wage rates, about $20,000 a year—or, anyway, a lot more than her husband.

A lot of recent literature has tried to establish this point. Some of it is written by men, and I can't decide whether they are chivalrous or just cowed. But that quiet tittering you hear in the back row comes from the women, who know different. Housewife, homemaker, it's still spinach. Women are honest about the important things. This is one of their many lovable qualities.

Well, it is fun to be chucked under the chin, but reaction sets in the minute we housewives—and I think I'll just continue to use that dirty old word—the minute we housewives really look ourselves in the eye. Practically any housewife who tots up—as I have just totted up—what she'd be worth in today's labor market is apt to find herself in a nervous condition bordering on the shakes. From my own computations one salient fact emerges loud and clear: all my household skills together wouldn't earn enough to maintain one small-sized guppy. (Continued on Page 71)

"Would any husband in his right mind pay anybody for getting into messes like this?" asks the lady.

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"Just think," Howie said. "Two wonderful free days every week and still one left to sober up in."

HOLIDAY for HOWIE

By NANCY POPE MAYORGA

At first glance it seemed terrific,
a four-day work week!
But then he found there was a catch in it.

Let them read their learned papers on the fourth dimension, on the space-time continuum and all the rest. Time has a different meaning for us common Americans. For us it's no illusion. It's a solid chunk out of eternity, to be filled up with work and play and love. Sometimes it happens there's a piece left over, empty, hanging heavy on our hands, as we say. And sometimes it turns out that that's the piece that has real significance.

When the Superba Machine Works of Beverly Hills, progressive and paternal, decided to put its personnel on a four-day work week with compensating pay raises, big Howie Kerran, who operated the most complicated milling machine in the place, said to his wife, Dolores, "Now we're really living! When a guy can push a button and make a hundred pair of shoes and two hundred pair of pants—and look at Univac—it's ridiculous for people to be working five days a week. Killing themselves!"

Big American Howie sprang from a northern people, Irish that came over and mixed with Poles and Dutch and English and became that vigorous, westward-moving breed, restless, energetic, ambitious, whom only the Pacific could halt. And that only (Continued on Page 52)

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"I don't know," she said quickly and almost resentfully. "I don't want to talk about it."

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FORBIDDEN YEARNING

By MARGARET CRAVEN

Would anyone ever understand the terrible longing that possessed her?

When the hand of the adjutant touched her shoulder, the girl awoke instantly and to expectancy. This was the day the work schedule changed; she was to be a bread girl again, and of all the chores, this was her favorite.

In the first gray of day, the earnest new adjutant moved softly between the long rows of cots here on the porch where the big girls slept in summer, bending now and again to awaken the others who were to work on the bread also. Then she was gone, and the girl was up and out the door, slipping down the hall to the washrooms.

Her hand found the pigeonhole which was her very own, third row right, ninth from the end. She scrubbed her teeth with the salt and the soda. She splashed cold water on her face. She soaped and washed her hands vigorously. Alone in the little room she shared with two others, she dressed quickly in the dimness, and tying her work apron around her cotton frock, she hurried to the stairs to be the first one down.

In the eleven years she had lived here, sharing Mother and Dad Dorn with two hundred and sixty brothers and sisters, Gracie Hitt had seldom known the luxury of being alone. It was only at such rare times and lately that she had come to realize that she, too, was an individual, different from all others and therefore important.

Only the night lights were burning. On the second floor there was no whisper of blanket, no rustle of sheet. The aloneness was so big she was big also, and very bold, and flinging one slim leg over the balustrade, she swooped down the last flight, landing on her soft sneakers as deft as a cat. And there in her little white nightgown, head tousled, eyes big, waited Tina Dorn.

Tina was a courtesy Dorn, having been left on the stoop, aged three days, and wrapped in a blanket. She was six now, recently moved from the nursery cottage to the main house.

"Gracie," she whispered, "is it time yet? I'm going to be a dustpan girl."

Oh, the pride of the first chore. To hold the dustpan in front of the bedroom door while the big girl who had cleaned the room swept in the litter. Gracie knew it well.

"Sh-h-h, Tina; it's hours yet. It's not 'til after breakfast." She took the hand of the little dustpan girl and they started across the entrance hall toward the front door.

(Continued on Page 74)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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In their backstage dressing room, Rockettes primp for an opening number. The girls, most of whom come from America's small towns, range from 5′5″ to 5′8″ in height.

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Radio City's spectacular shows
depend on prodigious backstage feats
and on the footwork
of some highly co-ordinated young women.
A look behind the scenes at . . .

The Music Hall

By Joe Alex Morris

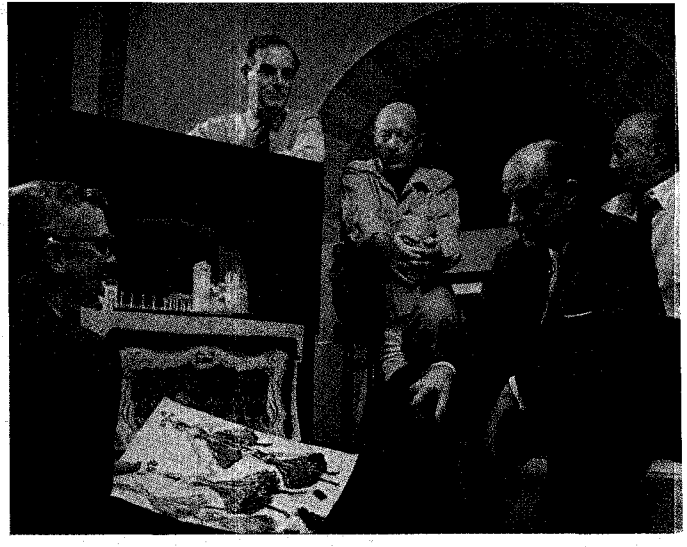
One recent Thursday morning at about eight o'clock there was great confusion inside Radio City Music Hall in New York. On stage, electricians clambered over a huge cardboard skyscraper in which half the lights had unaccountably short-circuited. Carpenters labored to adjust a stairway that, just as unaccountably, had slipped its moorings. Fifty dancers tried to untangle themselves after taking a wrong turn across the front of the stage, and the harassed symphony orchestra slithered to a wailing stop.

From the gloom of the audience section, a nimble, graying man named Leon Leonidoff barked into a microphone, "Again! Start at bar six, children!" The dancers lined up. "Faster this time!"

The orchestra blared, the line of dancers whirled in orderly fashion. "Now! Give me blue lights—the lights! . . . No, no! Too late! Move your cue up one bar! . . . Don't stop now! Keep going! We've got just two hours before this show opens!"

Patrons already were lining up on the sidewalk outside to await the opening of the theater doors. It was hard to believe that anyone could unscramble the jumble in time for the opening, let alone fit so many performers and such a mass of complicated scenery into a smooth theatrical production. But Leonidoff, already timing the next scene with a stop watch, showed no signs of worry; doing the impossible is everyday stuff at the Music Hall.

Almost any way you look at it, Radio City Music Hall, a block-wide pile of gray Indiana limestone, is the world's most spectacular theater. Close to 7,000,000 persons—perhaps 80 per cent of them visitors from out of town—file through its doors each year, marvel at the twenty-nine-foot molded-glass chandeliers in the lobby and watch a three-hour stage-and-screen show. (Continued on Page 90)



Show in the making: Production staff submits a model of the stage and costume sketches to the theater's president, Russell V. Downing (right).

Teaching the high kickers their trade: In the rehearsal hall Rockettes director Russell Markert puts members of his troupe through their paces.

Hat specialist Andy Pellicano fits a feathery new headdress on his model, Beulah, as the Rockettes get the final touches for a forthcoming routine.

Photographs by Ivan Dmitri

On an elevator platform 27 feet below the huge stage, the precision dancers assume their opening stance, ready to face an audience of more than 6000.

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Death in the Deep

By WOLFGANG OTT

An explosion ripped the crippled U-boat. Now they faced the grimmest test of all.

When Midshipman Hans Teichmann returned from his third U-boat mission late in the summer of 1943, eight out of ten submarines that put to sea were lost. But somehow, against mounting odds, the relentless Lieutenant Lüttke once again brought his war-worn undersea craft home. Many of the crew had cracked on this voyage from the intolerable strain of destroyer attacks which drove the aging U-boat to the limits of its depth, where rivets burst from the seams and the steel hull creaked under the terrible pressure. Twice the sub barely escaped destruction from air attacks. Ashore, in occupied France, afterward resistance forces preyed on the Germans. Teichmann himself narrowly escaped death in two vicious incidents. Now, on liberty once again, he could try to forget for a time the terrible toll of the war at sea.

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CONCLUSION

Teichmann couldn't bear to think of spending another leave in France. He went to Paris only to change trains for Germany; after thirty hours' travel he was in Blankenese, a suburb of Hamburg, ringing the doorbell of a large private house.

The door was opened by Ensign Gerd Heyne. They stared at each other for a moment, awkwardly silent.

"Come in," said Heyne. "I'm all alone. My old man is dead and I'm going to sea the day after tomorrow."

Teichmann disliked the room. Gerd's father, Professor Heyne, had crammed it full of books and plaster busts. Over the mantelpiece there were two crossed sabers; to the left of the sabers was a picture of Bismarck, to the right old Kaiser Wilhelm.

"Wait here," said Gerd. "I'll get some wine."

He went down cellar and returned with three bottles of Château Rothschild Lafitte. Teichmann set out glasses, while Heyne went into the garden to make sure the windows were properly blacked out.

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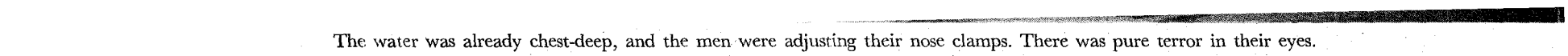

The water was already chest-deep, and the men were adjusting their nose clamps. There was pure terror in their eyes.

Returning, he spoke aimlessly of old friends—Stollenberg, Ramer, their classmates from naval school—all dead now, killed in the battle of the Atlantic. Heyne drank a whole bottle before he was able to say what he had saved up for this night.

"You're the only one I can talk to, Hans. They took my father away last fall. I didn't want to write you about it, because the mail is censored. And it would only have got you in trouble, corresponding with the son of a traitor."

"Just the same, I would have liked to ——"

"I know. But you couldn't have done a damn thing."

Heyne quickly drained his glass. Then he poured himself another and leaned back in his armchair.

"If they lock up washerwomen for criticizing the government, I have no objection, even if their criticism happens to be right. But my father, as a professor of history, was entitled—he thought so, at least—to open his mouth. And he did. The whole thing was like a bad play. Not a tragedy; nothing but stupidity. Believe me, it's stupidity that brought evil into this world."

"I don't agree with you."

"You'll learn. . . . *Prosit*. . . . When the Germans use their brains, they can't be beaten. When they indulge their emotions, any idiot can lead them around by the nose. But that's not what I wanted to talk about. After my first sub mission I had two weeks' leave. I went to town for a bit of fun, and on the way home I passed by the church where I was confirmed. I went in. Pastor Diebold was preaching. I listened to his drivel; I had to if I wanted to hear the music—they've got a good organ, you know.

"A few days later Diebold comes to see us and begins sounding me out about religion; for him the *Führer* was some kind of Antichrist. I defended the *Führer;* believe me, against my better judgment. I guess I wanted to dissociate myself from my father and Diebold. Anyway, my father brought out a pile of manuscripts that he called his reckoning with Hitler's regime. Only a few of his friends knew about the manuscript, he said, and one of them was Pastor Diebold.

"My father said, 'It's diabolical to force men to die for a lie. Hitler is a monumental fiend.'

"'A big fiend isn't so bad,' I said, 'I prefer the big devils to the little ones.'

"My father got pretty excited. 'Phrases,' he said. 'Your big devil, whom you admire so, has fed our people poison. He has made them drunk on poison, and now they think they have something to die—if not live—for. But you, my son! Don't let yourself be infected with the drunkenness of the masses.'

"And so on, all the old bilge. Then Diebold started in: 'That is the consequence of systematically keeping the young people away from church.' He told me, 'You have sunk so deep into the mire that today you wouldn't dare to set foot in a church, even if you wanted to. You are so immersed in sin that every word spoken by the pastor would make you cast down your eyes.'"

"Good God!" exclaimed Teichmann. "That's enough!"

"No, the best is yet to come. Diebold continued: 'But I say unto you: the day will come when you will lie in the dust before God's altar and beg for mercy. The day will come when you will be called to account for your actions today, when the Antichrist seems to triumph.'

"At this point I interrupted him. I asked Diebold, 'You reject the regime under which we are now living?'

"'Yes.'

"'Its philosophy? Its aims?'

"'They are the aims of a criminal.'

"'Its *Führer*?'

"'He is the incarnation of the Antichrist. His philosophy is godless, a backsliding into heathenism.'

"'Then you fully share my father's opinions?'

"'Fully and absolutely.'

"'I wanted to hear that from your own mouth,' I told him. 'I went to church a few days ago, out of curiosity. I listened to your sermon. Then I heard you pray, "O Lord, today we stand once more before thee with our most fervent prayer. Bless and protect our beloved *Führer* and (Continued on Page 62)

Illustrated by Noel Sickles

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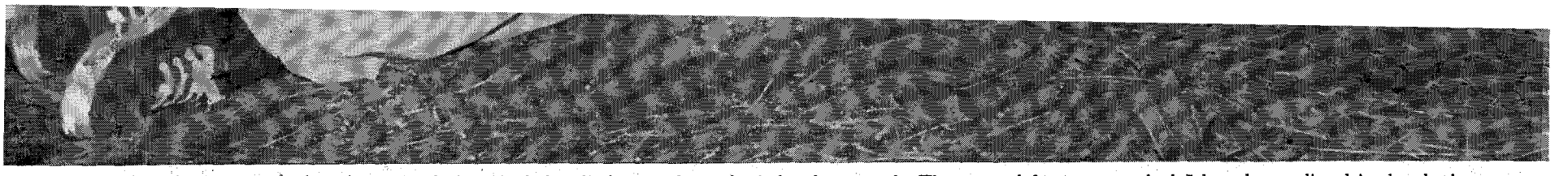

Jake, the lady skunk (right), cautiously lets her baby climb onto the author's lap for a snack. The cat at left once scratched Jake, who retaliated in the classic manner.

My Life With Seven Skunks

"If you think *your* neighbors are difficult, try skunks," says the author, whose lovable little pals are driving her from house and home.

By ERA ZISTEL

It didn't really start with Baby Jake. It began, actually, with Jake, the skunk, a whole year before. Or you might even say it began with the beginning of the raccoons, which was two years before that.

At first there was only one raccoon. We saw her in the back yard one night and put out food for her. In time she became so tame that she accepted the food from our hands—or our pockets, or our outdoor icebox if we forgot to close the door tight—and then she became so tame she demanded it.

Finally this particular raccoon had babies, and brought them around to see us. So we bought still more food—bread and oatmeal and peanuts—and gave them almost all they wanted. There's no such thing as giving raccoons all they want, because their stomachs seem to be bottomless. In due time the babies had babies and we had quite a lot of raccoons. So we bought bread by the armload and oatmeal in the biggest cartons and peanuts by the twenty-five-pound sack.

Pretty soon, every night when I fed the raccoons, this Jake would come horning in—not unpleasantly, you understand, but just quietly working his way through the crowd to pick up as much as he could. As I didn't know him then, but thought I knew plenty about skunks—all bad—the moment he came I left in a hurry. That is, until I started taking pictures. With a camera in my hands I'm stubborn. And that was how we finally got acquainted, Jake and I—through the camera's eye, so to speak.

He was really a very decent fellow. He didn't mind my taking pictures. He didn't mind when, in backing up to get a shot, I stepped on his tail, or when I tripped over him in the dark. Fortunately.

With the first light snowfall, the raccoons got that faraway look in their eyes, and one cold night they rustled away, their fat, bottomless bellies close to the ground, and did not come back again. Jake stayed on a little longer.

That was how we got still better acquainted. Just because the raccoons had departed for their winter sleep was no good reason to leave poor Jake in the lurch. So I sat on the back steps and chucked pieces of bread to him. He ate daintily and finally trusted me enough to come snuffling around my feet, with his tail down instead of up and his body going all one way instead of twisted around at the back to show me the weapon he carried there. In other words, we had become friends.

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Then the snow got deeper and he didn't come around any more either, and we bought loaves of bread and pounds of oatmeal and big chunks of suet to feed the birds instead.

I had forgotten about Jake—such is the inconstancy of humans—when one night, early in March it must have been, I heard a rustling as I stepped off the back porch, and looked down to see a skunk dancing around me. The first thing I thought of, foolishly, was rabies. But as I stood there, afraid to move, and the skunk continued to dip in and out and circle about my feet, I realized that the dance was a joyous expression of reunion. It was my old friend, Jake, and he hadn't forgotten me. Having awakened to greet the spring, he was back and was now telling me how glad he was to see me. Especially since he was very hungry.

So we took up where we had left off. I sat on the back steps, handing out bread to him. Since his stomach fortunately had a bottom, he ate until he'd had enough and then went quietly away, making a funny little tracery of pudgy skunk tracks in the snow.

It took me some time to realize that the wandering, crisscrossing tracks led invariably to the goat shed, under which the wood rats had tunneled and lived during the winter. As I'm unobservant, it was a while before I noticed the rats' tunnel had been considerably enlarged. In spite of all the books I've read on the subject, I did not then know that, where rats go, skunks follow; where rats live, skunks soon take up residence, and where skunks are, rats eventually cease to exist.

Finally there was no mistaking the fact that Jake had taken over the rats' quarters. A mound of earth, two feet high and two feet across, appeared at the entrance to the tunnel; also an assortment of dishes the rats had swiped and hidden under the shed. Then things began to disappear: burlap bags, string, a quantity of loose hay, bits of cloth, an old mop and even a piece of plastic glass.

Here my reading had actually led me astray. Books—all those I've seen, anyway—say skunks don't build their own homes or make nests. They bunk in with woodchucks or crawl into abandoned rabbit burrows and are satisfied to leave things as they find them. Well, either the books are wrong or Jake was exceptional. Judging from what appeared and disappeared, I'd say he had done considerable renovating. Once, in one of the dishes he returned to me, there was even an old earth-blackened nickel. It pleased me to think of it as a tip for good service.

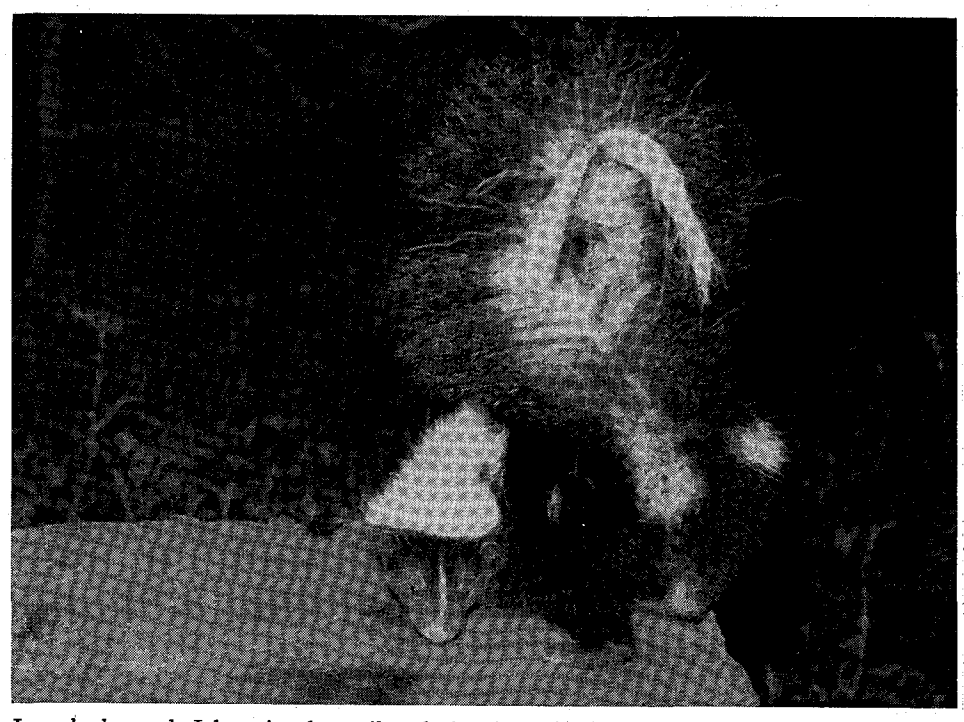
Toward the middle of May the raccoons woke up and came back, their little bottomless bellies all shrunk from their winter's fasting, and poor Jake, when he came for his evening handout, was jostled and shoved aside. He hovered on the outskirts of the snatching, noisy horde, managing to pick up a small morsel now and then, only to have a robber hand pluck it from his very mouth.

Although the provocation was enormous, he remained a gentleman and never once used the weapon he carried under his tail. But I felt sorry for him and found another way to provide him with his dinner. From then on, quite early in the evening I would go to the entrance of his tunnel and call, "Hi, Jake! Hi, Jake!"

Soon a sleepy little black-and-white head would poke out, with its mouth open wide; I'd shove a slice of bread into it, the head and bread would slowly recede into the depths of the tunnel, and that would be that. Jake would be fed.

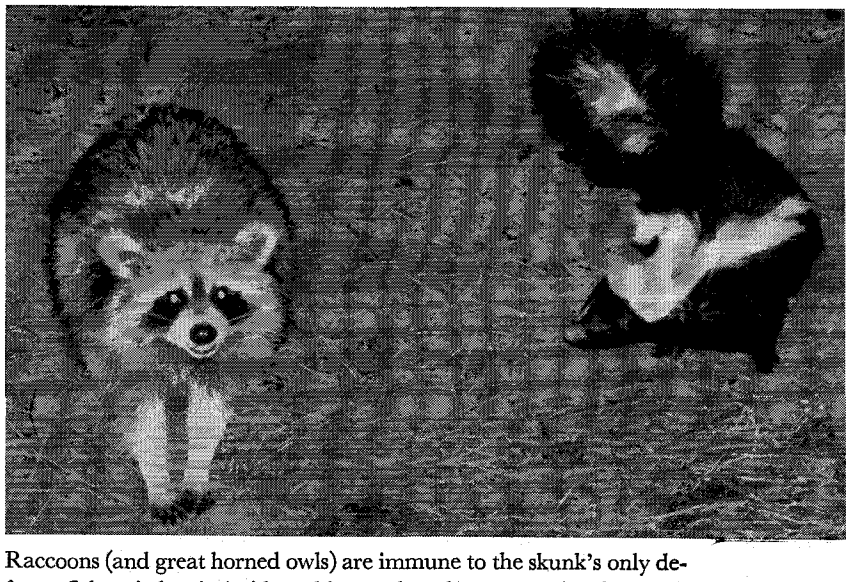
Sometimes, instead of bread, I'd offer him a small plate of leftovers. He'd take the dish between his teeth (Continued on Page 57)

In a good mood, Jake sits upright. "She'll do this," says the author, "only when she trusts you. It takes her weapon out of play."



In a bad mood, Jake raises her tail and aims her odor jets at her enemy—in this case, the camera. The author was afraid the flash might trigger her scent mechanism. It didn't.

Jake's babies wanted to come into the house, but they couldn't make the step. They lived in comfort under the goat shed until Jake decided that they must learn to fend for themselves.



Raccoons (and great horned owls) are immune to the skunk's only defense; Jake tried to intimidate this one, but the raccoon just laughed.

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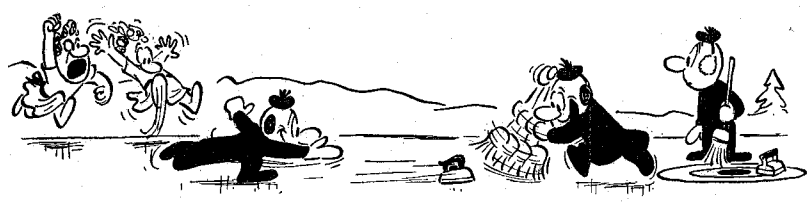
Post Scripts



Letters You Might as Well Get Over With

Jan.11, 1958
(right the first time!)

Dearest Mother & Dad McClure
& Uncle John & Auntie Ruth & Cousin
Jack & Auntie Marion AND Heather!

What a wonderful boxfull of Merry Christmas you sent-- I can't begin to tell you how much we loved everything in it! Mother, the ~~pretty/pink/gold~~ tablemats are just lovely and I811 bet you made them yourself too! And Dad, the whole family will certainly enjoy that streamlined ~~portable~~ table radio! Little Jo simply loved her ~~polkadot~~ rag doll, Heather, and the ~~pink/pink~~ teddybear from ~~Uncle/Bob~~ Cousin Jack were a huge suxcess. Auntie Ruth, wherever did you find those cute ~~pottery~~ ~~kitty~~ booke-ends?.....

2317 Alturas Dr.
Bakersfield Cal.
Jan. 11, 195[illegible]

AcmeRecord Co,
1203 Mdlark Blg. L.A.
Dear sirs,

I am returning the "rock It Man Rock It" album which I got forChristmas which I already have to you and would like you to send me 6 records instead, I would like "Bloop Bleep" (Hymie Hyssop) "Bleep Bloop" (Bojo Bates) "Chickenhouse Boogie" and " Leadpants Mambo"(Woody Woods and the 3 Splinters) and...

Villa Soleil
Miami

Blessed Grandchild! — How lovely of you to remember the old grandparents for Christmas with those wonderful woolly slippers (I know he'll live in them when we finally trek back north) — and the delicious peppermints and that sweet bedjacket! Lavender is such a smart color this year — and stunning with a tan! — Did you have a gorgeous Christmas, and is high school fun? Tell your mother and dad the water-skiing is heavenly this year — Grand-dad won the Surf Club try-outs! — and I'm skin-diving like mad! There's a new rhythm combo at the Del Ri that you'd love, and — ...

Sat.

Dear Grampa,
Thank you for the electric train it is sure neat. Dad says that ballbaring moter is sure neat. He I play with it a lot. Dad says that power pack is neat too and he I sure like it. He says some day he I will get a pea pier set so he I can run on 2 levels and...

7456 Parkdale Avenue
Clayton 5, Missouri

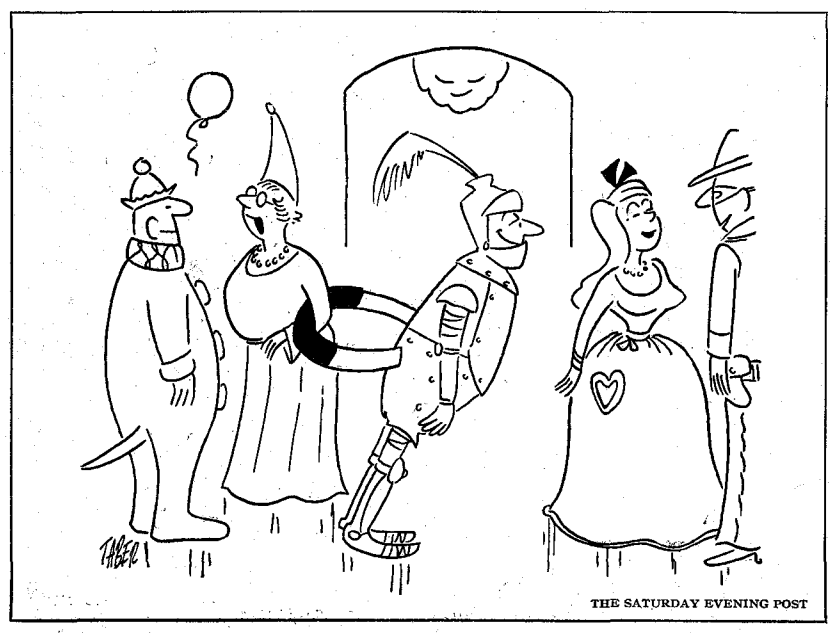
January 11, 1958

Lord & Sacks
Fifth Avenue
New York City, New York

Att: French Room

Dear Madam:

On November 20 last, I ordered an imported Cashmere Dress from you(cinnamon color, Size 16, gift-wrapped). However my wife ~~sent/phone~~ said 14 was her size, so returned the dress to you (November 30) for a Size 14. However, by Christmas, my wife ~~had/called~~ decided 16 might be better after all so will you please...



Dear Bob & Vivian — Jan 11, 1958
Rod and I didn't send aren't we awful!! Ill. !

Dear John & Helen — Jan 11-1958
Rod and I didn't send aren't we ...

Dear Denise & Bill — Jan 11, 1958
Rod and I didn't send a simple aren't we awful! - but... We l...

Dear Ward & Charlotte - Jan 11-1958
Rod and I didn't send a single card this year — aren't we awful! - but it was so nice to get yours! We hope you had a wonderful Christmas and ---

PEG BRACKEN

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Mrs. Gertrude Cronise has worked at Campbell's since 1935.

The woman's touch in Campbell's cooking

. . . another reason why Campbell products always taste homemade

We like to have home cooks come and visit with us in our kitchens. It always pleases us when one of them says, "You do so many things the way I do at home."

That's one of our little "trade secrets." Women prepare much of the food at Campbell's as in a home kitchen.

These women for the most part are experienced home cooks in their own right—the kind you would turn to for advice when you were first married.

Nimble fingers and a conscience

They are every bit as fussy about preparing food in our kitchens as they are about cooking for company at home.

For example, they spot and remove blemishes in each mushroom.

They separate celery stalks by hand so as not to bruise the tender hearts.

They trim every potato with a knowing hand and a finicky eye.

Love of cooking

As far as we're concerned, no machine has ever been built that can replace the woman's touch in the kitchen. Whether you call it love or conscience or just plain fussiness, it's what you get in all our cooking.

As our motto puts it, "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

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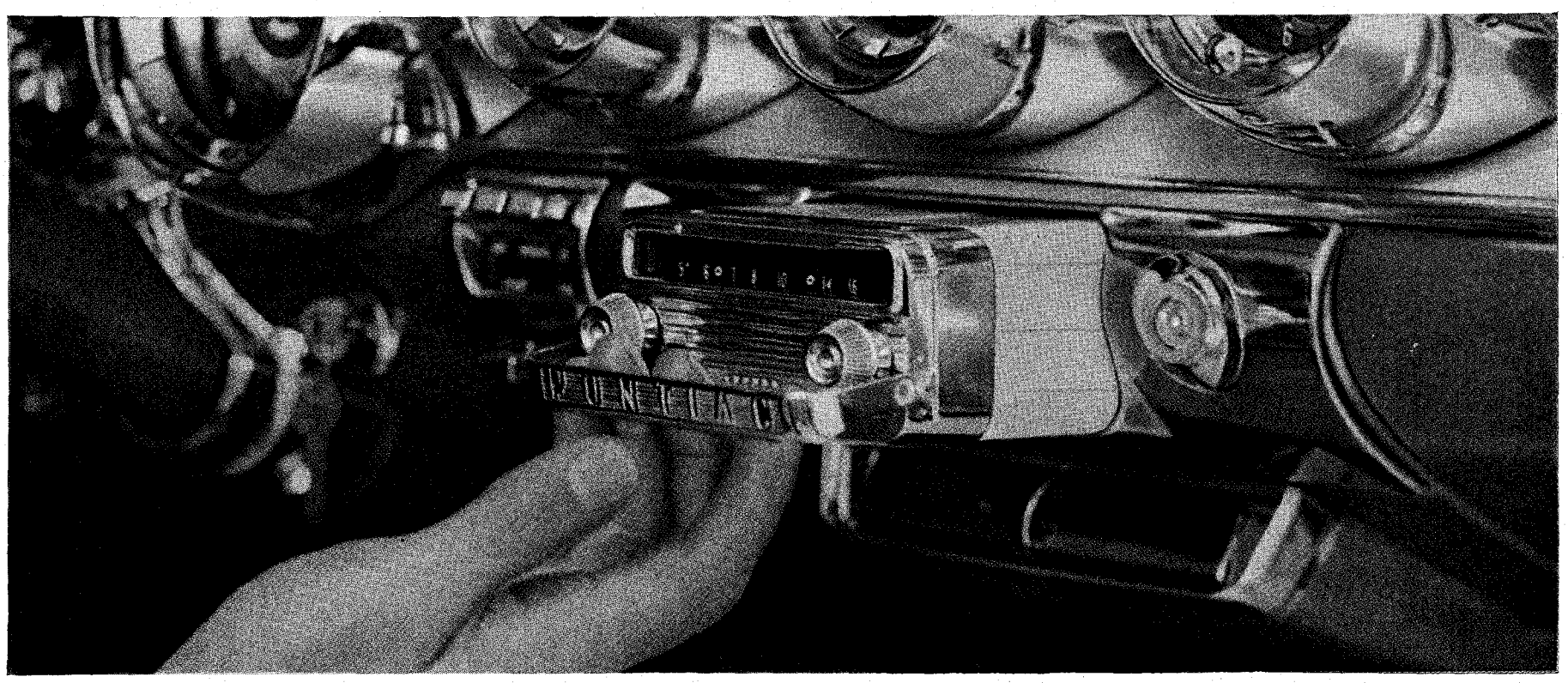
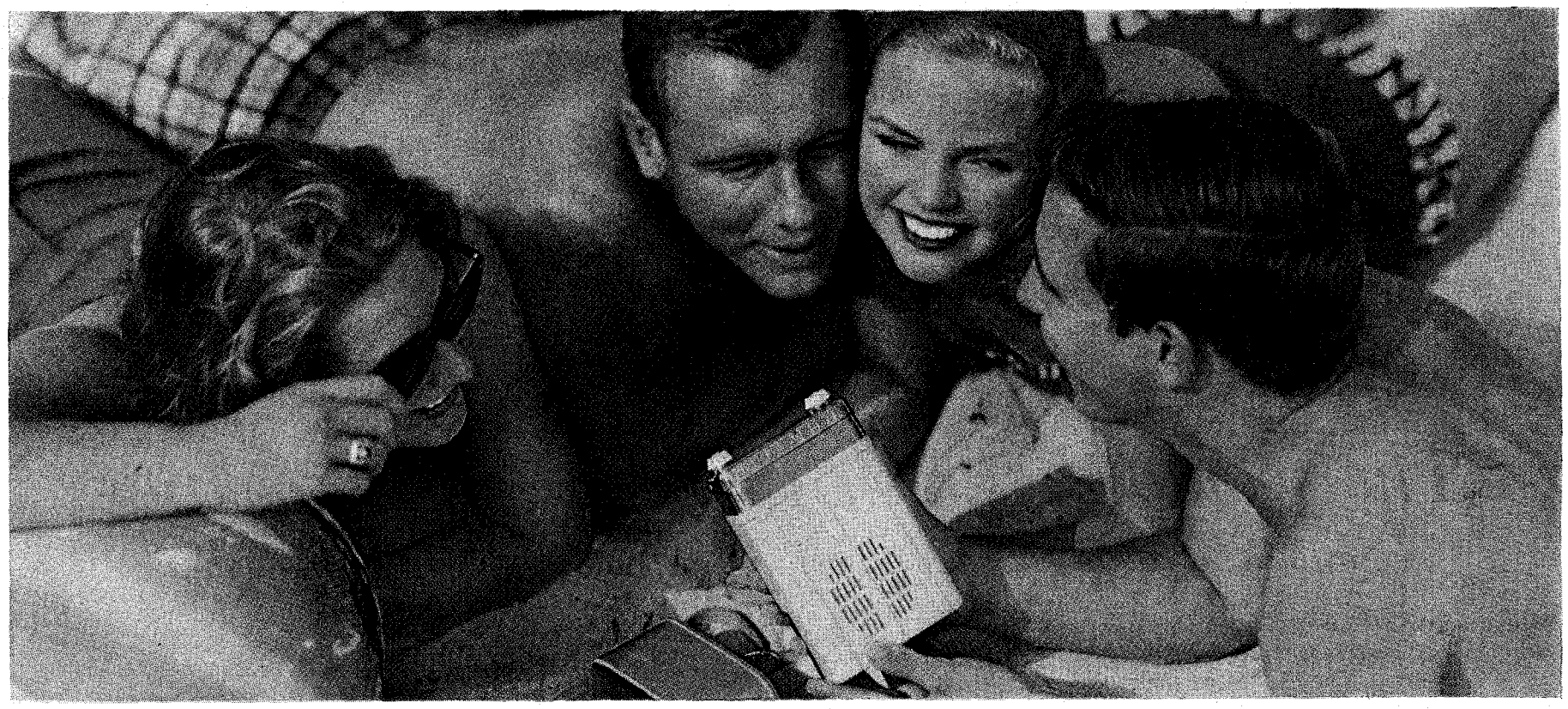
DELCO HAS THE FIRST CAR RADIO that's PORTABLE



INSIDE YOUR CAR, *this all-transistor engineering masterpiece combines with a powerful built-in audio system, antenna, and big, full-range speaker for the finest in car radio performance.*



OUTSIDE YOUR CAR, *you have an all-transistor portable radio complete with its own speaker, antenna and batteries. It goes where you go, plays where you play.*

IT'S ALL-TRANSISTOR AND IT'S PORTABLE! . . . a car radio that plays *anywhere*, inside your car or out of it. It's one of Delco Radio's most exciting developments in a long string of electronic "firsts." While locked in the instrument panel, this versatile radio operates off the car's electrical system, uses the car's built-in audio system, speaker and antenna for the finest tone possible in car radios. When you slip it out of the instrument panel, it's a self-contained unit with its own speaker, antenna, carrying handle, and batteries.

This rugged, dual-purpose radio is equipped with tiny transistors that take up less space, use 90% less power, and last for years and years! It plays without warmup or mechanical noises. And, in the car, it provides greater tonal range, volume and clarity than the most expensive vacuum tube sets.

The Delco portable car radio is moderately priced and available on the 1958 Pontiac and Oldsmobile. Ask your new car dealer today about the only car radio that goes where you go—plays where you play.

DELCO RADIO

Division of General Motors • Kokomo, Indiana

WORLD LEADER IN AUTO RADIO

GM FORWARD FROM FIFTY

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WEST OF THE LAW

Claypool had earned a reputation as a killer. It could be a hard thing to live up to.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"Ye exploded Mr. Maury's guns," little Rory told Bednigo, "and I hear he means to have yer life for it."

Bednigo Claypool suspected as much. Maury had brought in a shipment of rifles to sell to hostile Indians. Bednigo knew that armed Indians would be a deadly menace to the Union Pacific, the railroad he was helping to construct across America's lawless plains. In the absence of General Dodge, chief engineer of the project, Bednigo had only one choice. He blasted Maury's rifles sky-high. Now, standing in Mrs. Beebe's restaurant with Maury's thugs jeering at him, Bednigo remembered Rory's urgent warning.

"Two of Maury's men," the boy said, "will fasten a quarrel upon ye, and one will kill ye from behind."

VI

Bednigo had relaxed his vigilance in what seemed to be the safety of Mrs. Beebe's restaurant. Even had he been alert, it would have helped little unless he had been prepared to start shooting without provocation as the two ruffians came through the door. He had not anticipated an attack so early in the day, but rather had convinced himself that it would come when the town was crowded in the evening, and that it would be in the open street.

There was no time to plan; there was time only to act. If he were to draw and fire, it was possible he might get one of the two hired assassins. But the other almost certainly would get him. They, on the contrary, had had ample time to plan their fight to the last detail. Their first objective would be to force a fight upon him, to compel him to furnish the pretext. And whoever had done their thinking for them had used his brains. Undoubtedly Maury, Bednigo thought. In the street or at a bar, Bednigo might have avoided a clash; he might somehow have dodged the issue. But here, in the presence of women, he could not dodge. These men ostensibly were not interested in him. They had come to exact payment from Mrs. Beebe and Hepsie or to wreck the premises if the extortion was resisted. And no man could avoid intervening in their behalf. Cleverly this plan compelled Bednigo to take the initiative.

The bigger of the two men—he of the scarred face and snaggleteeth—grinned maliciously at Bednigo and provocatively kicked over another table. Bednigo spoke hesitantly, as if startled or alarmed—certainly as if uncertain what to do.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "Are you drunk?"

"Mister," said the ape man, "it hain't none of your put in. We jest got a job to do." He overturned another table and kicked it along the floor. "Be you wimmin goin' to pungle up or do we make kindlin' wood of the place?"

A forlorn hope was taking shape in Bednigo's brain. It was based on what young Rory had told him—that one man would engage him in front while the other shot him down from behind. There was a chance—a slim chance—but at least he would attempt the unexpected.

"You men better get out of here," he said, but in no menacing manner. "You'll get into trouble."

Bednigo, if he had had time for it, would have known what a poor figure he was cutting in the eyes of the three women who stood frozen about the breakfast table. Also he was cutting a poor figure in the eyes of the two ex-bushwhackers who had come to kill him. Because he was not standing up to it like a man, they despised him, and because they despised him, they underrated him.

Snaggletooth grimaced. "I bet he aims to tell his paw on us," he jeered.

Bednigo shuffled a step sidewise, away from the women and the table, and stood, arms dangling and helpless. The larger of the two men moved a bit to his left, commencing a movement that would take him around Bednigo to his back. Bednigo appeared not to notice. He seemed, to the three tense, watching women, to be deprived of the power of movement.

"We'll pay!" Mrs. Beebe cried hysterically.

"Yes," Bednigo faltered. "Yes, you better pay."

The ape man guffawed. "He's got spunk," he jeered. "We was told he was a fightin' man. Huh! A ten-year-old boy could spit in his eye."

Bednigo was counting seconds, estimating distances, making his ears tell him what his

As Bednigo pivoted, his right hand snatched the Colt's from its holster. He fired point-blank at the assassin.

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eyes could not see. He allowed the scarred ruffian to finish his sidle and get behind him. It was necessary to estimate accurately, almost to the inch, how far behind him the man stood. Bednigo stood limp, shoulders sagging, a contemptible picture of cowardice. The ape man sneered at him and took a step forward.

"Even a rat'll squeak," he jeered.

And then there was motion—sudden, whirling, dynamic motion. Bednigo's shoulders squared themselves; his left arm reached forward to its full length, fingers closed into an iron fist. And he pivoted on his left heel, swinging his arm like a flail. He had not been able to look for his target, but his knuckles caught the scar-faced man under the ear with explosive impact—an impact which did not seem to stay even for an instant the whirl of Bednigo's body until it faced the startled man with the bandy legs. And as Bednigo pivoted, his right hand snatched the Navy Colt's from its holster and he fired point-blank, once, twice.

The impact of the heavy slugs spun the ruffian to the floor, where he lay in a widening pool of blood. Bednigo did not glance at him, but continued to whirl. The other enemy was on his knees, shaking his head and making choking sounds. Bednigo was ruthless. He kicked with his heavy boot and the man's face disappeared. He stood then for an instant, shoulders erect, face cold, implacable. And then he relaxed; his shoulders rounded and he became an ungraceful, lumbering sort of man, an abashed hobbledehoy. He looked sidewise, shyly, at the three women, who had not had time to stir from their tenseness, but stood agape.

"Goodness gracious," he mumbled. And then, "What a mean kind of a thing to have to happen with wimmin lookin' on."

Mrs. Beebe plopped down into a chair, her legs turned to rubber. Potter Nourse leaned her white-knuckled fists on the table top and expelled her breath in a long sigh. Hepsie alone stood erect and seemingly unmoved by what she had seen. Her eyes were slightly narrowed, her voice was not tremulous, but steady in its crisp, nasal monotone as she spoke.

"You," she said, "have mussed up the floor. So you're the one that's got to redd it up."

Potter Nourse, color returning to her lovely cheeks, recovered the power of speech. Awe was in her voice as she paid tribute to Bednigo Claypool.

"Your like," she said softly, "as a fighting man I never have seen."

His smile was thin. "Go tell your friend," he said coldly, "that I'm a good man to leave alone."

A dozen or so men, drawn by the shots, clustered about the door. Bednigo spoke sharply, "Call the undertaker, one of you. Carry the other to the hospital tent."

"Who done the shootin'?" demanded a faro dealer from the Big Tent.

"I did," Bednigo answered bleakly. "I'll answer for it if need be. It was a planned murder—of me."

He replaced the overturned tables phlegmatically and, when the bodies had been removed, scrubbed the floor. The place would have been overrun by the inquisitive, but Mrs. Beebe stood implacable in the door and drove them away. When Bednigo left the restaurant to walk to his office, men on the sidewalk stood to one side or the other and stared at him with a mixture of respect and awe. Up to that moment he had not been without a certain reputation, but this day marked his elevation to legendary fame. From Salt Lake to Omaha the tale was told and embroidered, and a certain small Irish boy who had watched the fight from the kitchen doorway had much to do with giving eloquent wings to the saga.

Official notice was not taken of the tragedy, though General Casement asked questions and made unofficial report to Grenville Dodge in Washington.

The removal to North Platte was made, and that town was a little wilder than Fort Kearney had been. The gamblers and ruffians became bolder. The workmen were fleeced more openly, if that was possible. Criminality was finishing its education there and preparing to bring its wickedness to full flower in Julesburg.

Dark days were looming for the railroad builders, for Dodge and his corps of devoted men whose single-minded efforts were not to be diverted by politics nor chicanery. Browning, though the Johnson Administration was drawing to a close, continued his active enmity. Dodge sought to encourage the Ames brothers by telling them that things would be better when Grant was inaugurated. But even those doughty men were discouraged. Their great personal fortunes had been thrown upon the scales and were being eaten away; money for construction was lacking; Browning deliberately and maliciously withheld Government subsidies. Jim Fisk, that malodorous speculator, acquired a large block of the railroad's stock and instituted an injunction suit that all but brought ruin. Government commissioners, blatant in their venality, refused to make favorable reports unless they were lavishly bribed. It was not a period in the history of the administration of the United States of which future generations could be proud. The war seemed to have done something to the morals of Washington; matters were descending lower and lower into the monstrous gulf of dishonesty in office, until they reached an unbelievable abysmal degradation that was to culminate in the Tweed Ring in New York, the Belknap scandals in Washington, and finally in that welter of knavery which resulted in Black Friday and financial disaster for the nation.

For weeks Bednigo ate and slept and labored from dawn until darkness on the line between North Platte and Julesburg. Very seldom did he get to North Platte. The rails to westward pushed themselves forward slower and slower as the morale of the workmen deteriorated, as recruits trickled in more reluctantly and as Indian depredations increased in frequency and boldness.

It seemed good, therefore, if only as a change from the wearisome daily toil, to find himself in the roaring town and to enjoy for an evening something resembling social relaxation. There was too much conservative New England blood in his veins for him to enjoy the pleasures of the Big Tent. Gambling was not for him, nor tawdry women nor hot liquor. He found, not altogether to his surprise, that he had been looking forward to eating in Mrs. Beebe's restaurant and to the possibility of spending an evening in the comparative quiet of her kitchen.

Nor did he deceive himself that it was Mrs. Beebe's food and society that attracted him. If Hepsie Rennie had not been there, he would have sought recreation elsewhere. The girl was an enigma to him, and he had thought about her often during the long lonely nights. It surprised him that she had the self-restraint to conceal her comeliness for business reasons and for reasons of personal safety. She never stepped out of the character of a plain, hard-working, spinsterish drudge—which she was far from being. And beyond everything else, it astonished him when she showed no aversion to him after she had seen him kill one man and maim another with savage ruthlessness. That, she seemed to have taken in stride. Her attitude toward him did not alter in the smallest particular.

He had to wait for a table because the restaurant was crowded. He stood waiting beside Mrs. Beebe's till when a minor incident happened which was not without significance and which did not pass unnoticed by Mrs. Beebe and by Hepsie.

Two men, not laborers, but habitués of the Big Tent, came in boisterously. Liquor made them frolicsome and they were roughly playful. They started a scuffle with two friends who also waited to be accommodated, and the scuffle might, as such friendly wrestlings so often did, end in trouble. Mrs. Beebe spoke sharply to them, but without effect.

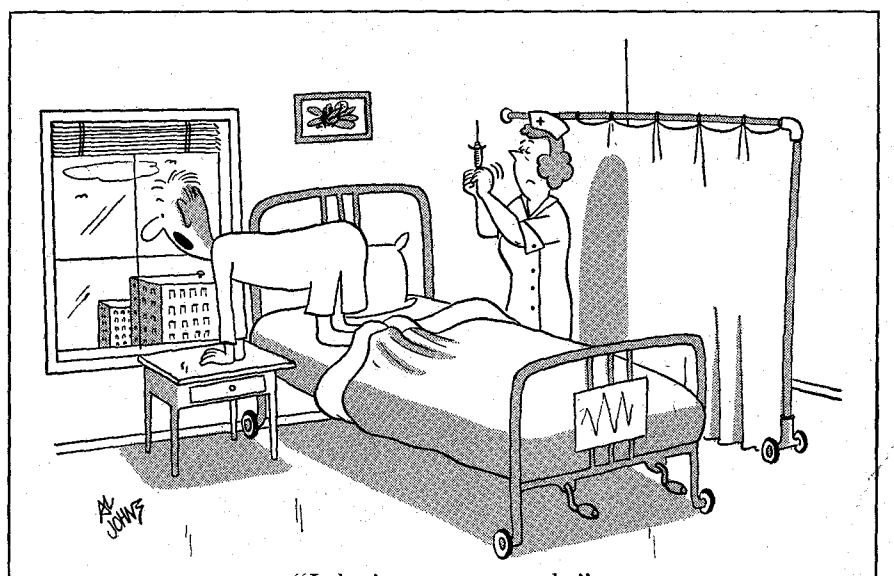
Bednigo intervened diplomatically. "Now, boys," he said genially, "let's not bust the furniture."

They turned upon him, suddenly quarrelsome at the meddling of a stranger. And then came the incident. Belligerence drained from the two as if a tap had been opened. They collapsed. They shrank in size and gaped and backed away.

"We didn't mean no damage," one of them stuttered, and then both turned tail and fled from the place as if the devil were after them.

Bednigo stood puzzled. "Now what caused that?" he asked.

Mrs. Beebe shrugged and turned back to her cash drawer, but Hepsie, who had witnessed the comedy from the kitchen door and had walked forward as it developed, spoke in her uninflected, dry voice.



"I don't see any parade."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They recognized you," she said caustically, and returned to her kitchen.

Bednigo dined in leisurely manner and remained at his table after he was through. Gradually the restaurant emptied itself and he was alone with Mrs. Beebe. He spoke across the room to her.

"I was hoping," he said, "that maybe you and Hepsie would have time for a visit this evening."

"Calc'late ye won't be onwelcome," she replied. "Hain't see you for a coon's age."

She closed and locked the front door and led the way into a sort of sitting room off the kitchen and left him there to smoke until work was finished. In a quarter of an hour she and Hepsie joined him. Neither of the women, after their toilsome day, seemed weary. Hepsie was alert.

"We have not seen you," she said.

"I was needed out there," he answered, waving toward the end of track.

"How does the work progress?" she asked.

"Not fast enough," he replied, and frowned.

She nodded as if she understood. "There's unrest," she said. "The state of mind isn't good."

"The men will talk to you," he said. "What do they say?"

"General dissatisfaction," she said. "Paydays postponed. No protection from Indians. Rumors of trouble among the big bosses back East."

"How serious?" he wanted to know. He was interested in her reply. She was shrewd; she had opportunities to study the men that were denied to him; the men would talk to her and in her presence.

"Not serious yet, but it soon will be. There are trouble makers. Dissatisfaction is being fomented. It would not take much to cause a strike."

"Just here or widespread?"

"From Omaha to the end of the line," she replied. And then, "When do we move to Julesburg?"

"In a month, probably."

"Before we move," she said, "I should like to go there to look things over. Select a lot and make plans."

"That can be arranged. We're already making a plat of the town. We'll be assigning lots."

She raised her brows. "The railroad plans to run the town?" she asked.

"Naturally," he replied.

"Julesburg," she said quietly, "is a long way from any law."

"We will make the law," he told her.

"That," she said, "is what other folks think—that they will be the law." She looked steadily into his eyes. "I saw what happened in the restaurant," she said.

"It was an odd thing," he answered.

"Not odd," she said, "but frightening."

"Why did it scare you?" he asked.

"The implications," she said, using a word that surprised him.

"You'll have to explain," he said.

"The effect upon you can be evil, Bednigo. You've earned yourself a reputation as a killer. A very bad thing to have if you get to believe you have to maintain it. It could do something to you—something that couldn't be cured."

"I don't want such a reputation," he said earnestly.

"But you have it. There's another side to it. People may force you to maintain it. You're a temptation."

"Now that," he said, "I fail utterly to understand."

"Bad men," she said, "will be tempted to challenge you. There will come those who will want to see if they are more deadly than you. Vanity. The desire to beat the champion."

(*Continued on Page 48*)

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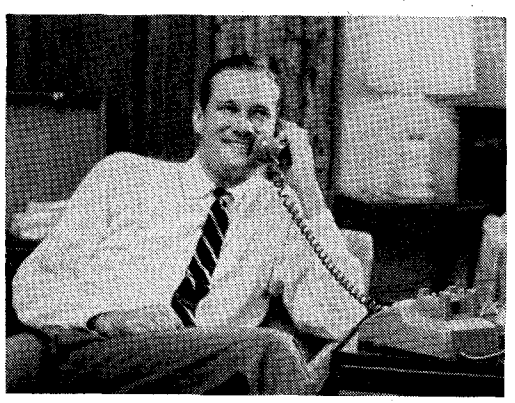
How not to miss that good night kiss



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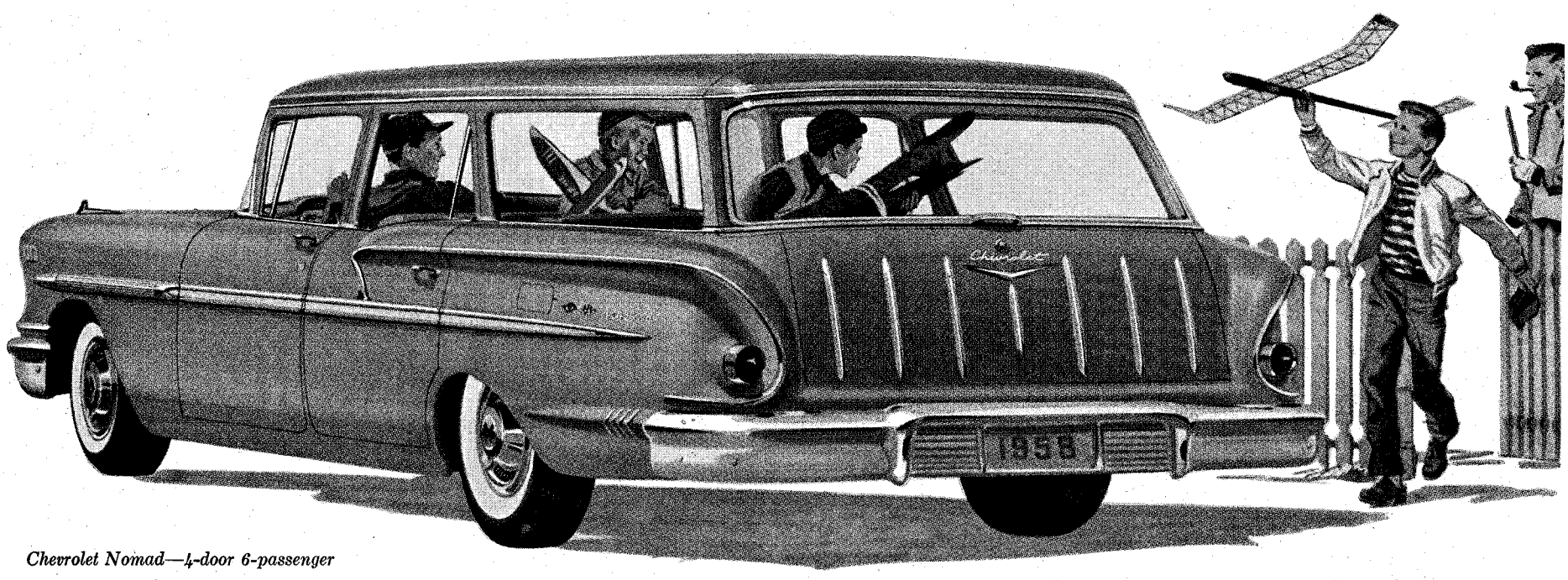

Chevrolet Nomad—4-door 6-passenger

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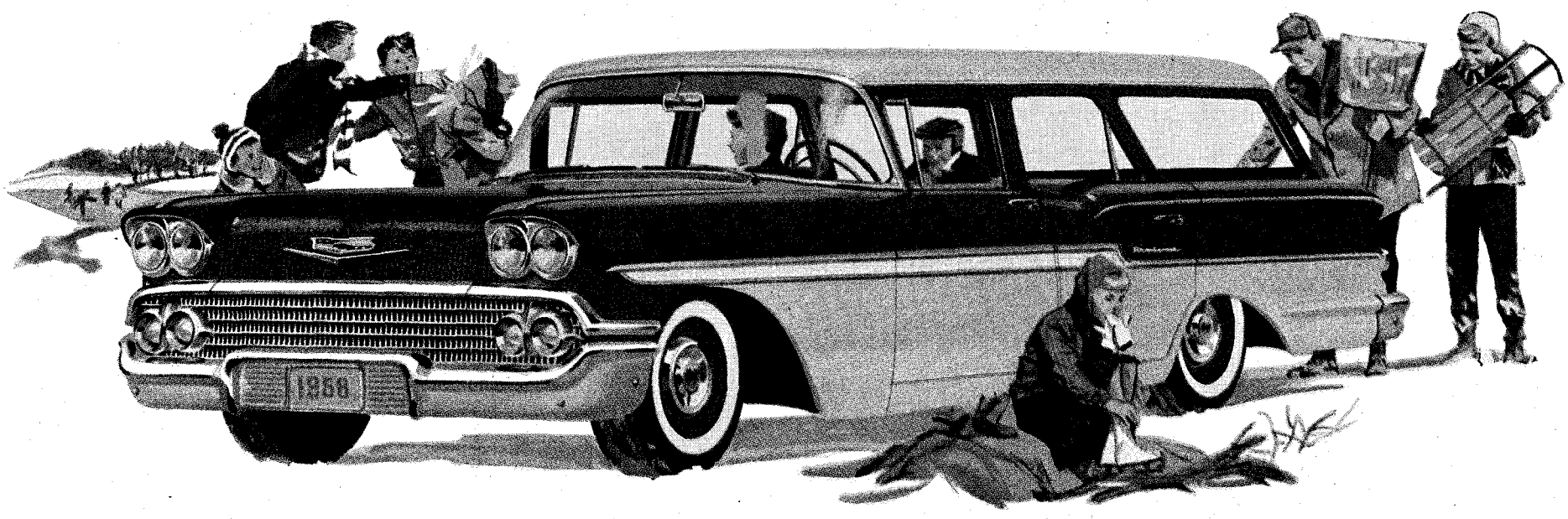
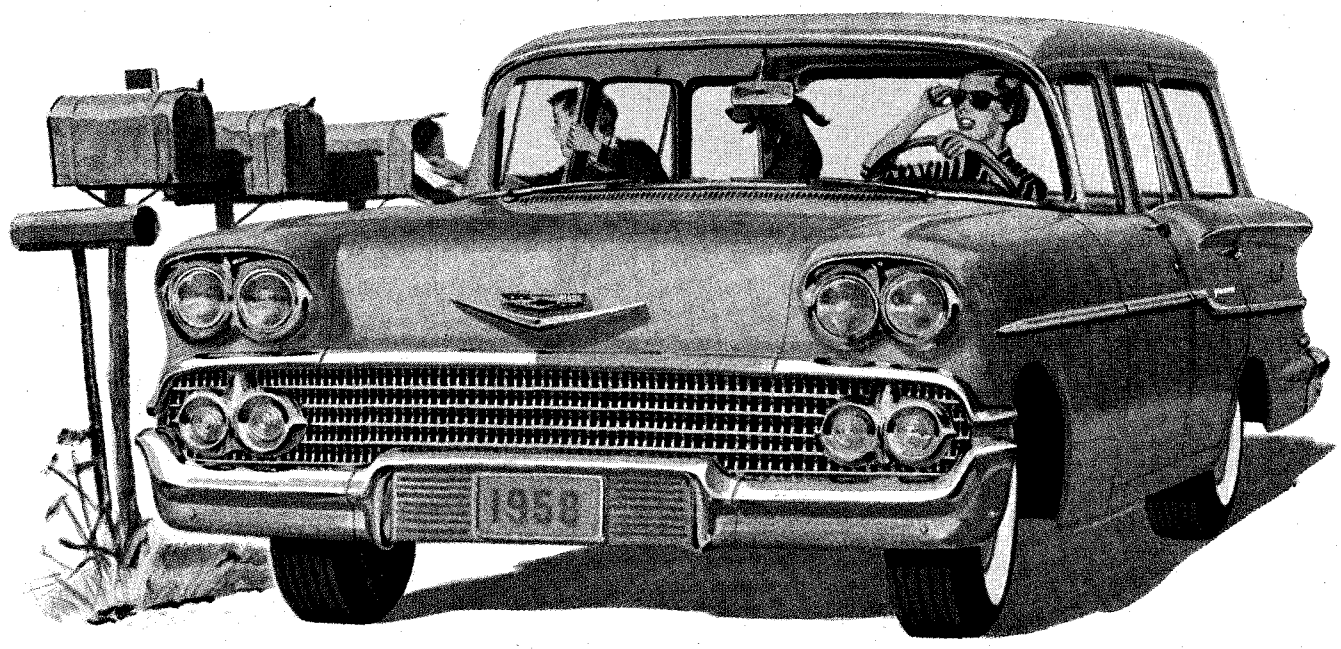


Chevrolet Brookwood—4-door 9-passenger

NAYS—



Chevrolet Yeoman—4-door 6-passenger

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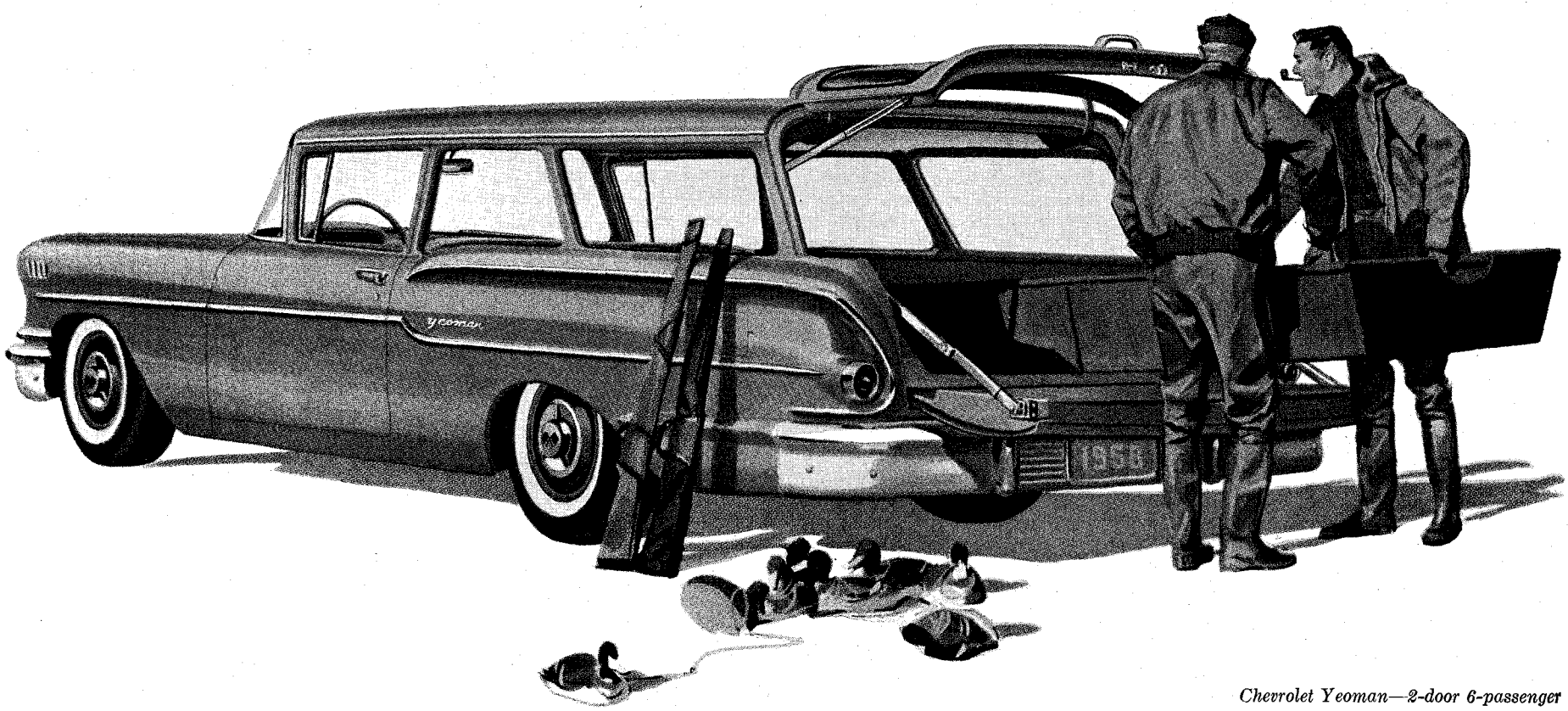

Chevrolet Yeoman—2-door 6-passenger

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(*Continued from Page 44*) He was very grave. "I hope that is not true," he told her. "I hope I never shall be moved by a desire to live up to my reputation. I do not think I shall. If other men want to take me down a peg—well, I can do nothing about that except protect myself."

"Be sure that it is necessary to protect yourself," she said. "Be sure you're not showing off."

"I'm not an exhibitionist."

"All men are," she answered quietly. "Little boys turn somersaults before little girls. It's a part of male nature."

"And women?" he asked.

"Oh," she said more lightly, "women like to see the somersaults. It helps them pick their mates."

"On a basis of the higher the somersault, the nobler the man?"

"All too often," she said, "that's the way of it. But I hear other talk—about you and Wesley Maury. They say you and he are bound to meet head-on. That it is only a matter of time."

"That," Bednigo answered grimly. "will be no somersault."

"No," she said.

"I think," he told her, "that it was predestined. It can't be avoided."

"I fear it can't," she said in a troubled voice. "I fear it draws nearer. I haven't second sight, Bednigo. I wasn't born with a caul, but somehow I seem to know the meeting between you and him will come in Julesburg." She stopped and the silence was impressive. "I hear whispers. Little Rory, in spite of all I can do, goes where he can listen. He brings rumors to me."

"Do you mean you have learned something I should know?" Bednigo asked.

"No. Nothing to put the finger on. But something is in the air. Not a small thing. Something very big and very evil, and planned, Bednigo. Planned with skill and ruthlessness and daring. And whatever it is, it will shake this railroad of yours to its very foundations. So much I guess. So much I know. It hangs over us blackly, approaching swiftly. I'm not a timid woman, Bednigo, but tonight I am afraid."

"If you are afraid, Hepsie," he said, "go back to Omaha. Go back East. Don't go on to Julesburg."

She shook her head stubbornly. "Julesburg is inevitable for you, Bednigo," she said. "Julesburg also is inevitable for me. It is our Philippi."

Hepsie was riding the slowly moving train to the end of track. From that spot in the prairie she would take stage onward to Julesburg, where she hoped to be assigned a lot for the erection of the eating house and make plans for its operation. Already there was a movement to Julesburg in advance of the coming of railroad divisional headquarters, and Hepsie meant to be forehanded. She was not without apprehensions. Julesburg was another long step into the wilds and away from orderly life. The rush to the new town would be greater, noisier, more lawless than it had been either to Fort Kearney or to North Platte; and the gamblers, liquor sellers, card sharps, toughs and hangers-on were openly making plans to run the town, as they had not quite been able to do with its two predecessors. However, apprehensive as she might be, Hepsie persisted. She had made money for herself and Mrs. Beebe, but in the new headquarters town she was confident that it would rain dollars, and she believed that dollars were what she craved beyond anything else in life.

The train was halfway to the point where it would angle sharply to Julesburg, where the railroad formed a wide-mouthed U. The line was following the South Platte River. She sat, tired and dusty, staring out of the grimy window of the single passenger car at the Nebraska plains, yellow under the early summer sun. A herd of antelope, startled by the engine, scampered away from the cooling waters of the river. Off to the northwestward signal fires had sent their smoke upward, but she could not read the messages. All she realized was that red men from the fastnesses of the north were watching vigilantly with unfriendly eyes.

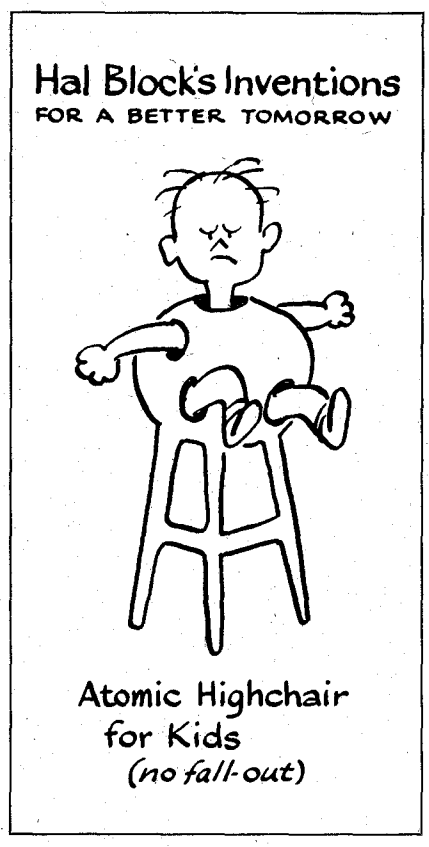
Bednigo came in from the caboose clutching for support against the lurching of the train, and sat down in the seat beside her. He leaned across her lap and pointed to a cluster of buffaloes, lunging along in sudden fright.

"Something," he said, "is bothering the animals."

"Indians?" she asked.

"So the signal fires indicate," he said. "In force to north and south."

"Will they molest us?" she asked.



"If they do," he told her, "get down on the floor. You'll be safe from arrows there or bullets."

"Can you raise the window, please? Even the dust will be better than this sweltering heat."

He struggled with the window and raised it so that Hepsie could lean out and feel the movement of air on her face. Suddenly, far ahead, she saw mounted men converging upon the train, a hundred or more of them riding headlong, brandishing lances, bows, guns. She could not hear their savage screaming as yet.

Bednigo raised another window and peered ahead. He saw a cluster of savages, possibly fifty of them, occupied with something close to the tracks. He went to the other side of the car and from that vantage point saw another party of Indians on that side. And then he guessed what they were doing, and chuckled. They were going to stop the train, not with a piled obstruction of rocks or logs, but by their own mere strength and awkwardness. They had stretched a long rope across the tracks, and fifty redskins gripped each end of it like an oversized tug-of-war team.

"There'll be some surprised Injuns," he said.

The engineer did his utmost to accelerate speed, and then the air was full of astounded red men whose untutored minds had thought to pit their physical strength against the white man's medicine. The train swept on, leaving on both sides of the track a welter of maimed, broken and bruised savages. Hardly an arrow or a bullet was discharged at the train.

Hepsie, who had not drawn in her head throughout the event, turned now to Bednigo. "How pitiful," she said.

"Pitiful, yes," he answered. And then gravely, "A sort of parable," he said.

"Parable?"

He nodded. "It epitomizes the futility of striving to stay the march of progress. If the thing we are bringing to this wilderness is progress."

"Yes," she said sadly. "And right or wrong has nothing to do with it."

At midday Hepsie shared her lunch with Bednigo. On that hot, dusty, uncomfortable trip a greater intimacy grew up between them than had theretofore existed. Hepsie even talked about herself in a restrained way, as if the drowsiness of the afternoon had weakened her inhibitions. He learned that her father had been a member of the faculty at Dartmouth College and an ardent abolitionist. He had been an early volunteer and had been killed in the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg. Her mother had not long survived her husband, and Hepsie had gathered up her aunt, Mrs. Beebe, and set out to follow Horace Greeley's advice to young men. It was as she talked and napped and awoke to talk again that Bednigo came to believe she was younger than he had supposed, and that her brittle shell came not from experience, but from timid youth. It was protective coloring, just as her drawn-back hair and shapeless dresses were camouflage.

They arrived at last at the end of the track, where they would take the stage to Julesburg. Nowhere were there accommodations for a woman, so Hepsie made the best of it and slept in the railway car. In the morning Bednigo brought her food from the cook tent, and a basin of hot water in which to wash face and hands. Then, inside the Concord coach, they proceeded across country scarcely violated by the hand of man. Hepsie showed no weakness, did no repining. As weariness and discomfort increased, she only became more grim. Her lips set with determination not to be betrayed by her sex into an exhibition of weakness.

The future town of Julesburg was as yet nothing but future. There were a few tents, a couple of sod houses and wooden shacks. But the town had been staked out and platted by railroad surveyors. The occupants of the rudimentary town were surveyors and workmen in small numbers, but in larger numbers was the vanguard of scalawags and thieves and murderers and other scum of the frontier, come there to make things ready for the saturnalia that was to come.

"Who," Hepsie asked of Bednigo, "do I see about my lot?"

"I'll take you," he said, and led down the strip that was to be the main street to an army tent inside which sat a young surveyor by the name of Wilson. Before him was a rough table upon which was spread a map of Julesburg as engineers had laid it out. He was a discouraged, unhappy young man. Nor did he brighten when Bednigo introduced Hepsie.

"Miss Rennie," Bednigo explained, "wants a lot for her restaurant. General Dodge wishes her to be given her choice."

"He does, does he?" asked Wilson lackadaisically. "And how does he propose to see that she gets it?"

"Meaning what?" Bednigo demanded.

"Meaning," Wilson responded, "that General Dodge isn't running this hell hole. Nor the railroad."

"Who is running it?" Bednigo asked.

"You could," said Wilson, "call it a committee of citizens."

"You mean there's been a town meeting and election?"

Wilson's thin lip curled. "No, Mr. Claypool," he said. "The toughs and whisky peddlers and gamblers have moved in and taken charge. What they say goes. . . . If you want a lot, Miss Rennie, don't come to me. Go to a man named Skinner."

This was worse than Bednigo had imagined it could be. "And the railroad tolerates this?" he demanded.

"What there is of railroad authority is cowed," Wilson said. "And that includes me. The ruffians are ten to one against us. They strut about waving guns in our faces. They laugh at us." He spread his strong young hands. "Just how far away, sir," he asked, "is the nearest law?"

"I know," Bednigo said. "I know."

Wilson was ironic. "We're a democracy in Julesburg," he said. "We just fought a war to preserve democracy, didn't we? Well, we've got it here in a wholesale dose. The majority rules, sir. And there's not a member of the majority who shouldn't be in some penitentiary."

"This man Skinner is the head man?" Bednigo asked.

"I think not. But he gives the orders and does the favors."

"Where's he to be found?"

Wilson stepped to the tent flap and pointed. "That wooden shanty," he said. "On the lot where the Big Tent will be."

"Thank you. See you later," Bednigo said. . . . "Come along, Hepsie. We'll see what's to be seen."

They walked the few steps to the shanty, Hepsie's young face pale and set; her shoulders held erect, her step firm. The front door of the small wooden structure was open and Bednigo stood aside for her to enter. At a table of rough lumber sat a man who might have been in his middle thirties. He was dressed to the nines—a very tailor's dummy. On the table beside him was a hat with tall, belled crown, and a gold-headed cane leaned against the wall. Across his ornate waistcoat hung a massive gold chain with dangling charm. His was a soft, jowled face with small, pale, onion eyes and thick, unhealthily red lips. As he saw Hepsie enter, he stood up with oily pretense of good manners.

"Ah," he said, rubbing pudgy hands together, "a charming lady. And how may I serve you, ma'am? In what manner may I be helpful?"

"Your name," Bednigo demanded austerely, "is Skinner?"

"Laertes Lathrop Skinner," said the man, narrowing his closely set eyes. "And who, sir, may you be?"

"Name of Bednigo Claypool," the young man answered.

"That man!" said Skinner. "Your fame, sir, has preceded you. A railroad bully, I'm told. A cold-blooded killer. Well, sir, I think we'll be able to keep you amused."

So suddenly that the eye could not follow the movement that produced it, there was a knife lying on the flat of Skinner's hand. Smiling sardonically, he flipped the blade so that the sound of its flight was but inches from Bednigo's ear. It thudded and quivered in the center spot of a roughly drawn target on the wall behind.

"Just," Skinner said, and an obscene laugh bubbled from his flabby lips—"just a slight object lesson." He dry-washed his hands. "Now, Mr. Claypool, we plan to be friendly and considerate with everyone who comes to Julesburg. We aim, sir, to establish law and order here. To protect the honest laborer from toughs like yourself." He nodded his balding, shiny head. "Sir," he said almost obsequiously, "there won't be a fairer run town (*Continued on Page 50*)

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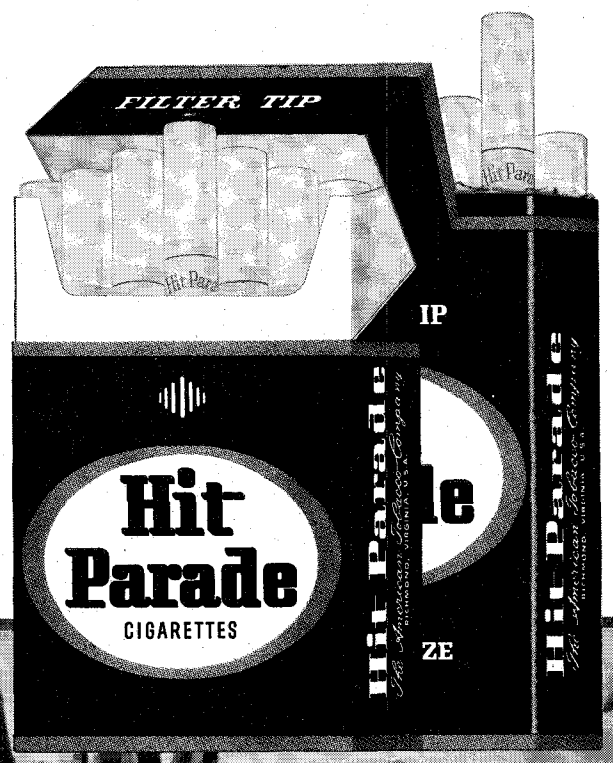

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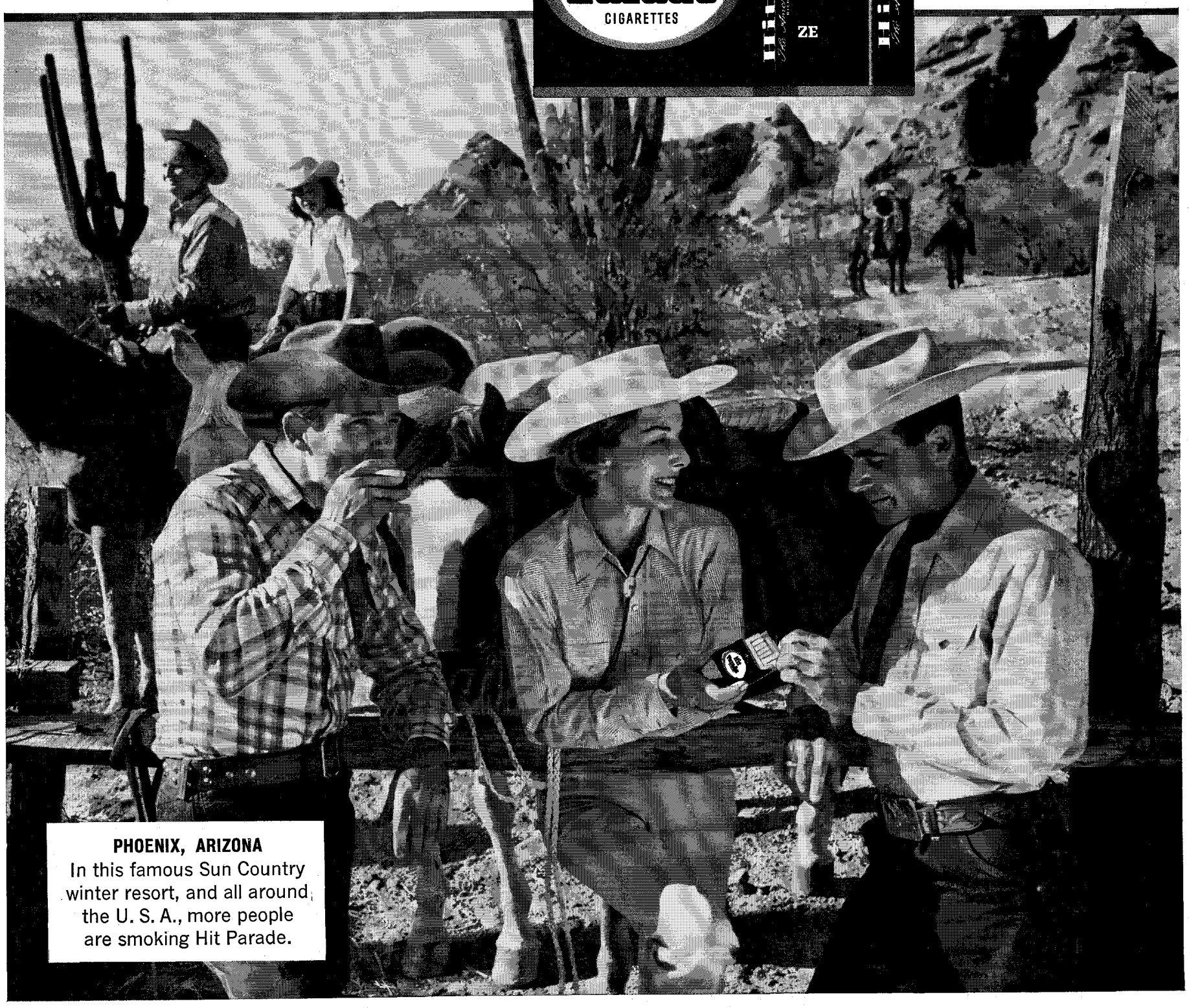

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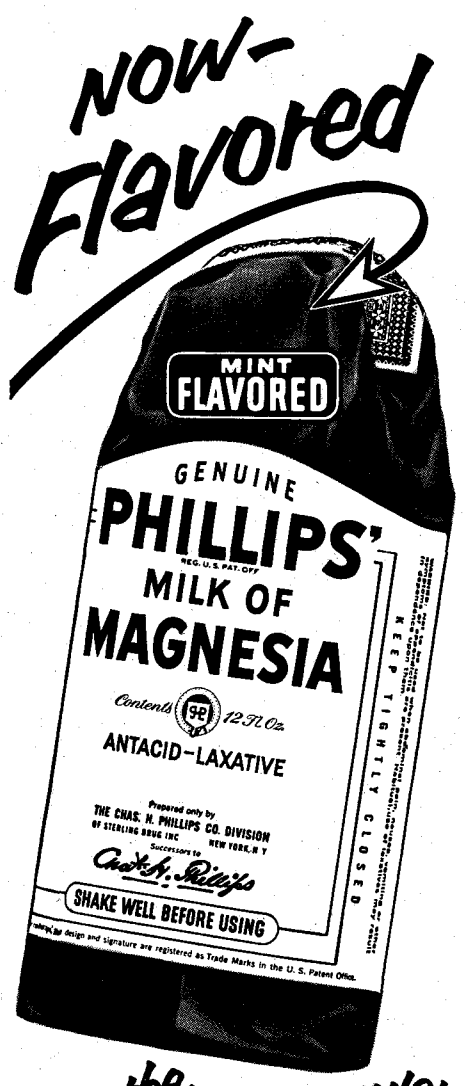

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(*Continued from Page 48*) in the world than this. But it'll be run our way. And don't you forget it."

"And if," Bednigo said, "I were to make a hostile gesture you would shoot me down with that little derringer concealed so handily under your vest."

"You," smiled Skinner, "are a bright, understanding young man. Stay that way and you and I will be friends. . . . And now, ma'am, how may I serve you?"

"Miss Rennie," said Bednigo, "has operated a restaurant in Fort Kearney and North Platte. She desires to remove it to Julesburg."

"And wishes to be assigned a building lot?"

"The railroad has assigned a lot to her."

"So-o-o-o. The railroad. Why, Mr. Claypool, I swan to man! Truly I do. By what right does a soulless corporation assign lots in this free community of American citizens?"

"Why," Bednigo explained without heat, "because it owns the land."

"Because," Skinner said, "it filched the land. Because it bribed a venal Congress. Well, now, sir, we free American citizens do not recognize such a title. Oh, no, sir. We assert squatters' rights. First come, first served—and we are first here." He tittered. . . . "And what parcel of land did the little boy who works for the railroad assign to you?"

"The lot," said Hepsie, "adjoining the Big Tent on the east."

"Ah, indeed! A choice bit of ground. A select and valuable piece of land. One of our most eligible." He pretended to examine a plat of Julesburg spread and fastened to the desk beside him. "Now that precise lot," he said, "has been granted to a Mr. Blivins—a Mr. Asa Blivins. And, oddly enough, for a restaurant. So regrettable, ma'am!"

"I see no name written on that space," Hepsie said, bending over the plat.

"Why, no, ma'am, there isn't. It was a recent transaction." He smiled at her sleekly. "There might have been no such deal, Miss Rennie, if you had presented yourself with another sponsor than Mr. Claypool. His popularity, I may say, is negligible, if not wholly nonexistent."

"My unpopularity will increase," Bednigo said.

"We have laid out a most agreeable spot for our cemetery," Mr. Skinner said.

Hepsie intervened. "And what lot may I have?" she asked.

"Why, Miss Rennie, ma'am, you would want none but the best," Skinner told her. "That plot you requested undoubtedly is the most desirable. If you cannot have that, you would, of course, desire none at all."

"You may not have heard, Skinner. But Miss Rennie occupies a peculiar spot in the hearts of our laborers. They are obleeged to her for the hospital she helps to conduct, for her charities, for many things."

"I have heard of Miss Rennie's benefactions," Skinner said. "But they must not be allowed to hamper a business transaction."

"It seems," Bednigo replied, "that there is no business transaction."

"Oh, now, Mr. Claypool. We have only commenced to dicker. Now, sir, if you would withdraw, I'm sure Miss Rennie and I could come to a meeting of minds."

"I would as soon," Bednigo said coldly, "leave Miss Rennie alone with a hydrophobia skunk."

Skinner's small eyes glittered and his hand moved toward his cravat. But he restrained himself and shook his head chidingly. "I am, sir," he said, "a man who does not easily take offense. I turn the other cheek. But, on the other hand, I have a retentive memory—very retentive."

"You have, apparently, some offer to make to Miss Rennie."

"I'm a businessman," Skinner said smugly. "Only as a last resort do I forsake a possibly profitable transaction. Now, Miss Rennie, ma'am, if—mind you I only say if—some arrangement could be made with the present owner of the lot, how much would it be worth to you?"

"But," she protested, "the railroad gave me my site for nothing."

He smirked. "The railroad is rich. It already, with its Crédit Mobilier, has robbed the public of millions. I—we are far from wealthy. We dare not be gallant even to so sweet a lady. Now, ma'am, it is remotely possible that I could obtain this lot"—he pointed to the map—"for, shall we say, a thousand dollars."

"Miss Rennie will not submit to this extortion."

"She will show a handsome profit on the deal," Skinner said.

... ...

Executive at Home

In giving my husband the praise
That buoys him through strenuous days,
I'm setting what limits I can.
How else could I live with the man?

By May Richstone

... ...

"Nevertheless," Bednigo said silkily, "she will not pay."

Bednigo heard a sound behind them—the opening of a door into a second room. He stiffened in readiness if this indicated a second enemy in his rear. Skinner's face changed, his manner changed. He cringed, became fawning.

"Why, Mr. Maury, sir," he said, showing glittering teeth, "what a delightful surprise to see you here."

Bednigo stood rigid, chin drawn in slightly, shoulders erect, as they always became in an emergency. He seemed taller, slenderer, and surprisingly his movements took on something similar to gracefulness. But now he stood very still, not so much poised for action as braced against the impact of a bullet. But no bullet came. Instead, Maury spoke pleasantly, agreeably.

"Miss Rennie!" he exclaimed. "And Mr. Claypool! Was there some misunderstanding with Mr. Skinner? Something I can set right?"

"Mr. Skinner," said Bednigo, "made himself clear. There was no misunderstanding."

Maury arched his brows. "Something about a town lot?" he asked. "As I came in I heard something about a lot."

Hepsie saw fit to interject herself, perhaps with some thought of preventing a clash between Bednigo and Maury, perhaps because she wanted to assert herself and attend to her own business.

"This man," she said, "demands a thousand dollars for the lot I want."

"For your restaurant?"

"Yes," she said.

"May I ask, Miss Rennie, if you propose also to carry on with your hospital tent?"

"I hope to do so," she answered.

His face became bleak as he stared past her at the popeyed man behind the table. Skinner seemed to shrink.

"I tolerate anything but stupidity," Maury said bitingly. "Mr. Skinner," he explained to Hepsie, "is rather new here. He has not made himself acquainted with people."

This was incomprehensible to Bednigo. That it had a purpose he was certain. But what that purpose was he could not read.

"Skinner," Maury said scathingly, "you haven't got the brains God gave geese. Did you ever hear of good will? For a thousand dollars you would bring down on us the ill will of a thousand laborers. To whom"—and here he bowed in courtly manner to Hepsie—"to whom Miss Rennie is an angel. One more blunder like this ——" He paused there and left the threat indefinite. "Miss Rennie," he went on presently, "of course, the lot you have selected is yours, and with no cost to you. And, ma'am, you may call upon me for a substantial contribution to the operation of your hospital tent." Again he bowed to Hepsie, cast a cynical glance upon Bednigo and laughed softly—laughed at Bednigo. "You see," he said, "there was no reason to go on the warpath." With which he turned and left the room and its nonplused occupants.

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," Bednigo said softly.

"I fear the Greeks even bearing gifts," translated Hepsie. She shook her head from side to side. "It makes me afraid," she said slowly. "It frightens me. It means something."

"At any rate," Bednigo said, "you've got your lot."

"Yeah," said Skinner. "You got your lot, you did. You got me in bad with the boss. I'm remembering it."

Bednigo stepped to the wall, pulled out the knife Skinner had thrown, and stabbed the table with it so that it stood quivering.

"Remember something else," he said coldly. "Remember that if ever you show off like this again with your knife tricks I'll make you eat it, hilt first. . . . Come along, Hepsie."

She found it difficult to keep up with him as he strode back to the shanty which was temporary railroad headquarters. With every step, his heels pounded the ground as if he were trampling an enemy.

"I hate to be bamboozled!" he said stormily.

"But," she pointed out, "we got what we went for."

"That whole scene," he said, "was rehearsed. It was play-acted for our benefit. But why? To what purpose? You don't deliberately humiliate a character like that Skinner. It's a killing matter. The man only pretended he had, as the Chinese say, lost face."

"One point," Hepsie said. "Mr. Maury has come into the open."

"That," Bednigo said, "was bound to come. In the open as boss of the Big Tent. As boss of the town. He never concealed his dealings with the Indians. Maybe, Hepsie, he wasn't so astute just now as he thought himself to be." He drew a deep breath and relaxed. "Could be he's teetotal smart up to a point. Could be he ain't so cute as he deems. Good will, says he, scolding Skinner. He don't care any more for good will in Julesburg than I do for a rooster's crowin'. No, ma'am, Hepsie, he's got suthin' in mind that's bigger 'n' deeper than stealin' the wages of railroad laborers and runnin' the vice of a frontier taown." His inflection was very New England. "What he done was to commit a blunder. He up and give me the notion there was suthin' to think about—

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and I'm bound and determined to do a sight of ponderin'."

Two days later, having made certain arrangements for erecting the eating place, Hepsie took the stage back to track's end. Bednigo accompanied her, not to escort her, but because he had received an urgent wire from General Dodge to meet him in North Platte.

Granville Dodge was more agitated than Bednigo ever before had seen him to be. He indulged in no preliminaries, but came at once to one of the main features of his worry. "How about the men?" he asked. "What is their humor?"

"Bad, sir. The farther you get along the line the worse it seems to be."

"What are their complaints?"

"First, sir, the irregularity of their pay. They are being told that the railroad is going broke and that they won't be paid. Their second gripe is about protection from Indians. They talk among themselves about how few soldiers there are, and how widely scattered. The third point is replacements. They are told that men are afraid to hire out to the railroad."

"Who is spreading this talk, Claypool?"

"It is systematic, general. You find it everywhere. And everywhere the same. Someone, sir, is deliberately and skillfully fomenting unrest."

"Who?" asked the general.

"It is easy to locate the men at the bottom who grumble and complain and predict the worst," Bednigo said. "It is just as easy to guess that they are organized. What they have to say is always the same. Almost in identical words. I can't prove it, of course, but I'm sure those malcontents are paid by someone. It wouldn't be local. The trouble must have its source in New York or Boston."

"Will there be a general strike?"

"I do not think it has quite reached that point," Bednigo replied. "But it is talked. If things do not improve—if money for wages does not arrive more promptly, and cash for supplies and material—we'll be in for big trouble. The men will strike from Omaha to the end of the tracks."

"What you say, Claypool, agrees with my own information. How long can we sit on the safety valve?"

Bednigo shook his head. "That, sir, I can't even guess. It might be a month. It might come tomorrow. Some little thing might happen to cause an explosion. But the main thing is money. Money must arrive to meet paydays."

"Money—always money! The Ames brothers have about exhausted their resources."

"Crédit Mobilier?" asked Bednigo.

The general shrugged. "Crédit Mobilier takes money, it doesn't disburse it."

"But they must have made millions."

"Out of every dollar spent on building this road," Dodge said angrily, "Crédit Mobilier has stolen fifty cents! If the total cost of this railroad to the nation in grants shall be ninety million dollars, then Crédit Mobilier will have filched forty-five millions."

Bednigo winced. His New England soul was aghast at such a waste of public money, at such chicanery. "But won't somebody be caught at it? Won't there be an investigation in Congress?"

"Too many influential men in Congress have been bought," Dodge answered gloomily. He was silent for a full minute. "I have telegraphed Ames," he said, "that we must have money. He must raise money or work will be stopped and we will be beaten."

"How much money?" Bednigo wanted to know.

"I have told him that we must have not a penny less than a million dollars in cash."

"In cash, sir?"

"In gold and silver and currency."

Bednigo nodded his head grimly. "It would have to be so," he said. "That's how it would have to be handled. Do you realize, general, that means hundreds of thousands of dollars in actual money will have to be sent to Julesburg to be disbursed on paydays?"

"I realize it," Dodge answered.

"Just how secret can it be kept?"

"Has any secret, large or small, been kept?" Dodge demanded.

"The probability," Bednigo said slowly, "of such a sum in gold being sent to Julesburg will have been considered by ——" He hesitated there. By whom would such a possibility have been anticipated? It would, he told himself, have been taken into consideration by the man or men who had taken over Julesburg. By the men who ruled that town by force and fear. And a man named Maury was the chief of these. The coming of hundreds of thousands of dollars in payroll money could explain Maury's conduct in the matter of Hepsie Rennie's lot. That might have been a minor adroitness and a part of a major plot.

"Do you think the money will be sent?" he asked.

"It will have to be sent," the general said. His face was grave, solemn. "I have that much faith in Providence. It will not fail us in our time of need."

Bednigo might have certain Puritan inheritances, but he also had drunk at the spring of materialism and skepticism.

"In a situation like this here," he said dryly, "I dunno's I'd put as much faith in the well meanin' of Providence as I would in a set of heathen and un-Christian fellers with shootin' irons."

Dodge was offended, for he was a deeply religious man. "What do you mean by such impious language?"

"I don't mean no flyin' in the face of Providence nor yet impiety. What I calc'late to convey is that you better reinforce the powers of prayer by givin' a free hand to Jack Casement and me to handle things on a mundane basis. General, Julesburg is agoin' to be a hot potato to handle without gloves."

"We will," the general said irritably, "take up the matter of policing Julesburg when the necessity arises."

"To be sure," Bednigo assented meekly. "To be sure, general. When the necessity arises. Meantime, sir, we'll keep on trying to build a railroad."

He went to his lodging and washed away the grime of travel, and, clean and somewhat refreshed, he went to Mrs. Beebe's restaurant for supper. Mrs. Beebe received him grumpily, as was her custom, but that, he knew, was only a mannerism. Underneath her austere manner he sensed a welcome.

"Glad you're back," she said tartly. "That brat ye saddled onto me needs his comeuppance."

"Hasn't Rory been behaving?"

"Not that he's sassy," she said. "But he's allus seekin' evil companions. The's nothin' I kin say or do to keep him out of evil places. And I can't hold him back from runnin' nights like a wild coyote."

"Fetch him in," Bednigo said, "and I'll speak a word in his ear."

Mrs. Beebe raised her voice in a shout to the kitchen. "You, Hepsie," she screamed, "send in here that there imp of Satan! Mr. Claypool wants to see him!"

In a moment Rory was pushed through the door and came sheepishly to stand beside Bednigo's chair. Bednigo scowled

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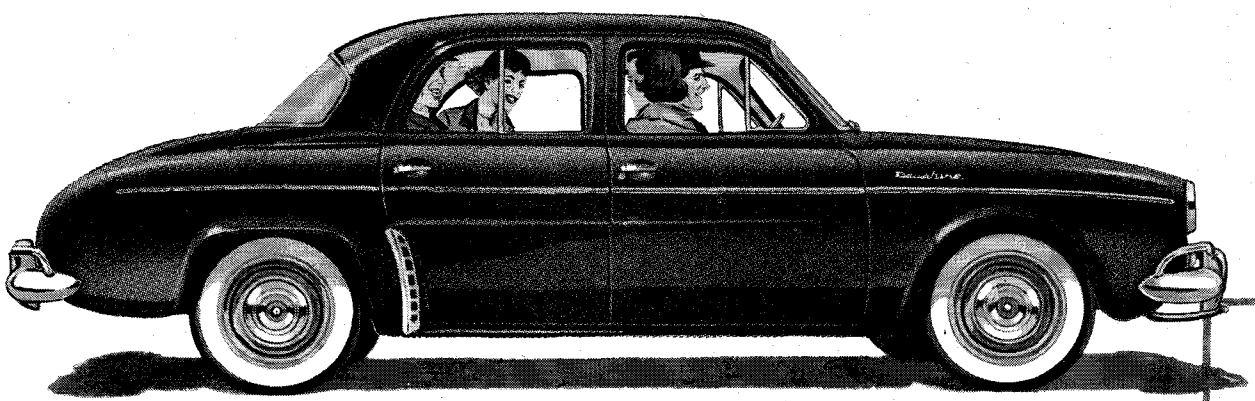

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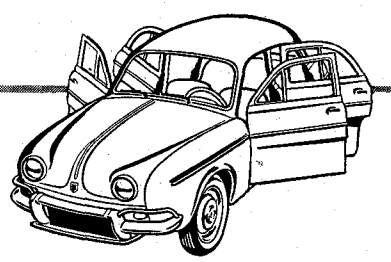

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at him, but, when Mrs. Beebe was not looking, undid what virtue there was in outward severity by a wink of the eye.

"What's this," he demanded sternly, "about running around nights? Going into dives and spending time with tough characters?"

Rory's freckled face was contrite, but he wriggled with delight as Bednigo's palm spanked his bottom companionably.

"Sorr," he said, "it's no fish ye'll be ketchin' do ye not throw your hook in the water."

"So," Bednigo said, "you've been fishing. Whereabouts?"

"Where," said Rory, "there's news to be catched. Among them that talks free. And among them that is apt to hear loose talkin'."

"Such as whom?" Bednigo asked.

"Thim painted hussies aplyin' their trade," said Rory precociously.

Mrs. Beebe gasped.

"So-o-o-o," exclaimed Bednigo. "Pretty conduct for a boy your age."

"I take no harm of it," Rory said. "I'm a man has no use for wimmin atall, atall. Save to list to their gabblin'."

"And what do they gabble?"

"Aboot this place called Julesburg," said Rory, "and the money that's to be made there. Aye. And aboot the treasure that's agoin' to be sent there."

"Treasure?" Bednigo asked. "What treasure?"

"In goold an' siller," Rory said. "Wid their mouths waterin' they talk aboot the million dollars that's to be sent from the East."

The million dollars from the East! Already it was a matter of common knowledge. News of it had reached the underworld, it seemed, even before General Dodge was certain of its coming. Bednigo thrust his hand into his pocket and extracted half a dollar, which he passed to Rory.

"Bub," he said ferociously, "do I ketch you goin' again to such places or talking with such low people, I'll take the hide off your back."

"Yis, sorr," Rory said fervently. And this time it was he who winked.

TO BE CONTINUED

Holiday for Howie (Continued from Page 31)

for a time. For now they seethed and boiled along the Coast, still restless, unfulfilled, building ocean transports and air transports and jets. And yes, rockets, against the day when the earth itself could no longer hold them.

Dolores remained silent. She rolled another tortilla around another slab of yellow cheese and tucked it into the casserole. She was little and brown and stolid. But her face was lighted up wonderfully by a pair of handsome, black, Spanish eyes.

There was so much to be seen in her face, Howie often thought. There was Mayan and Yaqui and a little Spanish. The high cheekbones could be Slavic—who knows?—across from Siberia, down from the Aleutians, searching for warm weather and more plentiful game, but now for thousands of years settled in the sun. It was all there in Dolores' face, along with hero worship for Howie, and tender love, and, after eleven years, a certain wifely disillusionment, understanding, gentle condescension. These things Howie saw with his heart when he looked into her face.

"Well, Doll, you don't like it? You don't want me around the house maybe?"

"What worries me," she replied, "is what you're gonna do all day Friday, all day Saturday, all day Sunday. You're always fit to be tied Sunday night anyway."

She was as American as he, North American born and bred. But her background was closer. Her voice kept the soft, telltale singsong of her Mexican ancestry.

"Listen," he said. "Brace yourself. What I envision is something like this—two work days a week."

Her face, bent over the enchiladas, looked almost sullen. "I don't want to seem mean, Howie, but what're you gonna do Friday, for example?"

"Have fun. What do you think? We'll take the kids and go to Fern Dell."

"The kids are in school."

"Tst! Should be a four-day school week. Kids learn more from TV anyway. Kids should be allowed to live too."

"Depends on what you mean by live, Howie. Remember last Labor Day you nearly got your license taken away for drunk driving?"

"Now it comes out." Howie grinned wickedly. "And now that you mention it, I see it—two wonderful free days every week, and still one left to sober up in."

When she looked up at him with alarm, he laughed at her, put his big arm around her shoulder and gave her a reassuring hug.

"Worry wart! I'm just kidding, *amor*. I tell you this thing is an opportunity. We can go places. I can take a course in something. I can work around the place, fix the car. Four days a week—that's the way it should be in this land of plenty. Will you please stop worrying? . . . Hi-ya, *Mamacita*." This last greeting was to his mother-in-law.

Dolores' mother was a tiny brown woman of seventy, with sparse gray hair which she wore in two long thin braids down her straight back. She had raised nine children, of whom Dolores was the last, and now, free of her burdens and light of body as an autumn leaf, she spent most of the hours of her day in church on her knees. Her old eyes were sometimes bright and present. But sometimes they went off across a threshold into another realm—a realm with which, because of her age or her prayers or both, she seemed already familiar. Howie felt intimately that it was a privilege to have her in his house. He treated her with deference and affection.

"I'll get *Mamacita* here to teach me Spanish in my spare time. Then you two can't talk about me to my face the way you do."

"We don't, Howie," said Dolores seriously.

He bent down and kissed her lightly. "Cheer up. You've got to learn to live a little, live it up. I'll teach you, three days a week."

The first weekend was great. On Friday he washed the car, changed the oil and cross-switched the tires. Saturday morning they all took off for Big Bear—all except *Mamacita*, who couldn't miss church on Sunday.

"Next week," announced Howie triumphantly, "we'll go to the Big Trees. We'll leave Friday afternoon when the kids get home from school."

On the third Friday, Dolores said to him, "Howie, if you want to go to Apple Valley, you better go alone. We can't go every weekend. I have things to do around the house. And Bobby and Juanita are so tired on Monday morning."

"Heck, I don't want to go alone."

That weekend he cut the lawn and the hedge, mended the gate, and put a fresh coat of paint on the trim of the house. For three nights he sat in front of the TV. Early Sunday night he got up restlessly and switched off the picture.

"You know something?" he said. "I'm so sick of pretty girls, pretty girls taking hair off their legs, taking stains off their teeth, putting sparkle in their eyes, putting diamonds in their hair! How perfect can a girl get anyway, without being inhuman? . . . You know what?" He stopped beside Dolores, put his hand under her chin and looked down into her face. "It makes me feel good to look at your plain brown Mexican face. It makes me feel good!"

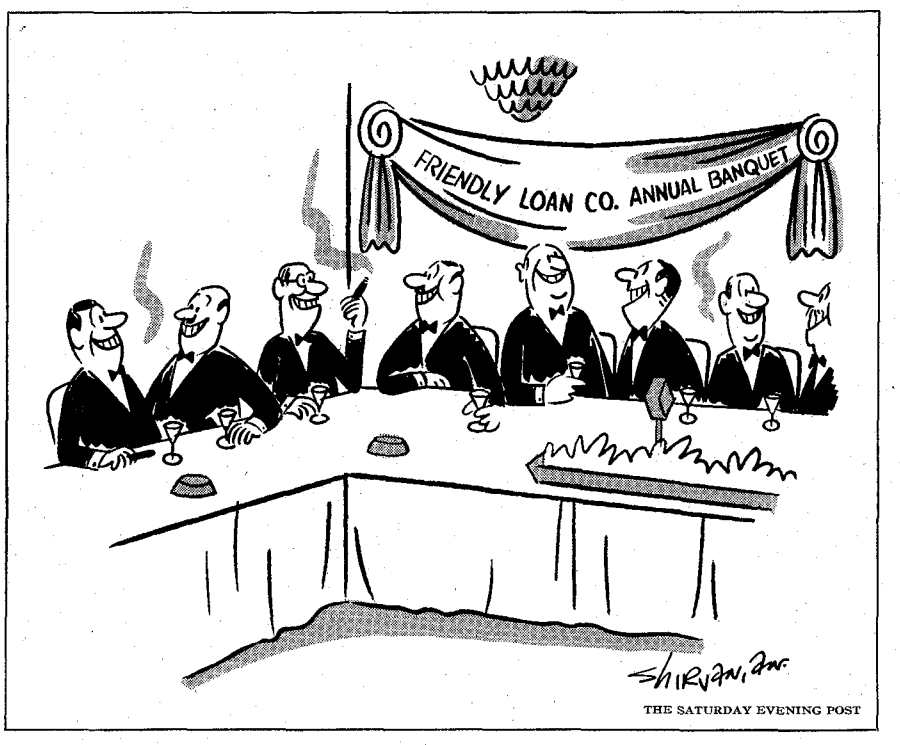
She drew away. "You're tight, Howie. You smell like a brewery."

"Oh, for gosh sakes! I had two bottles of beer the whole evening."

"Three, Howie. Three quarts."

"So now she counts my drinks! So I had three quarts. Do I get drunk on that? If we'd gone to Apple Valley, I wouldn't have had even one quart. She won't let me go to Apple Valley. She won't let me have a bottle of beer in my own home. I'm just a slave around here. I'm going to bed."

The next morning he felt foolish and remorseful. When he was ready for work, he woke the kids and went out into the kitchen where his breakfast was waiting. Without a word, he put his arms around Dolores and held her tight.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

As he sat to eat, he said, "I won't say anything I don't mean, like never taking a glass of beer again, Doll. But I promise you this: you don't have any cause to worry. This I promise you."

"Promise me something else: that you'll stay away from Stacy Whitford."

Howie laughed. "Why the heck should I go to see Stacy Whitford? What's with women, anyway?"

"You always think of Stacy when you're bored."

"Who's bored?"

She was silent for a minute. Then she went on as if explaining something. "I'm sorry, Howie. It's just that there's something in most women that makes them afraid of alcohol. I was laying awake last night thinking about it. I guess women feel so strong about their home that—and they feel it's a kind of enemy that could destroy their home. I think it's been that way ever since the cave."

Howie laughed again. Mondays were good days. He felt great.

When he went to punch in at the plant, there was a notice on the bulletin board. There were going to be night classes at Superba. Free. Classes in handicraft and literature, economics and sociology. Howie had lunch with Gil Melinsky. They sat out on the cement loading-deck.

"I don't know," said Howie uneasily, "I don't go much for that educational bit. What do you think?"

"I think Henry Bell's plenty worried." Henry Bell owned Superba Machine Works. "He makes a big gesture, what happens? Half his workers go out and get themselves part-time jobs at Acme." He paused. "You can run a drill press, can't you, Howie?"

"Are you crazy?"

"Maybe."

"Throw away an opportunity like this?" They were silent. Then Howie asked, "What are you going to do?"

"Take a course. Josie says let's give it a chance. I say that layin' around the house three days a week ends up in Joe's Bar or the nut-house. Josie says let's give it a try anyway. So I'm going to take a course in something."

They ate and watched Jed Lazarus and Brynie Forbes playing ball.

"Jed's gone to Acme three days a week."

"Three days? No day off?"

"They'll take you for two. Any time you like."

Howie began staying in bed late. One Sunday morning he didn't get up until noon. It was fun for a change. Well, no, as a matter of fact, it wasn't really fun. He felt as though he had been sick. He had breakfast while the family had lunch. Then he took a toothpick and went out on the porch in the sun. Eight-year-old Bobby was busy with a short length of rope, intent on a game of his own. He tied one end (*Continued on Page 56*)

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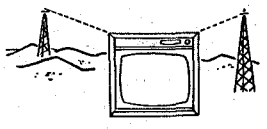

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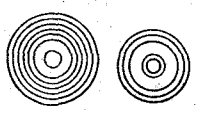

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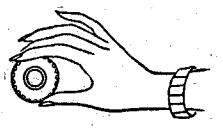

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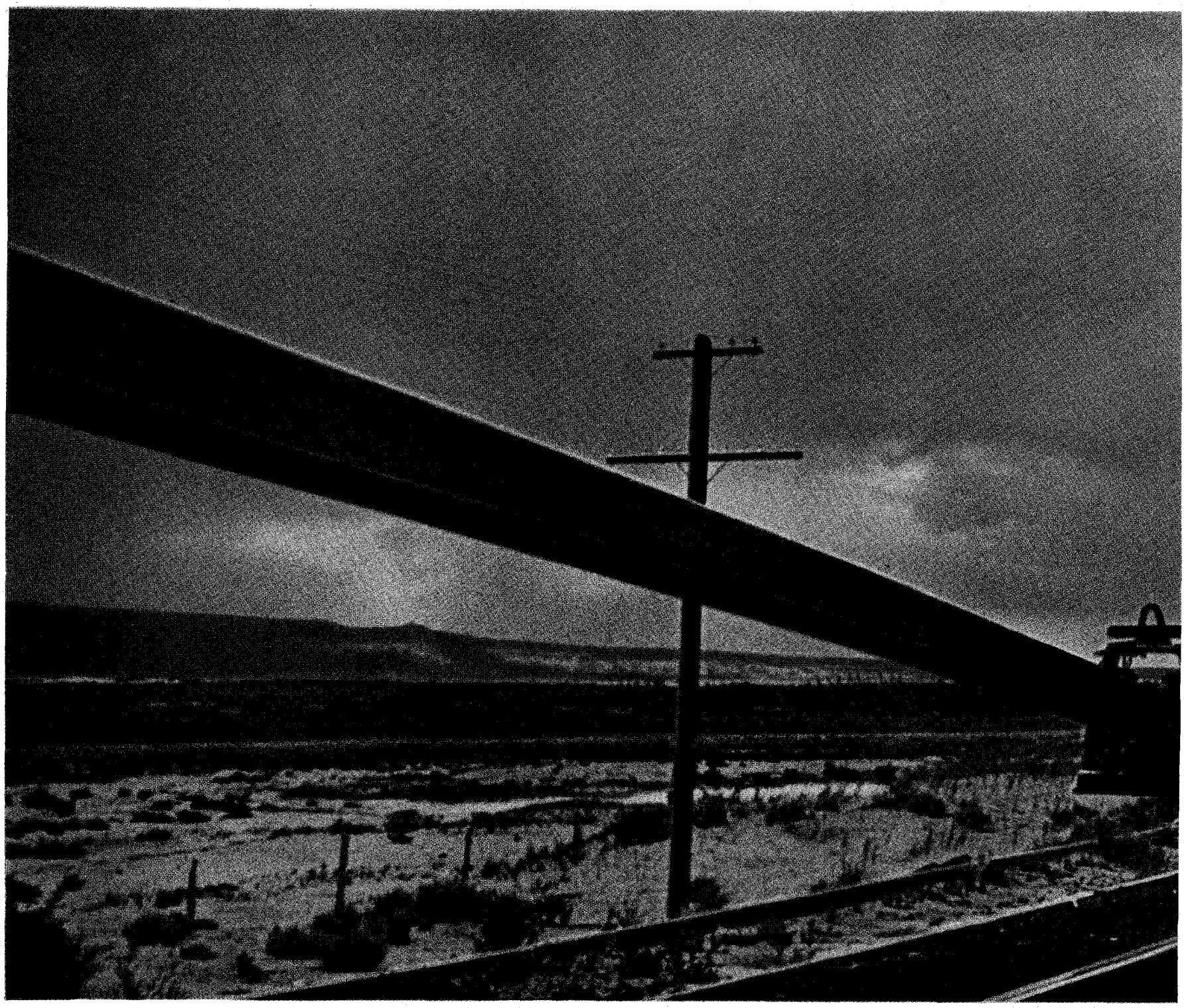

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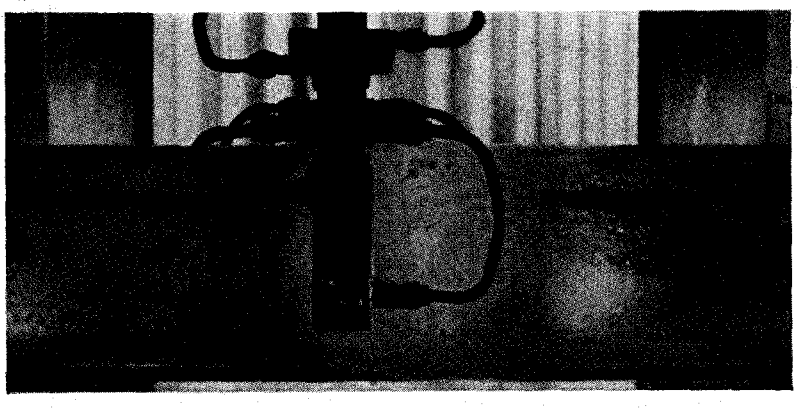
Isn't this common sense?



By welding sections of rail together in continuous lengths of steel, railroads often reduce track maintenance costs and give their customers a smoother ride. Above – the welding process. Below – workers lay the welded rail on ties.

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(*Continued from Page 52*) round his neck, the other end to the porch railing. Then he stood quietly. After a while, Howie became curious.

He took the toothpick out of his mouth and asked, "What're you doing?"

"I can't talk. I'm a horse."

"Oh? Well, if you're a horse, why don't you gallop around?"

"Because I'm tied up, don't you see?"

"Oh. Yes. Want me to untie you?"

"No, thanks. I like it this way."

Howie laughed a little, got up restlessly and went in the house. *Mamacita* was coming in the back door from church. Her eyes were away. She walked gently, as though she were carrying something precious that she didn't want to spill. Her life, maybe. Dolores had her breakfast on the table for her.

"*Tómalo, Mamá,*" she said softly. "Eat."

"I'm going out for a little while," said Howie.

Dolores threw him a quick, shrewd, anxious glance from her dark eyes. He went out without kissing her.

She was right. Whenever he got bored, he thought of Stacy Whitford. Funny thing—he and Stacy didn't really have anything in common. They grew to be friends in Fairfax High School on account of the fact that on Jewish holidays, they would be the only two left in class, that was all. But when Howie got bored, he thought of Stacy, because Stacy was the happiest person he knew.

Stacy was everything any wife could ever worry about. He was unmarried. He owned a small hotel, The Whitford, on Hollywood Boulevard. And his only interest in life was drinking. He could drink all night and get up in the morning clear-eyed and fresh as a baby. Moreover, you could look closely at Stacy and still not be too sure he was drunk. However, he usually was.

Howie wouldn't ever have considered asking advice of Stacy. From a cold in the head to a suicidal urge, Stacy had only one remedy, and Howie was not interested in getting drunk. Besides, he had promised Dolores. He simply had a thirsty desire to look on that pleasant face, to talk with a man who hadn't a care in the world. Because suddenly he was feeling disturbed inside, uncertain, overtaken by loneliness. And that was not like Howie.

They sat in Stacy's apartment and swapped stories about Fairfax. About the time Mr. Bentz said the only thing that would keep him from giving a test the next day would be ZsaZsa Gabor sitting in the front row, and the next morning there was ZsaZsa in the front row and Mr. Bentz thunderstruck. About the way they used to throw milk cartons at the statue of Lord Fairfax in Debtors' Court. About the time they dunked the student-body president in the scummy pool under the eyes of Lord Fairfax and Teddy Roosevelt. And how the squad cars used to stand by at a Hollywood-Fairfax football game until the Board of Education transferred Hollywood High into the Valley League, where no one cared enough to punch a head or pull a knife.

Howie nursed a beer while Stacy consumed two highballs. Then Stacy asked Howie to go with him to pick up a hotel mattress which was being renovated. They took Stacy's car, one of those little foreign things with odd gears. It was a closed two-seater. They picked up the mattress and started back with it on the roof, Howie attempting to hold it there with one arm out the window. It was then that he realized how very drunk Stacy was.

"You better let me drive, Stace," he said.

"I couldn't hold that thing," objected Stacy. "My arm isn't long enough."

As they turned left at Western and Hollywood Boulevard, the mattress slid off onto the street in the middle of the intersection. They jumped out and started to wrestle with it. The thing had a life of its own, a personality. Stacy said he should have it psychoanalyzed and he laughed so hard that he made it difficult for Howie. Howie didn't laugh. He was tired of it all now, and annoyed to be making a fool of himself in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard.

"Go round the other side," he said. And when Stacy got there, he gave the mattress such a heave that it went clear over the car, knocking Stacy down and burying him under it. He was sorry then. He ran to the rescue, and had the help of a police officer. Together they uncovered Stacy and hoisted the mattress up once more.

"Better pull round the corner and park," said the officer. It was more than a suggestion.

"I'll drive," said Howie firmly.

They got in. Howie put the thing in gear, stepped on the gas and shot backward into the car behind. Stacy exploded into laughter once more.

"Help me, you fool!" said Howie. "We'll both land in the clink!"

The only thing usually missing from the modern home is the family.

BEULAH C. CRENSHAW

The mattress had slid forward, covering the windshield. But by leaning out the window and crawling in low, he managed to get the bug out of the intersection and parked.

The officer appeared alongside. "May I see your license?"

Howie reached for it.

"No; his, please. I think he was driving."

Stacy was smiling with the expression of a cherub, but he seemed incapable of action. Howie took out his wallet for him.

"I'll have to ask you boys to stand on the sidewalk for a minute," said the officer.

"We went to Fairfax High together," said Stacy happily.

"Yes. Well. Now, if you'll just stand with your feet on this line, a little apart, arms at your sides. Look down at your feet, and when I tell you, throw your heads back, your arms out, like this, your chests up. All right. Go ahead."

Howie obeyed. Stacy stood still, gazing at his feet.

"Come on, fella," said the policeman. "Let's go. One, two, three, go!"

Stacy threw his head up, his arms out, and promptly fell back, flat and stiff, on the sidewalk. They gazed down at him in open-mouthed surprise. He smiled up at them serenely.

"I never saw anything like that in my life," said the officer. He seemed quite alarmed, and hurried to help Stacy to his feet.

"It's an old war injury," said Howie. "I think it's an old war injury. Look, officer, he lives right here in the Whitford. He owns it. I'm going to take him right in and put him to bed. He'll sleep it off."

"His old war injury?" The officer hesitated, frowning at Stacy, who smiled back at him like a clear-eyed child. "All right. Take him away. And when he recovers from his old war injury, tell him I'm going to be watching for him behind the wheel of that car."

By the time they got upstairs, Stacy had recovered completely.

"Temporary attack of paralysis of the will," he explained. "I get them once in a while. Drink, Howie?"

"No." Howie couldn't help laughing. "I've got to go."

"Don't go, don't go. Have another beer, or a soda, or a lemonade. I'll fix it for you. But don't go, Howie."

Howie sat down. Where was he going anyway? Idle and bored, where could he go? But he was tired of Stacy Whitford.

"I suppose this place keeps you pretty busy?" he asked, a bit wistful.

"Too busy. And not busy enough."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, it keeps me here, Howie, on the spot. And it leaves me too much time for thinking, know what I mean? I should have got married. You were smart."

"What do you mean you should have? Why don't you?"

Stacy looked at the glass on the arm of his chair, stroked it a bit, and replied, "You know what the doctor told me three months ago when I had my appendix out? That I shouldn't touch a drop of alcohol again as long as I live. What he told me about my liver —— I called him a damn liar. He said, 'Listen, I was inside you. I saw your liver.'"

"Well?"

"Well, it's too late, Howie, old boy. Like there was this scale, see? A balance scale. On one side was boredom—the most vicious type of boredom, know what I mean? I could have balanced it—with marriage, perhaps—or golf." He shrugged his shoulders, still gazing down at his glass. "I chose whisky. It hasn't been bad. But for so long now that I'm spoiled for anything else, if I ever had anything else, any other resources. Spoiled. He was inside of me. He saw."

With dramatic suddenness he looked up, looked over at Howie with stark, revealing eyes, eyes that were frightened and well acquainted with despair. Howie was horribly embarrassed. He didn't like Stacy for embarrassing him that way. Because, after all, most men have fear at the bottom of their souls, but everyone knows it isn't decent to show it. Not like that. Not without a laugh. So naked.

He left him shortly—left him pouring another drink with a steady hand. He called Dolores from the corner drugstore.

"Honey, forget about dinner for me. I'm going to take a little ride to the beach. I got something to think out."

"Howie ——"

He answered the apprehension in her voice, "I'm O.K. Honest I am. Didn't I promise you? But I've just got to look at the ocean for a minute."

"All right."

"Good girl. I love you an awful lot. And I won't be late."

He lay on the beach at Santa Monica, watching the sun go down. Most of the Sunday crowd had cleared out. In front of him lay the Pacific, vast, quiet, curving off at the horizon, and close at hand, rolling up in slow, wide, graceful, shallow breakers. Back of him, up on the highway, streamed the Sunday traffic, hot, smoking, diabolic. But it was part of his life. He didn't think about it.

He thought, instead, of the whole day in back of him. He thought, for the first time in his life, about time—as something alive, something with an unwieldy life of its own, like that stupid mattress. Who knows what to do about time to keep it from making fools of us all? The very young, perhaps? Bobby playing horse, patiently hitched to the porch railing. The selfless, perhaps? Dolores giving herself to her family with complete devotion. The very religious, perhaps? *Mamacita* coming home from communion, walking carefully, so as not to spill the precious elixir with which she felt her heart brimming?

But not he, not Howie. He hadn't learned to handle time. All he could do was try to kill it. He, and Stacy, and the boys who played ball at lunchtime, and Gil Melinsky signing up for night courses he didn't want to take.

And all the while, crazily, more time being made. Household gadgets to save time for the housewife, for what? So that she can spend the afternoon playing cards? And all the freeways built to save time, for what? So that people traveling at breakneck speed can get home ten minutes earlier to have an extra cocktail before dinner? And science adding years to a man's life, for what? So at eighty he can learn to dance? Is that all? Speed, and time to be filled, is that all our civilization has contributed? He felt like crying and he didn't know why. He wished now he had had some small word of comfort to say to Stacy. How he wished it!

Then the stars came out and began their slow, inexorable march across the heavens. Howie lay back on the sand, his hands under his head, and stopped thinking. He was in a kind of trance, just conscious. Time, gliding, receding, and suddenly, easily—for the flash of an instant—it opened out for him into Eternity. His astonished mind was shocked into alertness. For a minute he could not move for surprise. And in that timeless minute all the bits of life fell into their proper places, in proper perspective—he could not say how. He only felt. He felt that Eternity was peace—peace and order. Life balanced and at rest.

So that was the secret, then! To lift the eyes from the earth. He sat up, breathing deeply. So that was the secret! To find time for Eternity. And he felt surely that if somehow we could manage to keep Eternity in view, for a little while even, we would remember that life is not just fragments of diabolical or pointless nonsense, nor yet bound at both ends by time, but one significant whole, part and parcel of the Eternal. And there would be comfort in that remembering, and sanity.

But already the little spark in his brain had winked out, leaving just an afterimage and a sense of wonder. He got up thoughtfully and drove home.

The next morning he left the house early, went straight to Acme and signed up for two days at the drill press. He came home that night with a broad grin.

Dolores smiled back at him. "You look happy."

"I am happy. I've got a job. Part time—two days a week, Friday and Saturday, at Acme."

"Oh, Howie!" She was dismayed. "Six days a week! You'll kill yourself!"

He laughed. He put his arms around her and held her close against him so that she could not see the strange mixture of satisfaction and disillusion that he felt on his face.

"I was being slowly killed, *amor*. You know that. You were right. Time is not for me. Some people can handle it. I can't." He remembered the flash of intuition that for a moment had lit Eternity for him, and he added hopefully, "Not yet, anyway."

"Oh, Howie." There was love and admiration in her muffled voice. And vague regret.

"Cheer up, Doll. Think what we can do with the extra money—lots of things. Think what we can get—a new car, with all the gadgets! Color TV! Air conditioning! We'll really be living! Smile, Doll!"

THE END

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My Life With Seven Skunks

(Continued from Page 39)

and pull it into the tunnel, and a day or two later, apparently when he did his housecleaning, it would be returned all washed and polished.

That's how Jake got twisted around and became a day instead of a night animal. Each evening, it seemed, his stomach woke up a little earlier. First, on my way from that chore to this, I'd see his head poked out of the tunnel, his shiny black eyes following me wherever I went, so I'd stop what I was doing to get him a snack. Then he took to standing just in front of his tunnel. And pretty soon after that, with the sun still shining, he was following me around, frequently accompanied by several of our cats, also hungry.

Soon, when I prepared food for the cats, I put some of it in a dish for Jake. Often the cats preferred to eat with him instead of with one another. One of them, a little female named Spook, found Jake a most enjoyable companion. While Jake wandered around following me, Spook wandered around following Jake, her purpose being to pounce on his delightfully feathery tail. Again, Jake was a gentleman. For days he allowed the game to be played, until the time when Spook, becoming careless, let her sharp little claws rake across the tender part of the skunk's anatomy where the weapon is located.

Jake gasped and growled and his reflexes functioned perfectly. It was only a small sample of his ire he gave the cat, but it was enough to send her off, straight as an arrow and almost as fast, for 200 feet before she stopped to figure out just what had happened to her. For an hour or two the air around our house smoldered until Spook, with a desperate tongue, washed away the stench of her misadventure. From then on, she found it preferable to play with ordinary cats' tails, even her own, if no other was available.

It must have been toward the end of May that Jake began acting peculiarly—downright unfriendly, even. He stopped following me around. At feeding time he would barely stick his head out of the tunnel and, with a whuffing sound distressingly close to a snarl, grab the plate of food I offered and drag it inside, so that I could not watch him eat. The cats dared not keep him company, either.

Then I began to hear strange noises—small cries, like little animals being done to death. After a few days I noticed that these sounds reached a crescendo whenever Jake hauled the plate of food into his tunnel. And a few days after that I found out what they were. When I went to the tunnel with Jake's supper and called as usual, a head appeared as usual—only it wasn't Jake's. It was a bright, new, pert, tiny replica of Jake's head.

Jake had become a mother!

The head remained visible for only an instant before it was jerked back into the tunnel, to be replaced immediately by Jake's, wearing a most unfriendly expression. First she snarled into the tunnel; then she snarled at me. Then she took the plate between her teeth and dragged it inside, and at once the noises began, and I knew what they were—not cries of distress, but of baby skunks squabbling over the food.

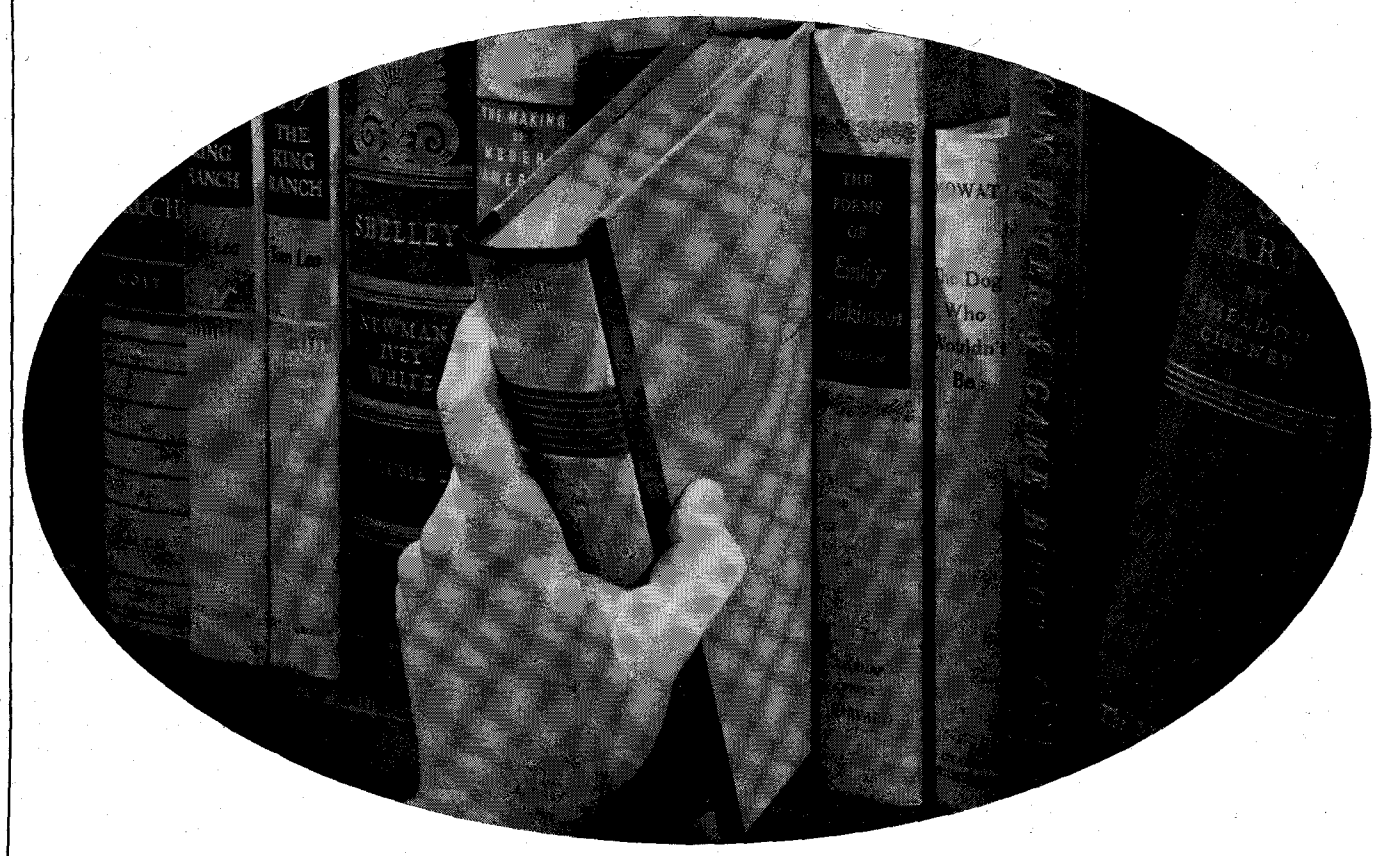
The next evening Jake appeared when I called, but just as she was about to take the plate, she received a nudge from behind that dunked her nose into it. Furious, she looked back and growled, then seemed to go through a strange upheaval, and two tiny skunks wormed their way from underneath her belly toward the dish. She poked them back into the tunnel with her nose, but the moment she turned her back they were out again. Finally she gave up and allowed them to come squealing around the plate. But she made it clear that my presence was unwanted, by twisting her body around to show me her weapon. I took the hint and left. When I returned, some time later, the three of them were gone, and so was the plate. And underneath the shed all was quiet.

The following evening when I called, Jake and the two babies appeared at once. Then another little head emerged, and another, and another. Six there were, in all. And what a gathering there was around the food dish, and what a chorus of cries, and what lovely shifting patterns of black and white as they exchanged places in their hunt for choice morsels!

After this, Jake no longer resented my presence, and the babies showed toward me the complete trust that is common to all infancy. Sometimes, when I called, Jake allowed, or perhaps was forced to permit, the babies to precede her. When they took small bites of meat from the palm of my hand, she observed and took some also. When they crawled confidently up on my lap, she crawled on it also. But when they allowed me to stroke their fur, she watched—but ducked as the hand was slipped over her back. That far she would not go.

This was the (*Continued on Page 60*)

YOU'RE JUDGED BY your bookshelf



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When visitors glance at the books you own, they can quickly find out about your interests and hobbies, judge your taste and your character.

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(*Continued from Page 57*) nicest time for all of us, I think, when the babies were still dependent, and their world was no larger than the area underneath the goat shed and a few feet beyond. Immediately after having dined, they retired, and so secure was their retreat that neither Jake in her nocturnal wanderings nor I in the security of my own house needed to have the slightest worry about them.

Oddly enough, it was Jake herself who brought an end to this ideal arrangement. No doubt she was thinking of her offspring's future. One day—the sun was still quite high—I caught a glimpse of her bustling down the hill and off into the woods, and just behind her, bustling along in exactly the same way, one on each side, so close that their noses were tucked into the fur of her haunches, were two of the babies. I called to them but, if anything, it only increased their speed away from me.

A little later the scene was repeated. And later still it was enacted a third time, and I knew what it meant. Jake had moved her babies, making three trips down the hill, taking them by twos.

That night no one emerged from the tunnel when I called, and Jake's food remained untouched until after dark, when the raccoons dug their greedy little fingers into it.

I was disappointed. I had wanted to take pictures of them and had delayed. Now it was too late.

But I was wrong. The next day, at about the same time, there were Jake and two babies trudging up the hill. They went directly to the goat shed and into their tunnel, and a few moments later Jake emerged, alone. I watched her go down the hill and disappear into the woods, and after quite a long wait saw her return with two more babies. Directly into the tunnel they went, and again Jake came out alone to make the final trip for the last two of her family.

This really set me to thinking. How did the babies know they were to go two by two? How was it established which two were to go? How did those that were left know they must stay where they were and wait for Jake to return? And, most puzzling of all, how did those that had been delivered into the tunnel know they must stay there instead of following her down the hill again?

I never discovered the answers to these questions. But I saw the performance repeated often enough. Sometimes Jake and her babies would be "at home" under the goat shed. Sometimes they would be away for a day, or two or three. I stopped worrying about them, because it was evident Jake knew what she was doing. But I was curious. So, one day when I saw a hurrying threesome start down the hill, I followed discreetly.

Years ago, when I had gone walking through the woods where this hill levels off about a quarter of a mile away, I had suddenly lost my footing and fallen. The reason for this was that one leg had gone down into a hole, which I had not seen because it was covered with leaves. A little investigation disclosed that there were three holes, rather widely separated, all of them invisible under the heavy blanket of old leaves.

Here, once, when the land below had been cow pasture, a woodchuck had lived. At the time I found the den it was abandoned, but later there was evidence that a fox had taken up residence there. He must have stayed a year before he departed. Next came a wildcat that made the place his home for close to two years. After he disappeared, it remained vacant for quite a while, no doubt because traces of his menacing smell lingered. But now one of the tunnels to the underground chamber had been cleared, just enough to permit the entrance of a small skunk and her six babies, and into it Jake and two of them vanished.

Wise Jake! From here she could take them foraging in the woods, teaching them how to dig up grubs, how to catch snakes and hunt mice and rats. Living under the goat shed, they would be forever dependent upon me and my bounty, and somehow she knew that the human hand, no matter how lavish and kindly, is impermanent, and therefore an untrustworthy source of supply. She preferred to put her trust in nature, which offered hardship and danger but was immortal.

Nevertheless, it was nature that brought tragedy to the family. For three days it rained. These three days Jake and her babies stayed away. I didn't worry about them. They would be quite snug in their house in the woods, I thought. Then, the fourth day, it poured steadily all day long. The brook that flows across our land between the house and the woods, usually no more than a meekly chuckling glitter in the sunlight, easily forded here and there by means of steppingstones, became a snarling torrent.

Toward afternoon it began to overflow its banks. Runnels started trickling down the hill. Soon the runnels became small streams, and these began to increase in size and merged to form larger streams. Here and there on the hill the white head of a miniature waterfall appeared.

Looking out of the window on this wild scene, I suddenly caught sight of Jake toiling up the hill. No doubt she was searching for higher ground because her home down below had been flooded. She had all six babies with her this time. Her movements were uncertain and jerky. She went here, there, running swiftly, then backtracking when she came to high water, always going up, but having to make wide detours to avoid the newly created streams. And whichever way she went, the six babies followed, copying each of her movements with precision. They looked so frightened, and were all so wet and muddy, that I went out into the rain in an effort to help them.

While they went from one fording place to another, finding each place where they had been accustomed to cross the brook now under deep water, I slogged around, testing and discarding pieces of lumber until I found two that were wide enough to be safe—so I thought—and long enough to bridge the brook. These I carried to a section where the banks were high and level, and placed them side by side, with their ends resting on the banks. Underneath, the water boiled, and just beyond, smashed against a large rock, throwing spray high in the air. But the bridge looked sturdy enough. I walked across it to test it, then returned to the house to get a handful of raw meat, which Jake loves and apparently can smell a mile against the wind. Two little balls of it I placed on the far bank, close to the planks, the rest I put on the planks themselves.

Then I stood and watched Jake. While I had been working on the bridge, she had gone downstream and was now on her way up again, occasionally jumping over subsidiary streams, with all her babies behind her jumping over them in turn. When she came to what had been a fording place, she would go close to the water and dip her paws in it, searching for the way to cross. The babies would go close, too, and dip their paws in also, and then she would seize the one closest to her, taking its whole head in her mouth, to drag it away.

After that they would be cuffed indiscriminately and driven back, and she would lead them on again.

Finally they reached the spot where I had laid the planks. Jake sniffed at the meat and turned away from it. Each of the babies sniffed and turned away also. She put two paws on the bridge, hesitated, crawled up on it. One of the babies crawled up behind her. She took a few steps, came to another ball of meat and passed it. The baby behind her followed close, and the others began to climb on the bridge.

I watched with growing excitement. It was going to work! Then Jake caught sight of me. She stared for a moment, turned to look at her babies, and in sudden panic drove them off the bridge and scrambled off herself. Her reasoning was clear enough. Since all the world about her had changed, since she could no longer trust this very ground on which she had walked so safely for so long, could I not have changed and become untrustworthy also?

I took a last look at the seven of them milling around and went away, back into the house. After I had dripped a fair-sized pool on the floor next to the stove, I went out again. Jake was near the entrance to her tunnel under the goat shed, and five of the babies were with her. I gave them a good portion of meat, and while they ate it I went to where the planks were laid. I looked all over, but could find no trace of the sixth baby. I suppose by that time its body had been washed quite far downstream.

Toward the middle of the summer the family began to split up. They still lived together, but not in such a tight little group. Sometimes Jake would come to dinner with only two babies, sometimes all five babies would be there, but not Jake.

Occasionally the babies, out foraging on their own or bustling down the hill to their other residence, would meet Jake going in the opposite direction. They would pause, greet each other, and continue on their separate ways.

When the nights began to turn cold, I saw less and less of them and frequently was not sure which one I saw. Finally there was only one. He came to dinner quite regularly, and the first snow established that he had taken over the old family home under the goat shed as his winter abode.

Somewhere in the woods, perhaps down in the old woodchuck hole, the rest of them slept now, rousing on some of the warmer nights to do a little hunting, but spending most of the time in deep sleep. Not so with Baby Jake. He remained active all winter, and my relationship with him became much as it had been with Jake. I would go to his tunnel and call, and soon a sleepy head would pop out to accept graciously the food I offered.

It was quite an ideal life he had, and I was pleased, for there is nothing quite so gratifying as the knowledge that, in providing for another creature, no matter how small or insignificant, one has attained something close to perfection. Baby Jake had a warm, dry house, plenty of bedding—I frequently put an armful of hay near his tunnel and was amused to watch it slowly disappear—regular meals and, moreover, food of excellent quality; for since there was now only one, I could afford to give him what he liked most, raw meat.

It was, in fact, too good a life to last. One exceptionally warm night that had the smell of spring in it I went outside and heard something come rustling toward me—and there was Jake at my feet, hopping around in her spring dance of reunion. I gave her food, she ate and departed. The next night, at about the same time, the stillness was shattered by a sudden hubbub—it sounded like a pack of rats squealing, and it came from under the goat shed. Just as I arrived on the scene, to investigate, out of the tunnel shot Baby Jake, and following him, in a nauseating wave, came a tremendous stench that rose and spread, swiftly engulfing the goat shed and me and the surrounding territory. And following that came Jake.

What had happened was pretty obvious. Jake had returned to her summer home. After (*Continued on Page 62*)

"Don't be silly, Edna. What in heaven's name would I be doing in anything casual?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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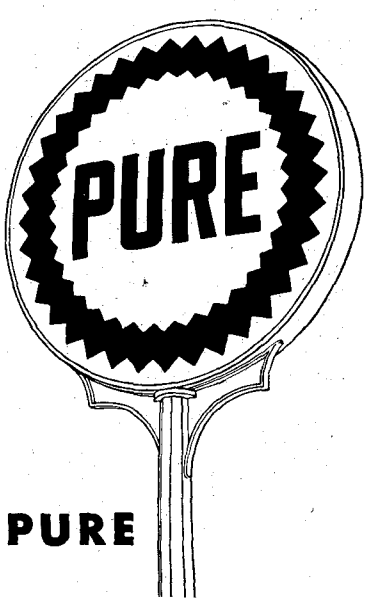

BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 60*) having occupied it all winter, Baby Jake had just been dispossessed.

That night, miserable and stinking, he wandered around forlornly, and where he found a place to retire before daylight I did not know. But I soon found out. Late the next day we heard mysterious bumping noises under our house, which does not boast a cellar, but only a foundation of fieldstone. In the evening Baby Jake appeared for dinner as usual, looking quite satisfied with life. He didn't even mind sharing his food with the recently returned Jake.

The following morning we learned why. At the side of our house was quite a large mound of earth, and under the foundation was a recently dug tunnel. Baby Jake had secured even better quarters than the old home under the goat shed.

Well, having a skunk living in the apartment below you would be all right, I suppose, if he were a nice, quiet, well-behaved gentleman. Baby Jake is a gentleman, to be sure, but unfortunately a convivial one. He likes to invite friends in of an evening and throw a really big party every once in a while. And whoever passed the word around that skunks are practically voiceless has never had one living on the floor below. What a gabbling! It wakes us up in the middle of the night. We pound on the floor with the heel of a shoe, and for a few minutes all is quiet; then it starts up again, no more than a whisper at first, but swiftly increasing in volume.

Moreover, all too often the party ends up in a fight, and the smell of this seeps up through the floor. Then, along with Baby Jake's departing guests, we must vacate the building also.

Hence our war with Baby Jake. During the day, we spend maybe up to an hour carting stones to the house to plug up Baby Jake's tunnel. During the night, Baby Jake spends perhaps a couple of hours digging a new one, no doubt aided by his friends. And when it is finished, like as not he'll reward them by tossing another party which, like as not, will end up in another fight.

I hate to admit we're losing the war, but each day my husband and I perform with less enthusiasm our task of filling last night's tunnel, and assure each other that this will surely be the last time. Obviously Baby Jake means to stay, and nothing will discourage him. For when we have gone once around the house, plugging tunnels, and there seems to be no spot left where he can dig, he tunnels under the boulders we have placed in the old ones. And this, of course, can go on indefinitely, unless we are lucky enough to hit hardpan somewhere not too close to China.

In the meantime, Jake has had her new litter of babies under the goat shed. A few nights ago I saw the first little head appear briefly at the tunnel's entrance. Soon they will all be coming out with her to gather around the dinner plate. I wonder how many there are. Also, where are they going to live when they grow up?

There is something else bothering me a little, although I have not mentioned it to anyone and try not to think about it. But we made a mistake when we named Jake. Could we have made another in naming Baby Jake? It seems to me he has become suspiciously quiet lately. I don't think we've had to leave the house because of one of his parties in the last couple of weeks.

Is it possible those parties were of a different nature than we'd thought, and as a result of them there are some Little Baby Jakes in the apartment downstairs? In that case, perhaps we'd better not plug up the latest tunnel. And it might not be a bad idea to start looking for a house somewhere on the other side of the village.

Death in the Deep (Continued from Page 37)

his brave soldiers and give us victory over our enemies. Amen.'"

"Not bad," said Teichmann.

"Diebold blushed for shame."

"That was the least he could do."

"But there are people who don't even blush. But that's not the end of my story. It took Diebold a minute or so to recover. He said, 'I have been through a hard inner struggle as to whether to resign my pulpit. What good would it have done? Another pastor would have taken my place or the flock would have been left without a shepherd.'

"Diebold was on the verge of tears. I said, 'No, you shouldn't resign; you should protest, man of God. The truth is that you are afraid of death.'

"Diebold jumped up. 'That is not so. I am at all times prepared to stand before my God if he calls me.' 'And to stand before the Gestapo?' 'Yes, the Gestapo too.' It went on like that for a while. I called Diebold a drawing-room hero of Christianity.

"To change the subject, my father started in on politics. He said that power is fundamentally evil because it's always abused. I said, 'You sit around here, writing little tracts that no one reads, while other people kill and are killed. You should take off your hat to the youngest soldier at the front. He is risking his life for what he thinks to be right, because you neglected to tell him the truth. And what are you risking? Man is not judged for his convictions, but for what he is willing to sacrifice. Is my generation to blame if its sacrifices are made for an idol? Who enthroned the idol?'

"Well, that was what I said, more or less. Opposition at any price, you might call it. Anyway, it made me feel better."

"I didn't know you were interested in politics," Teichmann said.

"I'm not," said Heyne. "Listen; this discussion must have had an effect on my father. That means I was the indirect cause of his death. Two days later a student told me my father had delivered a lecture on the concept of power; he'd been pretty outspoken. When I got home that night my father had been arrested. I put on my uniform and went to Gestapo headquarters. They told me he had been taken away and that I would be kept informed. They were very polite—on account of my medals, I guess.

"Then they asked me if I had a moment's time, just a little confrontation, it wouldn't take long. They brought Diebold in—I didn't even look at him—and asked me if he often came to see my father. I said I didn't know; I had been away, fighting the war.

"'Did you often visit Professor Heyne?' the Gestapo man asked him.

"'No, very seldom. Only as the pastor of my congregation. My calls were purely official.'

"'What do you do on official visits?'

"'My activities are entirely of a spiritual nature. I comfort people in times of misfortune—where there has been a death in the family, for instance. I console them, I admonish them to persevere, to be brave. I do my utmost to improve the morale of the members of my congregation. I ——'

"'Very well, my morale-building friend; keep right on,' said the Gestapo man, and dismissed him. He was a free man again. '*Heil Hitler, Herr Kommissar*,' he said. '*Heil Hitler, Herr Pastor*,' said the Gestapo man.

"I followed Diebold down the street for about fifteen minutes. I didn't do anything to him. But he kept walking faster and faster. I still didn't touch him. Then he ran away. Next day I received orders to report at the submarine school in Pillau. I was able to write my father twice, but I wasn't allowed to send him anything. In March a letter came from the administration at Belsen, saying my father had died suddenly; if I wished to claim his body, the transportation charges would be so many marks; the body could be released only on receipt of the money. *Heil Hitler*. That's the end of the story. Exciting, eh?"

Heyne turned on the radio. It took a while to warm up. They heard the tail end of the news and a repetition of the army communiqué. A set of chimes rang out the first bars of "Be loyal e'er and true," the intermission signal of the Deutschland radio station. A sultry female voice conveyed the people's greetings to the boys at the front; there was dance music.

"My father wasn't the only one in the family," Heyne continued. "My mother's whole family was sent to concentration camps."

"What had they done?"

"Nothing. They were Jews, that's all, or rather half Jews. I'm a quarter Jew, or maybe only an eighth; I'm not sure. All I know is that if I don't marry a Jewess, my children will only be sixteenth-part Jews; they'll be allowed to live. I don't think they do anything to sixteenth Jews."

"Where are your mother's people now?"

"They were killed, like my father."

"But they can't kill people just because their parents were Jews!"

"Oh, yes, they can."

"But they must have done something?"

"I didn't want to believe it at first, but that's how it was. . . . Help yourself to the wine. We'll open another bottle."

Heyne filled the glasses. The wine was wonderful. It tasted of honey and warm sun and earth, with a tinge of iron.

"I can't believe this, Gerd. I can't ——"

"But, man, it's so!" Heyne shouted. His face darkened with anger. "Nobody believes it, and that's the worst part of it! It's driving me crazy!"

"Do you think the top generals know about it?"

"The commander of the air force, yes. But I'm convinced that the commanding admiral of the navy has no idea of it. And that's what no one will believe later on when the war is lost."

"You think we're going to lose it?"

"America's in the war now. In the air and on the seas they outnumber us twenty to one."

"And you think the top brass know we'll lose?"

The radio played the Tritsch-Tratsch Polka. Heyne seemed to be listening, but suddenly he cried out, "Yes, they know!"

"You see things too black."

"How are you going to conquer Russia? How are you going to conquer England and America? They will conquer us. Our generals know that, but they'll go on fighting. And in their memoirs they'll tell us how brilliantly they led the troops, but they weren't able to do as they wished, and Hitler was to blame for defeat. And they will say that they were moved at all times by patriotism and nothing else. But they won't write a word about how they stood looking on in 1938, when women and children and old men were rounded up by the SS thugs, herded through the streets, insulted, beaten. Hans, I ask you. Is that a German way to behave? Since when have Germans attacked defenseless people and set fire to their temples? Since when?"

Heyne lit a cigarette. He had to strike the match on the box several times to produce a flame; then he inhaled deeply. "I always thought that it was up to the officer corps to set an example. Where were the German officers that night in November, 1938, when the synagogues were burned? I waited for them to speak up. So did my mother. Next morning she committed suicide."

A preliminary air-raid warning came over the radio. Large fleets of bombers, said the announcer, had been sighted over Northern France, heading for Germany.

Heyne crushed out his cigarette. "I don't want to play the prophet, but I can tell you one thing: that night is going to cost us more dearly than anything else in our whole history."

"Then what are we still fighting for?"

Heyne shrugged. Outside, the sirens screamed, rising and falling. For a change, the radio played a march. Teichmann felt overcome. Heyne's words stuck in his brain like barbed arrows. *He's right and he's wrong*, Teichmann thought. *It isn't so simple as it sounds.*

They switched off the radio and listened in silence to the deep, steady droning high above them. Then they went up to Heyne's room on the second floor. In the searchlight beams the falling bombs looked like pearls. They stood by the window breathing in the acrid smell of fire borne on the wind, and listened to the crash as the bombs landed.

Later, as they listened to the phonograph, the sky over Hamburg turned a sulphurous yellow. The planes were gone. Fires were still raging; the air blowing into the room bit their eyes and caught in their throats. (*Continued on Page 64*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

All women should learn to work for a living. Most of them will marry someday.

Of course money talks. It seems to be having words with almost everybody.

A bachelor is a man who doesn't think marriage is a gamble.

All the world loves a lover, unless he's driving the car ahead of you.

Nothing makes food go further than trying to feed an active toddler.

The last word in a strapless gown is sometimes a shriek.

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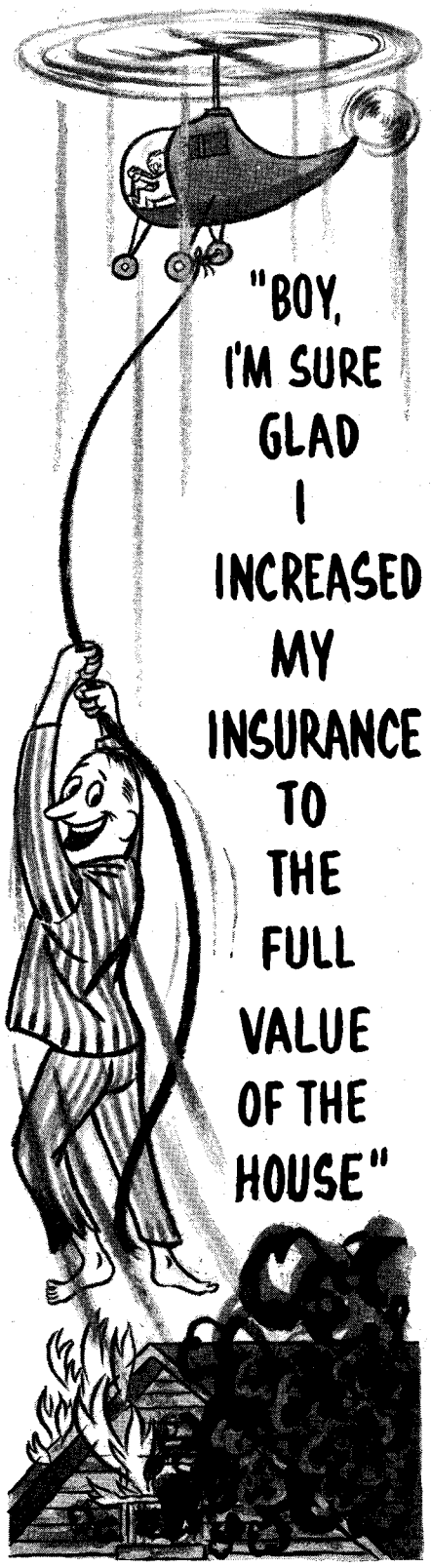

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WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

(*Continued from Page 62*) But they left the windows open and went on playing phonograph records.

It was growing light outside. Heyne sat motionless in his chair, his face haggard. Teichmann thought of the polite little professor, and of Heyne's mother who had poisoned herself, and of her family who had died in the gas chambers, and he glanced shamefacedly at Ensign Heyne, who in a few hours would be putting out to sea in a submarine.

"What we've just been doing," said Heyne, "is typically German."

"What do you mean? We haven't been doing anything."

"That's just it." Heyne laughed.

"You're a stinking sophist. Let me tell you, I'm going to go on fighting. And all this stuff about losing the war is rot, that's all."

"Poor little fellow. Did I break your toy?"

"Go to hell," said Teichmann, trying to be angry. But he didn't succeed; he was thinking of Heyne's father. "But about your father, Gerd ——"

"Shut up and sing the Watch on the Rhine."

The next night Heyne made an excuse to be alone for an hour. Teichmann found his body hanging against a bedroom wall where a bookshelf had been. Heyne had hanged himself with a sword belt. He had passed the free end through the buckle; then he had burned a hole in the strap and fastened it to the big nail from which the bookshelf had hung. It was good German prewar leather; the hole had scarcely been stretched when Heyne, standing on the bookshelf, had put his head in the noose and kicked the shelf away.

There was no pastor at the funeral, for Heyne had been a suicide. His house was confiscated. Teichmann packed up all his personal belongings, mostly books, and sent them to Heyne's uncle, an aged, retired general living in Nienstadten. He kept for himself the buckle from the belt with which Heyne had hanged himself. "God be with us" was inscribed on it. Then he took the train for Gotenhafen, where he was to take a course at the submarine school.

In November, 1943, Lüttke's submarine put out to sea again. The captain had asked for Teichmann as first lieutenant. Petersen was exec. He still had the splinter in his throat, but in speaking to the captain he exerted himself to raise his voice; it rasped like a file. Langen was still engineering officer; his rumpled hair had turned gray, and that lent him a certain air of dignity. Of those who had cracked up on the last trip, only the radioman remained. The control chief was in a sanatorium. Wittgenberg, the old exec, was dead; no details were known.

Teichmann stood on the bridge as the boat silently left the pen. He felt the absurdity of this kind of warfare. Out of five submarines at sea, three or four were regularly lost, and no enemy ships were sunk. Yet those U-boats that returned went right out again.

The Bay of Biscay gave them a harsh reception. It drove over the boat with its mountainous seas. The homing device jammed and Bolz, the radioman striker, was lost overboard as he was trying to repair it. A torpedo broke loose and crushed the arms of Seaman First Class Brenk. And just before the captain dived so the man's broken arms could be set—yes, Lüttke was getting softhearted in his old age—the motor machinist's mate reported that the port engine was out of commission.

Twenty-five fathoms down, the storm was unnoticeable. The firemen working on the diesel had it almost completely apart in two hours. Langen informed the captain that the engine could not be repaired with the materials on board; there were several cracked camshafts.

The submarine crawled homeward submerged, at the rate of two knots—ninety screw revolutions a minute. Off-watch seamen drifted into the engine room for a look at the dismembered engine. Langen, the engineering officer, held the parts of the broken camshaft in his hands, shaking his head and muttering, "They've been sawed."

It was sabotage. A brand-new engine had been destroyed by an invisible enemy—in Germany. That upset the men, but they tried not to show it. "It won't take long to mend," they said. "Sure, those fellows in the dry dock will do it in no time. Those firemen of ours are too dumb."

Suddenly all life froze in the boat. Everyone was listening to the sound of a metal object scraping against the hull. Out there in the water, scarcely a yard away, steel struck steel. Death had laid his bony hand on the hull. And then there was a jangling so loud as to drown out the whirring of the electric motors. As the sound passed aft, the men's eyes followed as though an unknown commander were passing them in review. The scraping had started behind the bow plane, and now it was moving slowly, slowly along the side.

The captain spoke. "Right full rudder," he commanded, hoping to clear the after plane.

The mine exploded next to the motor room. It tore open the pressure hull and killed the men in the motor room and the engine officers' room. In less than three seconds all these rooms were flooded. The exec bolted the after watertight door; the rest of the men in the petty officers' room were drowned.

It was black and the boat stood almost vertical in the water; the men forward and in the control room fell off their feet and rolled down to the watertight door where the exec lay, his jaw smashed. Then a thud was heard as the U-boat struck bottom. She came to rest on her keel.

A flashlight went on. The captain held it, directing the beam on the depth gauge in the control room. The needle stood at sixty-eight meters. And then again total darkness.

The silence was complete, both inside and outside the boat. It was a relief when sounds came from the radio room—a crack-crack as of smashing flowerpots. Teichmann groped his way to the radio-room door. He could hear someone inside, but he couldn't get the door open. The strange noises continued. Teichmann went back to the control room.

The captain leaned over the chart table; the chief quartermaster held the light for him. The captain's left hand was bleeding and the chief quartermaster's temple had been bruised.

"I need a flashlight, quick," said Teichmann.

"Why quick?" said the captain. "We've got plenty of time."

"There's somebody in the radio room," said Teichmann.

"We haven't got any more flashlights, sir," said the chief quartermaster.

Teichmann crossed to him, grabbed his flashlight and went back to the radio room. He tinkered awhile, and when he finally had the door open, he flashed his light into the room. The radioman sat at his table, working the transmitter key.

"Come on out of there."

The radioman went on tapping his key at a furious rate; beads of sweat stood on his forehead. He reached under the table with his free hand, took up a phonograph record and bit into it. He spat out the pieces and threw the record down. He had already used up quite a pile of records, his tongue was cut and bleeding freely.

"Come on out, man."

The radioman kept on sending his messages and fumbling for more records. Teichmann tore off the man's earphones; the radioman fell forward and his forehead struck the transmitter. Teichmann carried him into the control room and laid him down. He began to knock on the deck plates with the knuckles of his right hand, tapping out the letters *K* and *R;* he got no further. The men moved away from him as if he were diseased. No one spoke.

The chief quartermaster held his light in such a way that it fell only on the captain; his own face was in darkness, as was every other living face on board. Most of the men sat huddled on the control-room deck and did nothing, and the strange part of it was that they seemed quite content. They were at the bottom of the sea, where they had sent so many enemy ships. Never had they been less afraid. There was something splendid, almost luxurious, about this kind of death. They had known death would come one day; now they found it perfectly acceptable. No more depth charges, the war was over, they had made their peace. This was how they felt when Lüttke said, "Stand by to step ashore."

The captain had spoken in the same tone that he had used hundreds of times to command, "Stand by to surface." But the men cowered as though he were holding a club over them.

"We have plenty of escape lungs," Lüttke said. "So it's all perfectly simple. I will explain everything in detail. The depth presents no problem."

The men gaped at him, as bewildered as children. Lüttke saw that he was not understood, and his eyelids turned to slits. Teichmann expected an outburst of rage, but the captain fell silent and climbed up into the tower. They heard him undogging the tower hatch.

Then he climbed down and said, "Get your escape lungs ready. . . . Petersen, stand by to flood Tube Three."

Teichmann was afraid of what was to come. In the submarine school he had been instructed in the technique of escaping at great depth, but the great depth hadn't amounted to more than twenty fathoms.

"Do you understand me, Petersen?"

The exec shook his head and pointed at his throat. He was unable to speak. When he opened his mouth, it could be seen that his front teeth had been knocked out.

There were twenty-one survivors. The captain told them that they would not have to swim very long; they were on the route regularly taken by escort vessels, only a little way from the harbor mouth of La Pallice. This time they paid attention. And after Lüttke had explained how the tower hatch could be opened in spite of the high pressure, they were convinced that escape was a relatively simple matter even at this depth.

When each man had his escape lung ready, the captain divided them into three groups of seven. The first group would be led by Teichmann—because the exec was partially disabled—the second by the chief quartermaster, and the last by the captain himself.

Nothing could be done with the radioman. He could not hold the mouthpiece of the escape gear between his lips. The captain shot him without any fuss; that was better than letting him float on top with burst lungs.

At 0800 Teichmann went alone into the forward torpedo room to start the flooding. For a few seconds he remained

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hesitant in the darkness, as if to think the whole thing through one last time. He looked toward the tubes, where the water would stream into the boat, and suddenly realized that he was starting a process that could not be reversed.

He turned the wheel opening the outer door of Tube 3. Then he let compressed air into the tube and fired the torpedo. He could hear the torpedo bouncing along the ocean bottom. Then he closed the outer door, opened the breech and removed the piston from the tube. For safety reasons the tube was so constructed that the outer door could not be opened when the breech was open. To defeat the system, Teichmann closed the breech; then he opened the outer door a little and quickly reopened the breech.

The water poured in with a shrill whistling tone which soon deepened to an ear-shattering howl. Teichmann ran back to the control room. The captain stood by the watertight door, holding the flashlight for him.

For the first time the men were seized by a kind of panic. They moved together like a herd of frightened animals, fingering their escape lungs, breathing noisily.

The captain turned out his flashlight. The gush of water sounded hideously loud in the darkness. But above the noise the words of the captain could be heard: "Don't be afraid of the water, boys." The men were too frightened to move. They wanted only to remain alive.

The men in each group were tied together with a line slung around their waists, in case anyone should lose his nerve and rise too quickly. The group that was to go first stood in a circle under the control-room hatch; the second and third groups stood behind them. When the water rushed into the control room, they squeezed together and tugged at the lines; a few fell down, screaming.

The water rose quickly. When it was knee-high, the captain had to flash on his light while the lines were being disentangled. Just then a howling was heard from the forward torpedo room. Brenk, the man with the crushed arms, had been forgotten.

Lüttke waded up to his hips in water through the wardroom and the chiefs' room into the forward torpedo room. Teichmann followed. Brenk was lying in one of the upper bunks, still howling. Teichmann slung him over his shoulder. The captain went out first, lighting the way. To return through the passageway they had to dive under water, but they managed to get Brenk through. In the control room they adjusted his escape gear and instructed him to follow Petersen, who would open his oxygen bottle. Then they tied him to the line between Teichmann and Petersen.

When the water was chest-high, it covered the potato crate. "Do potatoes float?" asked Lüttke. "Let's throw one in the water." The water was already up to the necks of the smaller men; they were adjusting their nose clamps. There was pure terror in their eyes. "If spuds sink, they're fresh," said the captain.

Now they had all put on their nose clamps. Through the din of the onrushing water, the whistling of the oxygen could be heard as the men tested the valves.

"If they float," said the captain, "they're old potatoes."

"That's only true of eggs," said Teichmann, and those were the last words spoken. They pulled the goggles over their eyes. The captain put the butt of his flashlight in his mouth and leaned his head back to make the light shine as long as possible. The rising water pressed all the remaining air into the tower hatch. Some of the men grimaced and reeled because of the cracking in their ears. They waited for the air pressure to open the lid of their coffin.

When Lüttke's flashlight went out, Teichmann adjusted Brenk's mouthpiece and opened his oxygen bottle a little. Then he did the same for himself. There was a crash as of lightning and Teichmann's head was pushed against the deck of the control room. A peal of thunder followed and then the whole boat was full of water. Teichmann almost bit through the mouthpiece of his escape gear.

The conning-tower hatch was blown open; there was no more air in the boat. But the escape lungs functioned. At first, Teichmann didn't dare to inhale deeply, because he was afraid that he might suddenly find himself breathing water. But then he tasted cold rubber and copper and oxygen, and the breathing was easy enough.

He sensed that Petersen was drowning. He had seen him gagging, unable to hold the mouthpiece between his lips, massaging his throat. A quiver went through Petersen; his hands moved convulsively. Then he lay down slowly in the water and sank to the control-room deck, as if he were tired and sleepy.

Teichmann had to untie him. He bent over and found the knot, but it had pulled tight when Petersen sank down and he couldn't undo it. Teichmann needed all his nerve to take his knife from his pants pocket and open the long blade. He was frantic to get out of the boat as quickly as possible. He cut the line and tied the loose ends together. He hadn't the strength to close his knife and put it away. He simply let it drop, and groped for the rungs of the ladder.

Slowly he climbed up into the tower, taking care not to damage his escape lung and life jacket. He drew Brenk after him and passed him through the conning-tower hatch to the bridge. With one hand he held fast to the periscope standard and waited for the rest of his group to ascend. He expected his oxygen to run out at any moment.

He held his hand over the hatch and felt for the heads of the men. When they came up, he gripped them by the hair and pulled gently to let them know he was there, waiting. And each time he touched a man, he felt lighter, as if he had stripped off a weight. He took each man by the arm and directed him to the place behind the periscope. Two of them clapped him on the shoulder.

When the group was all assembled, he gave three tugs at the line as a sign that they were going to rise, and felt the others passing the signal along. Then he lost his sense of direction.

Everything around him was liquid and soft. When he looked up, the water was green. He let air bubbles out of his mouth to slow down the rise, and at once the line tautened; the others were rising ahead of him. Without knowing what he was doing, he let more oxygen out of his mouth. The line grew rigid and pulled him into a slanting position.

Then it occurred to him that he had let out too much air and that there would be none left with which to blow up his life jacket. He flailed about with his legs, but the line remained taut. He opened the oxygen bottle again and the water around him became light green. For fear that his lungs might burst, he let out some more air. The line tautened. He had a feeling that the others were already on top. He knew that it would be best for his lungs if he rose as slowly as possible, but his sense of time had abandoned him completely.

He made swimming movements—a kind of breast stroke with a crawl kick—and suddenly he saw the sky and his shipmates. Their faces were gray. He closed the air valve, took out the mouthpiece, opened the oxygen bottle to Full, and felt the life jacket filling and pressing against the back of his neck. And then he felt miserably cold.

"On deck!" he heard someone calling. He tore off his goggles, got a noseful of water and spluttered. One of the men must have opened Brenk's air bottle; his life jacket was inflated.

"On deck, sir!"

And then the others called, "On deck!" They repeated the cry like parrots, and when seven heads popped out of the water close by, they called again, "On deck!" The chief quartermaster and his men called back. They bobbed up and down in the swell and cried out as though toasting one another. Then, shivering miserably, they waited for the last group.

The captain bobbed up with his six men. "On deck!" called the newcomers in chorus. They were greeted on all sides. It sounded like the chattering of geese.

Now there were twenty men on top. There was no sign of the French coast. Aside from water and twenty heads, there was nothing to be seen.

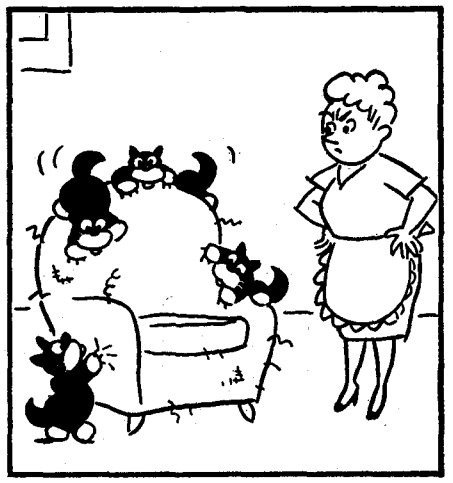
"Where's the exec?" Lüttke asked Teichmann.

"He couldn't keep the mouthpiece in, sir."

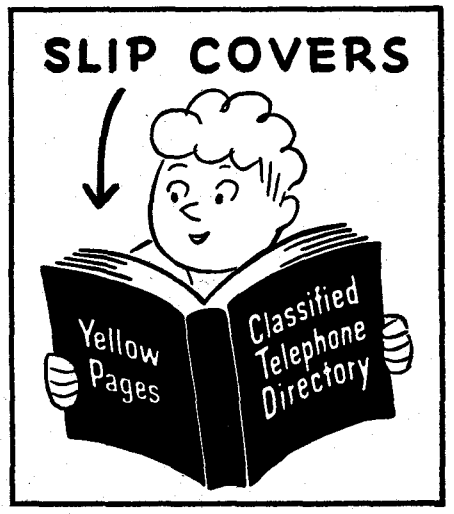
"I just wish I had a little more confidence in the instructor!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Looking for Something?



SLIP COVERS



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"Damn stupid business!" said Lüttke. "The poor fellow deserved a desk job. I'm going to tell the admiral that. Those skunks in personnel will have this man on their conscience. Imagine, sending me an invalid!"

"Yes, sir."

"It's those pen pushers in Kiel. Once a month they turn their hotel ship around at the pier, and that entitles them to sea-going pay. That's the sort they are."

"Yes, sir. I could never stand them either."

"Damn cold, eh?"

"Yes, sir, it's getting cool."

That was the end of the colloquy between Lüttke and Teichmann. They watched each other for a while, bobbing up and down in the swell, and then each turned back to his own worries.

The twenty men had joined all their lines together and formed a circle, waiting for help that didn't come. Some had begun to turn blue in the face. The sun warmed their heads, but from the neck down they were frozen. They felt that a crust of ice was forming around them. When they moved, the crust grew thinner. When they stopped moving, their limbs grew heavy and numb.

By noon the weaker men began to give up. They wanted to sleep, but when they laid their heads forward against the cushions of their life jackets, sea water washed into their mouths; and when they leaned back, the sun shone into their eyes.

The captain shouted a few words of encouragement, but only the leading seaman, a particularly tough customer, reacted. He even managed to sing a song. The song was astonishingly obscene.

"I'm wondering whether to blush!" Teichmann called out to him.

"You're red already, sir!" the leading seaman answered. He was right. Teichmann's nose was bleeding.

"If you must sing," said the captain, "can't you sing something a little more appetizing?"

"Sure thing. I can sing I Am the Jolly Bird Catcher, if you like. It's from The Magic Flute."

"I don't give a damn. Sing your Magic Flute if you want to."

It was midafternoon when the gulls came. Teichmann watched them coming in helpless terror, as a paralytic left alone in a burning house watches the flames licking at his bedroom doorway.

The others were glad to see something alive. For them the gulls were a distraction. The gulls' legs were red beneath their white plumage, and the underside of their wings shimmered steel-blue in the sun. They cried only intermittently.

Maybe, Teichmann thought, *they're harmless. No, they're harmless only when their bellies are full, and right now they're hungry.*

When the first gulls came down to Brenk, Teichmann felt that he was gradually growing insane. He saw that Brenk was weeping and paying no attention to the gulls, but when one came down, Teichmann jerked at the line; Brenk's head was toppled into the water and then shot up again as though he had made a quick bow. He was crying like a little boy.

The sun went behind the clouds, and the sky was as bleak as sour milk. The gulls waited. Their cries became more frequent. *They're getting impatient*, Teichmann thought. *But it won't be long.* He jerked the line; Brenk tilted forward, weeping, and the gulls barely grazed him.

Teichmann felt that the sea was slowly killing him. He counted the bobbing heads. He no longer saw faces, but only red balls lying on the yellow rubber cushions of the life jackets, like apples on a plate.

Finally his eyes came to rest on Brenk, who tilted forward with every wave. The sea had grown rougher. The gulls came down lower and their cries grew louder. Teichmann drew the line; Brenk bent forward and wobbled and wept. And Teichmann cried, "Hi-ya, Brenk! Hi-ya, my feathered friends!"

Teichmann knew he was mad, just as a drunken man knows he is drunk. But that didn't trouble him. He kept calling out to the gulls, though not a sound issued from his mouth. He tugged at the line, and Brenk, who was dead now, wobbled.

"Hi-ya, Brenk. Chin up. Hey, you up there, come down and fill your bellies. Plenty of eyes down here. Come and get 'em."

He tugged at the line. Brenk wobbled.

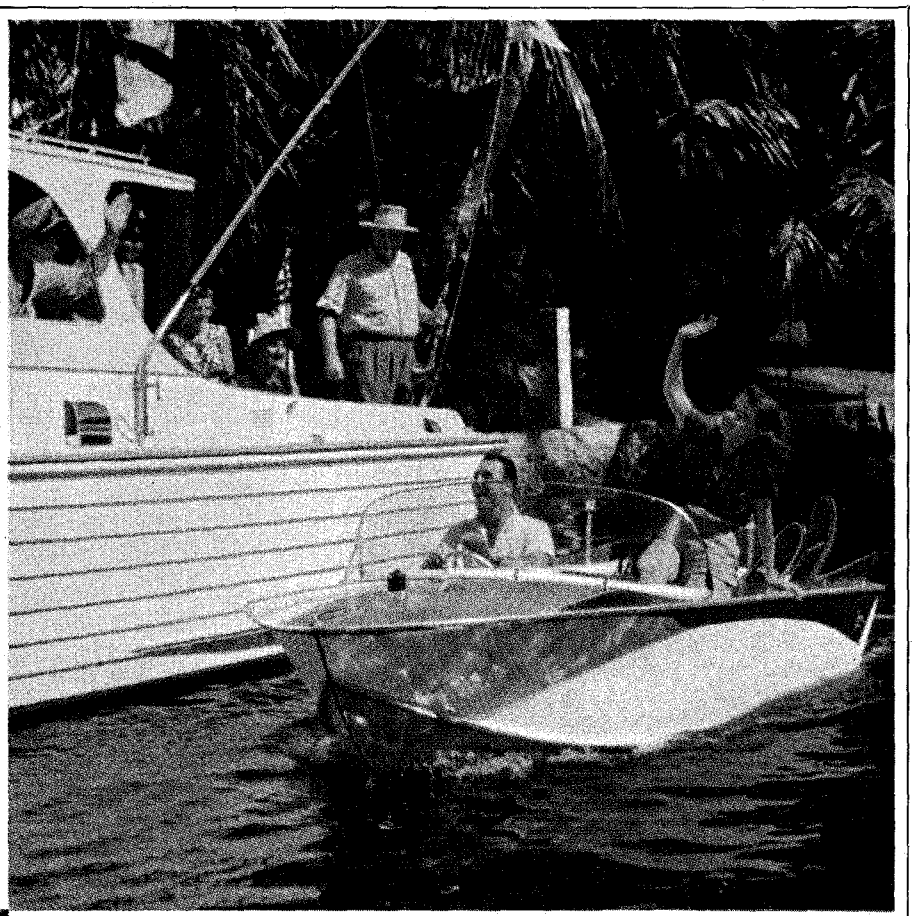
"Hi-ya, Brenk. Chin up. You won't have any trouble with Brenk, my feathered friends. His arms are gone. You can peck away to your hearts' content. Help yourselves." He tugged at the line. Brenk wobbled. "Hi-ya, Brenk, chin up. And you, my feathered friends, have a good feed. And chin up and chin up and chin up. . . ."

At dusk two patrol boats found the twenty men, and fished nine of them out of the water alive. The gulls had shown them the way. THE END

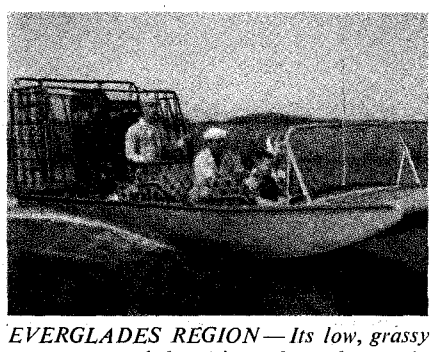
What it takes to make a house look lived in is Sunday.

HOMER PHILLIPS

GULF STREAM COAST—Hundreds of miles of inland waterways make this region a fabulous boating center.



NORTH FLORIDA — Scenic rivers offer excellent fishing. So, too, do many lakes in area. Boats, motors, tackle can be rented.



EVERGLADES REGION — Its low, grassy waters inspired the airboat, driven by an airplane propeller. A ride in one is a real thrill.

ST. JOHNS REGION—More than 100 miles of the stately river which gives area its name are navigable by cruiser. Famous for largemouth bass.

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*Based on survey of Florida tourists by Florida State University

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It All Comes Out of Your Pocket

(Continued from Page 25)

626 deferred and inactive projects, involving another $2,532,000,000.

The oldest of the inactive projects, authorizing $100,000 for dredging the Ochlockonee River in Western Florida, dates back to 1833. "The Ochlockonee," said an Engineer spokesman, "carries no commerce, and never did."

While there is no particular harm—other than the silliness of it—in carrying 125-year-old projects on the books, the Engineers would like to clear away some of this debris. Since 1915, the corps has been hopefully furnishing Congress with lists of moribund proposals. But the lawmakers—and it is symptomatic of their addiction to pork—become curiously paralyzed when it comes to deauthorizing even an admittedly useless project in their home districts.

In fairness to the corps, it must be noted that, while it plumps vigorously for projects it favors, it also submits many adverse recommendations. Spokesmen say approximately 50 per cent of projects reviewed—in number, not dollar volume—are turned down, and that the corps has another streamlined procedure, known as the "letter report," which eliminates many others without the expense of a full-dress survey.

Why are congressmen so eager to pack the pork barrel with the costly titbits dear to their constituents' appetites, but, in the long run, dearer to the taxpayers' pocketbooks? Sen. Paul H. Douglas (D., Ill.), who, year after year, like a modern Don Quixote, has tilted vainly against the waterways windmill, tells a story which he feels is the key to the whole thing. During the 1950 debate, Douglas' administrative assistant encountered Sen. Dennis Chavez (D., N. Mex.), Public Works Committee chairman, in the Senate cloakroom. He asked Chavez if he thought the bill would pass.

The veteran champion of the free spenders unabashedly replied, "Oh, yes; there's something in it for everybody!"

One of Douglas' most devastating attacks on waterways pork occurred some years ago, when Sen. Carl Hayden (D., Ariz.) rashly challenged him to point out "just one piece of fat." Douglas solemnly advanced on Hayden, bearing an atlas and a large magnifying glass. Pointing out that the bill contained a $33,000 item for improving "the Josias River," in Maine, where Douglas had grown up, he declared, "I had never known of the Josias River, though my family has been a seafaring family along the coast of Maine for some three hundred years."

He went on to say that he had "searched most zealously with a magnifying glass" and had even consulted the Library of Congress and National Geographic Society, but nowhere on the map could the Josias be found.

The Senate floor was almost deserted when Douglas started flicking his rapier, but soon pork-barrel stalwarts came running out of the cloakroom to bludgeon him with data about where the Josias was and why it was so important. A Maine solon taxed him for his "ignorance," and Tennessee's late Sen. K. D. McKellar, in a neighborly gesture toward the rock-ribbed Republican New England state, lectured Douglas on the importance of Josias to Maine's fishing industry. Douglas politely thanked him, but reiterated his "suspicion" that the Josias River folk were angling for "a fresh-water anchorage for the motorboats and sailboats of summer residents." Nevertheless, the Josias got its money.

This case of the mysterious Maine streamlet had all the earmarks of a classic example of logrolling, which is still another political art that goes hand in hand with pork-barrelism. Logrolling is the "you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours" technique whereby many congressmen, among them some noted verbal espousers of "economy," callously swap votes in exchange for mutual support for desired local projects.

Debating last session's huge waterways measure with Sen. Chavez, Sen. Frank Lausche (D., Ohio) described logrolling as "blackmail." In the same debate, Sen. William F. Knowland, of California, Republican minority leader, angrily accused Chavez of attempting to "intimidate" him by threatening to cut off California projects because Knowland favored reconsideration of items that seemed likely to provoke a presidential veto.

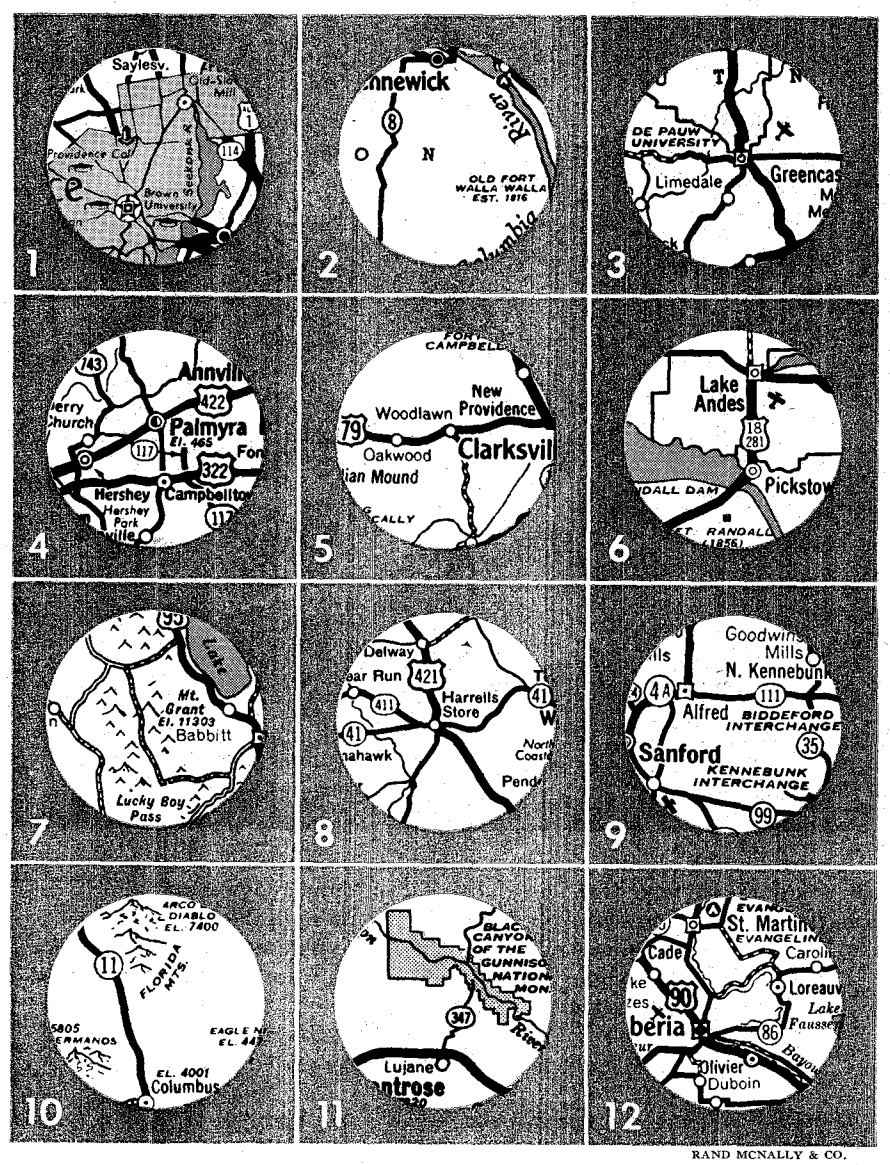
Such reprisal threats are not uncommon. Rep. Ed. Edmondson (D., Okla.) warned House colleagues last session, "You are looking today at one member of Congress who will not . . . vote for one nickel of foreign aid, even to the most friendly foreign power, unless this Congress and this administration act generously and quickly to meet the great flood disaster of 1957 in Oklahoma." Edmondson's district came away with several prizes.

So far as waterways pork is concerned, there are two types of bill—appropriations and authorizations. The first appropriates money; the second is a "buy-now-pay-later" proposition whereby Congress authorizes future new projects for which it later will have to appropriate the cash.

In 1957, Congress, after much bickering, finally passed an appropriations bill containing approximately $851,000,000 for waterways or related developments. The figure included starting funds for some 285 projects of the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation that eventually will cost the Government about $12,500,000,000.

In a final stormy debate, Rep. Ben F. Jensen (R., Iowa), a member of the Appropriation Committee's subcommittee on Public Works, charged that the Republican minority on the subcommittee had been steam-rollered by the Democratic majority.

Yet, the House-Senate compromise bill was adopted. Anyone seeking clues as to why might scan the unintentionally revealing remarks made on the House floor by Rep. Louis C. Rabaut (D., Mich.), also a member of the subcommittee that produced the measure.



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 70*)

Said Rabaut, "This particular appropriations measure often has been referred to as the 'pork-barrel' bill. . . . Well, now, just for the sake of argument, let us assume that this bill is a barrel, and that it does contain pork. . . . Let us open that barrel and just see what it . . . contain(s)."

He then went on to list the impressive roster of projects covered by the bill, located in "forty-three states, plus Alaska and Hawaii."

"So you see," Rabaut exclaimed triumphantly, "there is a little of this so-called pork for virtually everybody. . . . Let us build a bigger barrel so that we can fill it fuller of necessary, economically conceived and executed programs for the betterment of all."

This brazenly labeled "pork-for-virtually-everybody" measure then went to President Eisenhower, who has vainly sought congressional authority to exercise the right of "item veto," whereby he could knock out objectionable items in "package" appropriations bills without being forced to kill the entire measure. Noting that he was "deeply concerned" by the "new construction starts" which Congress for three successive years had railroaded over Bureau of the Budget opposition, Mr. Eisenhower pointed out that these new projects would cost the Government $2,500,000,000 over the next three to five years.

"This action," he said, "has been taken in spite of the fact that in 1958 expenditures for the Corps of Engineers' civil functions will approach the previous all-time high, with almost 500 projects, having a total cost of over $9,000,000,000, in various stages of construction."

The President further asserted that he had carefully balanced water-resources needs against vital national defense and other governmental obligations in the interests of preserving economic stability and solvency. "The Congress, by the action it has taken on this bill, has seriously hampered the attainment of these objectives," he charged.

Yet—just as he was forced to do with a similar bill in 1956—the President had no alternative but to sign it and let it become law, because the projects he deemed necessary were inseparably tied to those he considered unwarranted and wasteful.

This year, of course, with the Russians having soared into scientific ascendancy over the United States with their prior conquest of space, the need for diverting pork-barrel billions into research and national-defense channels is even more urgent. It seems an act of sabotage to waste one unnecessary dollar that could be used to help us catch up in the race for scientific supremacy.

The major pork-packing effort on Capital Hill at the new session will be staged in the House, for it was that body that left a waterways authorization bill of nearly $1,600,000,000 as unfinished business when Congress ended its marathon session late last summer.

It is a continuation of a clash between Congress and the White House that began in 1956 when the legislative branch authorized $1,600,000,000 worth of new river and harbor and flood-control projects, many of which lacked Engineers and Budget Bureau approval. President Eisenhower, acting with courage, since it was an election year when the action might have hurt him, vetoed the bill in blunt language.

In 1957 the Senate did it all over again by passing the so-called "omnibus" public-works bill, authorizing an amount only slightly lower as a starting cost for some 100 new flood and navigation projects. More money would be necessary later. The bill went to the House Public Works (*Continued on Page 69*)

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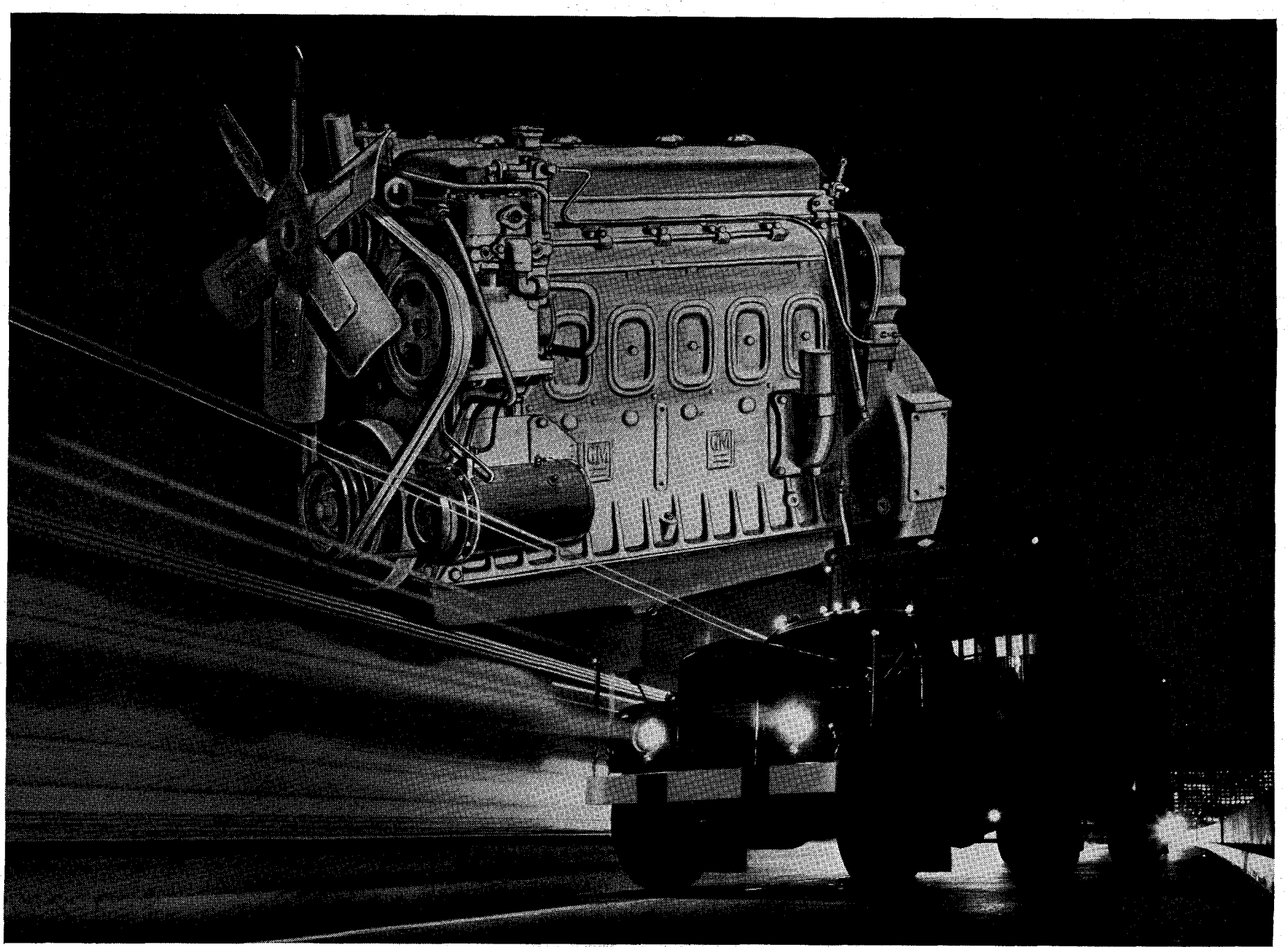

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(*Continued from Page 67*) Committee, where one of the Democratic strategists confidently served notice that "if the President vetoes it this time, we'll pass it over his veto." But a bitter intracommittee row broke out. Thirteen Republicans refused to approve the report unless more than $300,000,000 in projects not approved by Army Engineers or the Budget Bureau was eliminated. These were virtually the same items which had provoked the 1956 presidential veto.

After making a token cut of $80,000,000, the Democratic majority, joined by two Republicans, approved the Senate bill. But the House Democratic leadership ducked a floor test when Speaker Sam Rayburn abruptly announced that the bill would not be voted on until the 1958 session.

The shrewd "Mr. Sam" did not spell out his reasons for the postponement. He didn't have to. It was obvious that feelings were so bitter that the majority feared there might be an effective bipartisan rebellion—even though the bill was heavily larded with pork for virtually the entire country. Also, even if the bill should pass, it was so late in the session that the President could kill it by a "pocket veto," as a bill left unsigned in the last ten days of a congressional session automatically dies. So, by deferring a showdown, the speaker kept alive the Senate's approval of the $1,600,000,000 grab bag.

One of the battles certain to be renewed at this session is the rebellion of the Public Works Committee's Republican minority against the unapproved projects which the Democratic majority sought to pack into the bill. A prime mover in this revolt was William S. Broomfield, thirty-five-year-old "freshman" congressman from Royal Oak, Michigan. Angered by what he termed the "gag rule" and "Tammany Hall" tactics of the majority under leadership of Committee Chairman Charles A. Buckley (D., N.Y.), Broomfield told his colleagues, "The type of political shenanigans . . . displayed by the majority members . . . [is] a disgrace to the orderly legislative processes of the House of Representatives and the United States Government."

Broomfield's account of what went on behind the committee's locked doors is a pertinent case history of how the log-rolling pork-barrel process works.

"Committee Democrats," he charged, "ganged up with votes and general proxies—blanket authorizations by absent Democrats to vote any way the chairman sees fit—in a most flagrant attempt to flout their responsibilities and pay off a political favor. The Democrats inserted a $500,000 project for the dredging of Moriches Inlet on Long Island as an admitted favor to Buckley. . . . The project had not been cleared through either the [Budget] Bureau or the Army Engineers."

The Moriches project called for dredging a clogged navigation channel, used primarily by pleasure craft, and cleaning up a pollution problem caused by wastes from nearby privately owned duck farms. The first "emergency" phase was to cost the $500,000 sought by committee Democrats. It was to be followed, if the results of a requested Engineer Corps survey were favorable, by a $5,000,000 jetty-building program. When the project was suddenly dumped on the Public Works Committee, Broomfield related, he immediately insisted on a roll call. Four Democratic proxies, cast in behalf of absentee committeemen, helped put over the vote by 19 to 14—though it still would have carried by a single vote without the proxies.

Only after the action received publicity did the Democrats back away. "Because of the criticism from the public," Broomfield said, "Chairman Buckley asked that the Moriches Inlet project be withdrawn."

The Republican minority's objections to the omnibus authorization bill was based specifically on eighteen projects, totaling $303,359,500, which lacked the approval of both the Engineers and the Budget Bureau. Examination reveals some intriguing, and typical, samples of river pork, namely:

La Quinta Channel, Texas. Local interests spent $954,000 before this project ever was authorized; now they want the Federal Government to reimburse them. The majority approved the payment, but the minority objected that this would "set an undesirable precedent which might lead to incalculable future commitments" if other local interests decide to press similar claims for unauthorized expenditures.

Tombigbee River and Tributaries; Alabama and Mississippi. Here the bill would make a $4,754,000 gift to local interests by overriding recommendations of the Chief of Army Engineers and increasing the Federal contribution from $14,445,000 to $19,199,000.

Red-Ouachita River Basin; Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana. This is a king-sized hunk of pork, authorizing construction of certain reservoirs with no engineering justification "except that they were listed in the inventory of projects contained in the Arkansas-White and Red River Basin report, along with many billions of dollars' worth of other projects." The minority warned that it would set a "dangerous precedent" which could open the door to similar grabs elsewhere, and that the proposal included "favored treatment for local beneficiaries" through power and water subsidies "at the expense of the general taxpayer." Furthermore, the dissenters objected to "distortion of cost estimates . . . resulting from inclusion of features known to cost at least $109,480,000 under the inaccurate and misleading cost estimate of $53,235,000."

In general, legislators are mum about the logrolling game, unless they are on the defensive. Every now and then, however, one will kick over the traces. In 1956, for example, House Appropriations Chairman Clarence Cannon (D., Mo.), known for his acidulous tongue, cut loose with the following forthright blast:

"Today everybody seems to be trying to get all they can out of the United States. . . . They beleaguer the Committee on Appropriations like packs of wolves.

"Here we have a bill giving something to everybody. . . . Both sides of the aisle got together and they agreed, 'You scratch my back and I'll scratch your(s).' And they came over here and ran over us like a bunch of wild steers. . . .

"I am going to vote with them today. Let us make this bill so bad that the people will finally take note."

Over the years, Senator Douglas has heaped sarcasm on various pork-barrel projects. Once, arguing that the Mississippi flood problem might be better solved by construction of more dams and fewer levees, he pointed out that in his own state this great waterway has been so hemmed in with retaining walls that it literally has become "a river on a viaduct."

By 1956, the frustrated Illinois senator delivered what was to have been his valedictory. "I felt," he told the Senate, "as if I were butting my head against a rubber wall and rebounding at every effort."

The pork-barrel system, he went on, is one of "mutual accommodations . . . with the implicit promise . . . that, if senators do not object to the bill as a whole, they will 'get theirs.'"

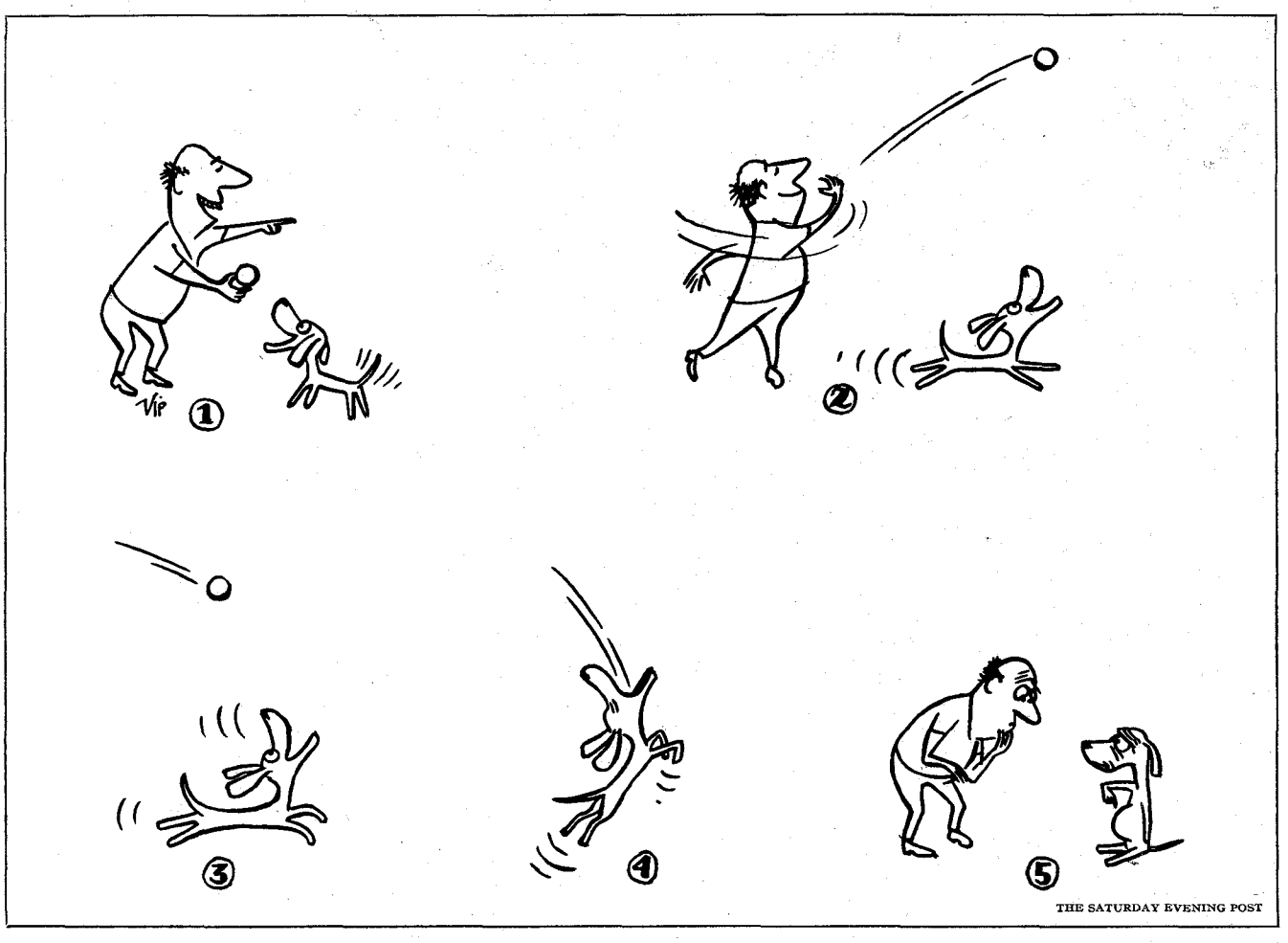
Yet, in 1957, Senator Douglas again went to work on the pork-barrel bill. He was voted down, 85 to 1.

Let's examine a few more of the hundreds of porky projects which Senator Douglas, with the infrequent support of a handful of other Capitol Hill mavericks, vainly strives to exclude from the bottomless congressional barrel. At the small town of Fairhope, Alabama, on Mobile Bay, there is a pleasant little waterway known as Fly Creek. On recommendation of the Army Engineers, funds were provided in 1950 to dredge a large channel and basin from the bay to the village anchorage. True, the cost at the time it was proposed was only $14,000, plus $2000 annual maintenance—hardly a speck in the huge pork barrel—but what was the justification? At the time the project was set up, forty-five small craft were anchored in the creek, and owners of fifteen other vessels said they might tie up on Fly Creek if facilities were improved. Construction now is under way; costs have risen to $26,000.

This inflation of estimated costs on waterways, by the way, is no isolated phenomenon. Page upon page could be filled with flagrant examples of how such figures have doubled, tripled and sometimes even quadrupled over and above estimates originally submitted to Congress. A current one—so bad that even its congressional sponsors are complaining—is the St. Lawrence Seaway, which the United States is building in partnership with Canada. In December, 1952, Congress was told our share would be $66,185,000. In 1956 the tab was raised to $87,000,000. Last April a House Appropriations subcommittee noted:

"The committee was shocked to learn that the latest cost estimates [U. S.] for this project total $133,000,000 . . . an increased cost of approximately 53 per cent in one year. The administrator of the St. Lawrence Seaway Development Corporation was not able to fully explain this development. . . . All too often, estimates on Federal projects of this type are found to be totally unreliable. . . . This . . . will make it much more difficult for the Congress to place reliance in the estimates of this agency in the future."

Continuing the pork-pen roundup, there is the Shilshole Bay (Seattle) improvement. According to latest estimates, it will cost the Government $2,200,000. Asked recently why this project is necessary, a high-ranking Engineer spokesman remarked that it will save time for fishermen by making it unnecessary for them to use the nearby Lake Washington ship-canal locks, and that pleasure craft will



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be spared possible damage that might be sustained should they happen to bang against the lock walls in transit.

At Knife River Harbor, Minnesota, on Lake Superior, the Engineers have begun improvements that will cost Federal taxpayers at least $257,800. At the time the project was proposed, the known beneficiaries were six fishing vessels and four pleasure craft, plus ten other fishermen who indicated they "might" berth there after the improvement was completed. Critics pointed out that the value of privately owned land in the vicinity would be enormously enhanced—a pork-barrel by-product from which land speculators frequently profit.

Scituate Harbor, on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, is a favorite spot for yachtsmen, but average annual commercial traffic was only seventy-six tons from 1949 through 1952. No commerce at all was reported in 1953. Despite this singular lack of business, the 1954 appropriations act contained $375,000 for digging deeper, wider channels and constructing two additional anchorage basins.

Out in Oklahoma and Arkansas there is a vast project embracing all elements of pork-barrel-logrolling politics. It is the hydra-headed proposal to develop the Arkansas River basin for navigation, hydroelectricity, flood control and numerous other purposes, including recreation, municipal and industrial water supply, draining, soil conservation—in short, the works. Congress already has authorized $1,200,000,000—and this is just a starter. There are related proposals for developing the entire Arkansas-White-Red River basins, extending into seven states. An Inter-Agency Committee estimated the total cost of all A-W-R proposals advanced to date at more than $5,000,000,000, and the scope is constantly growing.

For years I have observed water-resources development, and I am appalled at the cost of keeping the pork barrel filled. The Government receives virtually no reimbursement from flood-control and navigation projects, and large Federal subsidies are involved in irrigation, drainage, pollution abatement and similar developments. Can we expect really economical projects to be built by public agencies when the beneficiaries repay little or no part of the cost? The answer obviously is no.

Over the years, various groups under both Democratic and Republican administrations have urged a cessation of the costly rivalry among the empire-building Army Engineers, the profligate Bureau of Reclamation and other Federal bureaus and departments, particularly the Agriculture Department's Soil Conservation Service. There now are twenty-five main Federal agencies in the water and power business, and eight other bureaus and offices which dabble in the same field.

In their zeal to outspend one another, the rival Federal agencies are literally pouring billions of taxpayer dollars down the rivers. In certain types of projects administered by the Engineer Corps, there are legal requirements that Federal funds be supplemented with a proportionate contribution of local dollars; yet this provision all too often is ignored. On the House floor, Representative Jensen, of Iowa, admitted, "There are projects in this bill that cost millions and millions of dollars where there is not one red penny of local contributions."

The United States Comptroller General recently cited to Congress a curious example of seeming indifference to the taxpayers' welfare, wherein the Corps of Engineers actually refused a contribution proffered to the Government by a benefiting private company. At Oswego, New York, one company alone stood to save $435,000 annually through harbor improvements.

"The company offered," the Comptroller General related, ". . . to advance $100,000 to the Federal Government to commence work on the project. Despite its willingness . . . cash contributions toward the construction cost were not recommended by the Chief of Engineers because the benefits to the company were considered to be savings in transportation costs that would be passed on to the ultimate consumer."

This "consumers' savings" argument, incidentally, was shaken a few years back when an oil-company traffic manager admitted to a House investigating committee that consumers saved exactly nothing through cheaper river shipment of gasoline made possible by Federal subsidies. "Our market is determined on the rail rates," he said. "That is the only basis we use. . . . We put the money in our pocket like everybody else."

While much of the blame for this outpouring of billions must be placed on overly ambitious Federal agencies and on Congress which accedes to their demands, the onus for continued congressional logrolling and pork-barrelism must be shared by the public. Without public pressures, congressmen would not be so quick to vote billions to improve channels for private yachtsmen, to build public power dams under a multiplicity of guises, to provide cheap transportation for special interests, and to undertake so-called flood-control measures of dubious practicality.

The demoralizing effect of logrolling was driven home by Appropriations Committee Chairman Cannon, who told the House, "It is becoming more serious every year. When men organize and gang up on the committee and the Treasury, they confess the poverty of their cause. If their project had any merit, it would not be necessary to trade and traffic."

If we really want economy, we must send to Washington a Congress composed of men strong enough to slap down the free-spending agencies. Further, we must strengthen our congressmen's backbones by showing them that we really believe economy should begin at home, not in the other fellow's district, and that we will elect—not defeat—them if they legislate in favor of the taxpayers instead of the special interests.

How long can America afford to keep on sluicing its great wealth into the rivers and harbors to satisfy local interests and to perpetuate ambitious men in public office?

The prospect of a $70,000,000,000 water bill is not only frightening, it is suicidal. If we are going to dam anything in this country, let's leave the overdeveloped, overprotected rivers alone for a bit—except for bona-fide projects—and let's dam this eternal, pork-tinged spending. THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 68

1. R.I.	2. Wash.	3. Ind.
4. Pa.	5. Tenn.	6. S.D.
7. Nev.	8. N.C.	9. Me.
10. N.M.	11. Col.	12. La.

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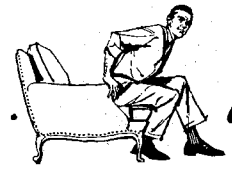
and want to watch TV...  *it's the getting up*

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My Husband Ought to Fire Me!

(Continued from Page 30)

In a word, nobody would have me except a husband. What is more, I'd call this a fairly general state of affairs.

The blunt fact is, most housewives are pretty good at a couple of things, fair to middling at a couple of others, and as for the rest, they do them when and if they have to, and lousily. A man never knows which one or two housewifely talents he's getting when he marries either. No matter what good fudge she made in her bachelor-girl apartment, he can't be sure! That is one of the things that make marriage so exciting.

Let's admit it: we housewives are jugglers who, trying to keep a dozen nice big fresh eggs in the air, spend most of our time skidding in the shells. Once in a blue moon, for the fast wink of an eye, all the eggs stay up. The popovers pop, the checkbook balances, last month's permanent is holding its own, and the children love each other. Providence hands out these moments, one or two per decade, as a tantalizing vision of what life could be like as lived in the center of the impossibly squared circle. But for the most part, we just mouse along, putting one saddle shoe in front of the other, which is generally in the flypaper, bending over to pick up the floor mop and dropping the baby.

But don't think for a moment we're unduly upset about this. You get used to anything.

Perhaps it would be helpful, in this little social study, to consider separately some of the areas in which we housewives daily demonstrate our *expertise*—this is a word which social studies always use instead of "expertness." For example, let us look at the field of business management.

I would like very much to know what kind of tranquilizer pills they are on—these people who say that we housewives are skilled business managers—and whether the stuff is available at my favorite grocer's. It might help to assuage the dim, general unease that seems to assail most women when they have to think about money.

Look at it this way: women spend about 85 per cent of the country's income—you read that all the time. And the country is *enormously* in debt. There you have it.

Observation leads me to believe that most women pursue a financial course similar to my own. That is, no matter what amount of money we start the month with, it won't quite reach. We can't squeeze up the month to fit the money, either, so there we are, always with that perilous chasm ahead of us.

Of course, there are always charge accounts. I know a lady who took out two $250 revolving charge accounts—the kind on which you pay twenty-five dollars a month plus 1 per cent on the unpaid balance till hell freezes, because somehow the unpaid balance is perpetually about $225. She didn't know that all those little 1 per cents on the two accounts add up to a tidy fifty-four dollars a year. Let's face it: what I mean is that I didn't realize this. But after all, hell may freeze sooner than you think, what with the atom and everything, so I don't believe I'll do anything about it yet. Anyway, tomorrow I have to think about washing the woodwork.

I also know a lady who went to an auction and picked up a nice ten-dollar table for seventy-five dollars. She has a dandy collection of trading stamps, though—almost enough for some pillowcases.

And speaking of trading stamps, consider the general bafflement of us skilled business managers when we are confronted by such simple, everyday matters as where to park the car when we lunch or shop downtown. Most of us decided long ago that meters were too expensive at five cents per half hour plus the $7.50 tow-away charge. (That's what it is in our town if you stay there even a smidgin past four-thirty.) So we use parking lots. I, for instance, have four to choose from, all equally close to the scene of action. But the problem is the choosing.

Parking Lot A charges thirty-five cents for the first hour and twenty-five cents for the hours thereafter and gives you trading stamps. Parking Lot B charges a straight twenty-five cents per hour and gives you no trading stamps. At Parking Lot C you get your first hour scot-free if your bank stamps your parking ticket, but inasmuch as you have to do some business with your bank before they will stamp it, and inasmuch as you practically never have a deposit to make, this means writing a check which you hadn't planned on writing. And Parking Lot D shows similar largesse of spirit if you have made purchases totaling not less than one dollar at any of three department stores.

Admittedly, figuring out which one is cheapest poses a mathematical problem which makes the $E=mc^2$ equation look like a child's apple-counting game. Yet you would think that after all this time I'd have arrived at a sounder solution than simply taking turns at all of them and probably wasting money like mad, which is what I do.

But this is a depressing subject. Let us push on to practical nursing.

I feel strongly that as Ladies with Lamps, we housewives are hardly ten-watt. We are sympathetic, mind you. The other night my husband went to bed with a wrenched back, looking green, and I felt so bad about it that I got up and took a vitamin pill. But, though we're long on sympathy, we're mighty short on the old home remedies. Also, we panic easy when something is the matter with somebody, because everything is so complicated today.

Great-grandma could brew up a mess of sheep dip and clam juice for a cold because she had never heard of strep throat or Asian flu. But these days, when a germ attacks the home front, we housewives tend to think this thing is bigger than both of us, and we call a doctor. For the most part we function on an aspirin-and-iodine economy.

I do know one lady who is a born nurse, but her family just never gets sick, so she nurse's-aides at the hospital and her house looks awful.

Which leads us right into the important area of house cleaning. Housewives, the articles say, are skilled professional cleaning women too.

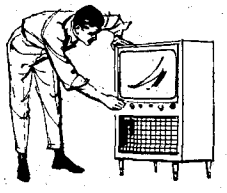
Now this simply isn't true.

Cause for Alarm

That God made time the stars attest,
But clocks were Satan's little jest.

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

...that gets you down



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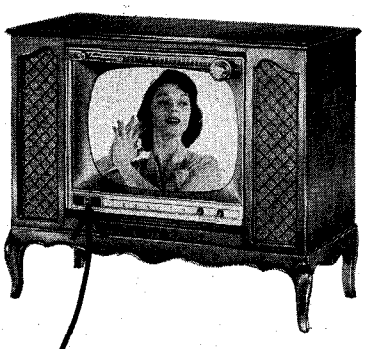

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It isn't true even of those of us who have a real affinity for the floor waxer and a dependable sixth sense about when closets should be demothed and refrigerators defrosted.

The difficulty here stems from the nine or ten other professional skills we are practicing—I use the word advisedly—at the same time.

Cleaning, as your true professional knows, is a full-time career. Having, myself, thrown in the towel some time ago and hired a professional to come in occasionally and shovel out, I know what I'm talking about. Between her performance and mine there is a notable difference, as between Heifetz and Jack Benny.

But even your natural-born, jim-dandy house-cleaner-housewife can't possibly do a real job unless she hires herself out. Here is her situation: the gentle, relentless dust keeps falling, right along with the cat hair. The family junk corner—the windowseat, say, or one of the kitchen counters—keeps piling up waist-high with father's third-class mail, cordless pajama bottoms that something must be done about someday, books overdue at the library, a partly chewed cinnamon bun and a couple of odd pieces of lawn mower; and the dog keeps leaving his big sloppy paw marks all over the kitchen floor.

However, the minute the jim-dandy house cleaner institutes a crash program, a neighbor drops in to get her veal-bird recipe—professional cooking skill—and the second-grade teacher calls up to tell her her daughter has been biting people—child-psychology skill—and her husband yells from the living room, "Hey, you better catch this TV show; it's a kick!" (Gay companion.)

So, even the genius-type house-cleaner-housewife occasionally feels like the patsy in a grade-B comedy, swinging around to dodge the oncoming tomato just in time to catch the lemon meringue, head on. And for those of us who were not to the dustcloth born, things are worse—much worse.

Take the little matter of essential home repairs. I have a vacuum cleaner which is developing a neurosis of some kind and occasionally conks out. So far, I've been able to keep the upper hand by giving it a good kick, which is the time-tested feminine home-repair technique. I doubt that this will work forever, but I can't take the vacuum to the repairman now because it is too close to the end of the month. (See business-management skill.) The light inside my refrigerator keeps going off, too, but I find that if I wiggle the meat dish in a certain way ——

Then there is another problem which many of us have. Some days have a way of going to pot on us. That is, the day loses its momentum before it ever gets any. When this happens, the house looks exactly the same when your husband comes home as it did when he left it, except that the ash trays are a little fuller. On days like this there is simply no way of computing your financial worth to your husband until the country develops a monetary unit smaller than the red cent.

When I was four years old, my mother was cooking for eight people, coping with an oversized house and a Queen Anne washing machine, and riding herd on me and my six-year-old brother. She gave me a bath every other day. Then I met Kathleen, the little girl at the corner, who told me she got a bath *every single day*. When I reprovingly laid this fact in my mother's lap, she said, with some severity, "Kathleen must be a very dirty little girl."

Mamma knew. Something had to give.

In the foregoing paragraphs, I have touched only fleetingly on the field of child psychology. I wouldn't dare do more. It must be remarked, however, that if you ask any housewife if she is a skilled child psychologist, all you'll get is a level, ugly look. At all times doubt fogs the maternal windshield, thick as mashed potatoes, whether we're punishing, pampering or educating. When you wallop the baby's bottom because he poured your only bottle of French perfume into the shoe bag, you don't know whether you're traumatizing him or not, no matter how many books you've read—and you won't know, either, till twenty years later—but what else can you do? Besides, at this point it's rather fun.

Then there is the matter of skilled home decorating. As most housewives know, decorating is the popular euphemism for replacing things at the precise split second before they fall apart. Most couples start out with Early Matrimonial—a modest collection of this and that which they either borrowed or found. The decorating problem then, as the passing years deposit their certain sediment of pink plastic bounce chairs and dirty woolly lambs and Christmas gifts from relatives who certainly meant well, is to keep the whole thing from becoming too ghastly, which we do with varying degrees of success.

I might as well mention here my own small foray into the field of decoration. Feeling that we needed more *objets d'art* around the place, I took up bottle painting. It so happened that I fell heir to a clutch of catchup bottles, and I painted them all a nice orange red. When I finished, they looked remarkably like catchup bottles—nice full ones—and I haven't painted another bottle since.

And so, finally, to the business of chauffeuring. If we housewives are to believe what we read, we are skilled chauffeurs.

Well, this much is true: we do chauffeur. We frequently transport things and people to various places and back again. What I do is, I put them in the car, get behind the wheel, push the steering-wheel dingus over from N to D, and then I depress the pedal on the car floor, which generally moves us forward, if I have turned on the ignition. Then, after driving nine or ten blocks, I often release the hand brake. But I don't believe my husband would pay anyone to do this. I think he would rather pay them not to.

I know a lady who heard a loud noise from the rear as she drove to town one day, and because her husband had recently had the tail pipe fixed—it had developed a habit of fetching loose—she figured shrewdly that this noise was the tail pipe fetching loose again, and she kept on driving. At the parking lot, she walked around behind the car, just to check, and she found that the trouble wasn't the tail pipe; it was the left rear tire, which she recognized instantly by the shreds of rubber still attached to the rim.

I realize now that I've tackled here a great deal more than I can pin to the mat, in my limited space. For instance, grooming and the gay-companion bit alone could fill books. See that efficient mother of four wielding the P.T.A. gavel and wearing the crisp fresh blouse? Her bra is pinned with a diaper pin, and goodness only knows what the baby is pinned with. Furthermore, her husband is really going to catch it when she gets home tonight and finds he opened the canned ham for dinner instead of warming up that perfectly good leftover shepherd's pie.

And I'll simply have to brush over professional-laundress skill—every husband has at least one pair of pale pink shorts dating from the time the baby's red mitten got into the washload—as well as professional-cooking skill—there are always frozen peas. Nor can I hope to do justice to our competence as professional hostesses, although there is one facet of this which I believe I'll have to mention.

I refer to the problem of the leftover. I don't mean the leftover which is a leftover because some of it has been eaten. I mean the virgin-pure company dish which never even got served in the first place.

I used to think this was a private trouble of mine, and I never talked much about it. Sometimes it would be the sourdough French rolls—an especially good kind which I'd combed the town for—which, somehow, never got to the table. Or it would be the asparagus, plump, fresh and beautiful, waiting for me to cook it when I came into the kitchen around midnight to wash the dishes.

But I have learned since that this recurrent amnesia is practically an occupational disease among hostesses. The worst case I've come across is that of a friend of mine who spent a good part of one day embalming a salmon in aspic for a rather lavish buffet. Salmon, turkey, spuds *Provençale*—the works. And, what with one thing and another, the salmon never got to the dining room. When the party was over, my friend found the salmon, still exquisitely in aspic, in the icebox.

Now honestly. Would any husband in his right mind pay anybody for doing things like this? I rest my case. Whatever we get, we are gloriously overpaid.

Yet I repeat: don't go thinking we are half as frustrated as everybody tries to make out. Really, we never had it so good. Like the story of the old pioneer with the arrows through his chest and his scalp dangling, it only hurts when we laugh. And another thing: consideration of these matters gives rise to such comforting conclusions. I'm practically convinced that our husbands love us. I think they really must. THE END

NEXT WEEK

I Call on Edward R. Murrow
By PETE MARTIN

In Color:
ROUGH ROAD HOME
How a Widow and Her Kids Began Life Over

I Was a 6'9" Babe in the Woods
By Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics

THE CHANGING MIDWEST: FLINT, MICHIGAN
By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

We Wives Can Play the Market Too
Stock-buying Club for Women Only

ON THE PROWL WITH "31 KNOT" BURKE
The Navy's Boss Scouts Red Strength in Asia

Report From "Plague Island"
The U. S. Animal Disease Laboratory

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Forbidden Yearning

(Continued from Page 33)

To their right was the open office, and on the wall above the desk they could see poor, dear, little Gilford gazing soulfully from his dark-brown frame. Little Gilford had been the Dorns' firstborn, and all the children tried hard to feel sad that he was now an angel in heaven. Today, being bold, Gracie gave him an honest gratitude. It was little Gilford's death that had caused his parents to enter the Lord's army and accept two hundred and sixty children in his name. They had two more of their own now, and if there was any one reason why this was a home and not merely an orphanage, it was because they treated them like all the others. They ate the same food, shared the same chores enjoyed the same treats and suffered the same punishments. If a bona-fide Dorn smacked a brother in the eye, he was exiled to the same Coventry: he had to stand in front of the main house in a pair of overalls with one brown leg and one blue leg, and take the gibes of his peers.

They came to the front door, which stood open in summer. No door was ever locked here, except, of course, the one of the closet under the stairs where the sugar and the dried fruits were stored. There were no fences, no walls. They stepped through the door onto the porch, into a day so new, so fresh that it caught the heart.

All around them were the rolling hills, the growing light glinting on the tracks where the small ones wore out the fronts of their clothes sliding down the slick dry grass on the sleds which the big boys made for them in the workshops. In the meadow under an oak grazed Dan, the old white horse, whose back was strung each afternoon with the nursery kids, their little bare heels thumping his sides to make him go faster. Beyond the grass and the flower garden near the old vineyards the gray cat was carrying the first of her new litter for safekeeping in the blackberry thicket.

But something was wrong. The little dustpan girl didn't know it yet, and the bread girl did. Almost all the children had someone, and anyone was better than no one, and they had no one. On Sunday afternoon the porch was always lined with squirming bodies and scrubbed and shining faces. And when a car turned off the dusty road and came up the drive and stopped, and out climbed the mother who had been ill, the father who had been out of work, the cousin or the aunt, something strange happened. The waiting child forgot all else—even Mother Dorn—even to say good-by to his best friend. And he went forward eagerly, yet a little shyly, with a look which was like no other.

"Why doesn't your mother ever come to see you? Don't you have anybody?" Gracie had been asked through the years. And when Tina was older, she would hear worse: "You're a foundling. You don't even have a name."

Gracie held the little hand with fierce protectiveness.

"I must go now, Tina," she said. "I have to work on the bread. Now you go back to bed. I won't forget you. I'll tell you when it's time to hold the dustpan."

They returned to the entrance hall, and the little girl scooted up the stairs, and the big girl moved quickly down the corridor to the dining room and stopped.

With the tables set for breakfast, each chair in place, each tumbler turned down, the room seemed to be waiting, hushed and eerie in the dawn, redolent of feelings and old echoes. This was the very heart of the place. Here, at Christmas, the little ones strung the paper garlands for the great tree which stood always at the far end, and the big boys carried in the piano box packed tight with dolls. Here, when she was sixteen, Gracie would receive her silver thimble, symbol of maturity.

Surely a little bit of God hovered perpetually above the ceiling, so many words had been addressed to Him here. At mealtimes the children lined up in the hall and entered, singing grace, and before leaving they stood for the hymn and knelt for the prayer.

Gracie entered slowly. It seemed to her that she could still hear her little girl's voice singing fervently her favorite hymn, Pull for the Shore, Sailor, Pull for the Shore. And when at last the sailor was "safe in the lifeboat to sin no more," she had always been positive she had helped get him there. And she was sure now that all her life she would hear Dad Dorn giving the morning prayer, and see Mother Dorn as she stood after supper above the bowed heads of her huge family and asked that He hold every single one in the palm of His hand—and especially the bad ones.

Then why was she afraid of what she had determined to do? Was it because she was old enough to know that there are some who think faith possible only to the very young or the credulous?

She walked to the center of the huge room. She remembered having been told that when her mother brought her here, her little clothes had been clean and carefully made and hemstitched, and this gave her confidence.

She lifted her head and she spoke boldly to the Lord. "If my mother hasn't come for me, there must be a reason," she said. "And I want her to find me; and if she cannot, I want You to help me find her, and I ask it."

She dropped the words like pebbles in a sea, and almost running, slipped among the tables into the pantry, through it and into the big kitchen and the smell of the yeast.

Cookie was standing by the stove, stirring the immense kettle of oatmeal, her cotton robe wrapped firmly around her ample middle, her face framed in kid curlers.

"Bless you, Gracie. I'm glad it's you. Now I can get these bobbins out of my hair. Have a cup of hot chocolate, child," and Cookie whacked the spoon against the side of the kettle and put it down.

"And, Gracie, don't be lifting the flour sacks by yourself. The boy will be along with the milk cart directly. And when the others come, make them wash their hands, and watch they rinse them well. I will not have my good bread tainted of soap."

Then Gracie was alone, and when she had finished her chocolate, she heard the rattle of the milk cart coming from the barn, the boy singing as he pushed it, and she knew then he was Carl.

He came up the back steps and through the door, eager as the new day, a fine-looking lad in his worn blue overalls, sleeves rolled high on big strong arms. He saw her and stopped.

"Good morning, Gracie," he said shyly.

"Good morning, Carl."

He took the knife from his pocket and opened it, and he cut the chain stitch on the first flour sack carefully because it must be washed and bleached and used. He lifted the sack, Gracie ready at the bread table, and as he began to pour, she raised the board which dammed the yeast mixture into the three-foot trough and let it trickle through the softly falling flour.

There was a difference between them. Carl had a family. Carl belonged to people, and they to him. When his mother had died, his father had refused to separate the six children and brought them to the home, and he had found work nearby so he could see them frequently, and each month he had contributed toward their care.

When Carl had finished pouring the flour into the trough, Gracie dipped in her hands to begin the mixing.

"My father is coming this Sunday, Gracie," he said. "We are going to take my brothers and sisters on a picnic. If you will come with us, I will ask Mother Dorn's permission. My father says he will be pleased to have you."

Something big and bold within her answered. "Thank you, Carl, but I'm expecting to see my mother," and for an instant his face was empty of expression, so tightly did he contain his doubt.

"Some other time, Gracie," he said, and he put away his knife and left the kitchen quickly, whistling.

When the three other bread girls straggled in, Gracie made them wash their hands and rinse them. Now there were eight hands working the yeast into the flour, until it was smooth and spongy and ready for the raising.

After breakfast, Gracie remembered to tell Tina when the moment arrived to hold the dustpan proudly and without a wiggle. Yet already she was waiting for her answer. In midmorning, when she returned to the kitchen to help knead and shape the loaves, the dough seemed almost alive, and she pushed it hard with the heels of her palms, lifted and turned it deftly until it pushed back at her. And in the afternoon, when the big and middle girls gathered under the trees to mend socks, to shell peas into the huge dishpans, and they sang the old songs—Juanita and Swing Low, Sweet Chariot—Gracie forgot her turn to pick up the refrain, so big was the dream within her.

She held tight the dream, though she knew it was childish. It had been her companion on many a night through the years. To it she had given infinite variation. Now she added another. She added Tina; she and Tina would be waiting on the porch with the scrubbed and eager ones of a Sunday afternoon. Into the drive would turn a long and shining car, its back seat bulging with treats for all the kids, and when it stopped, out would step such a mother as the children's home had never seen—so blond, so lovely ——

"Gracie, you're woolgathering," said the adjutant. "You're a thousand miles away. Come back here," and Gracie shut off the dream and picked up the refrain, and wove another thread into the heel of some small boy's sock.

Gracie felt an instant's fear. Oh, she must be careful of this new green adjutant with the pretty face. But the fear did not come again. That evening when the adjutant was in charge of putting the smallest ones to bed in the nursery cottage, Gracie helping her, it was obvious no dumber help had ever been sent by the Lord to the children's home.

Even the two-year-olds knew it. When they knelt in the nursery for the "Lay-me-down" and the "God-blessing," it looked for a time as if the hated moment of climbing into the cribs was going to be postponed for hours, if not indefinitely.

They God-blessed all the brothers and the sisters and the help, and were working their way optimistically toward the pussy cats, the puppy dogs, the woolly worms and the garter snakes, when the adjutant sent a frantic appeal for help above their heads.

"That'll be enough of that," said Gracie loudly and cheerfully. "Just God-

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bless everything and everybody in all the world and that will do it. . . . Now does anybody want a drink? . . . Does anybody have to go to ——" And the small ones knew they were licked, and permitted themselves to be tucked in, and the adjutant sent Gracie a look of respect and thank-you.

While she waited, Gracie found it harder and harder to keep her mind on the chores, even the pleasant ones at playtime.

On doughnut night, when the big girls took turns dropping the sweet rings into the hot. deep fat, Gracie was so busy with her dream that she let her batch grow too brown on the edges, and even Cookie looked at her strangely.

And one afternoon when Dad Dorn took some of the middle ones down the dusty road to the river to teach them to swim, Gracie sat so absent-mindedly on the bank, and held the rope so carelessly that the child dog-paddling at its end floundered just a little, and Dad Dorn had to yell at her loudly, "Gracie, pull him in!"

She avoided Mother Dorn's wise and gentle eyes. Each Thursday night after bedtime, Mother Dorn came upstairs to discuss with her daughters those facts of life suitable to each age group. Sometimes she brought her guitar, and when all the questions had been asked and answered, she sang to them. Gracie asked no questions. When Mother Dorn sang Kiss Me Again, Little Darling, which was her favorite, she kept her face turned away, afraid she might meet those eyes and lose her dream by telling it. And once when Mother Dorn said, "Good night, Gracie," in her gentle voice, Gracie even pretended to be asleep.

Yet each Sunday Gracie avoided the porch where the children awaited their visitors. She kept Tina close to her, and they would sit under the trees, apart from the others, and watch the porch until even Tina looked at her a little anxiously.

On bread days, when Gracie hurried to be the first one down, and entered the eerie dining room, she did not remind Him of her request, determined to prove she could wait patiently.

Carl did not question her. One morning, lifting the heavy sack to pour the flour into the trough, he said, "I'm going to be a doctor, Gracie. I'm going to start working toward it right now. I'm going to ask Dad Dorn to help me. What are you going to be?"

"I don't know. I haven't decided. I haven't even thought of it," and she let the yeast mixture trickle so fast into the flour that it splashed.

"You could be a nurse," Carl said. "Mother Dorn would help you. We might work together. We might come back here to the home and work. Some kids do."

"I don't know," she said quickly and almost resentfully. "I don't want to talk about it," and this was strange, since she liked Carl.

One day the green new adjutant sought out Mother Dorn, her pretty face worried.

"It's about Gracie Hitt," she said. "I'm worried about her. She's such a bright girl."

"Yes-s-s."

"It's as if she's waiting for something. On Sundays when the visitors come, she hangs around the front porch where the children are gathered. She never goes up on the porch to wait with them. She stays under the trees in the yard with Tina. There's a special bond between those two—something lasting. They're closer than sisters."

"They are the two who have no one of their own," said Mother Dorn slowly.

"I know that, but it's strange nevertheless. On bread mornings Gracie is always the first one down. You know where I think she goes? Into the dining room. It's so quiet then and sort of scary. It's not good for her. Why?"

"If your mother had brought you here when you were very small and left you and never came back, wouldn't you wonder why? And when you grew older, wouldn't you hope and pray she'd come? And if she did not, wouldn't you try and find her?"

"You mean she'll run away?"

"I mean she'll remember everything she can of the home she once had, and seek a chance to return and search for it. Since it was in a town only sixty miles distant, it should be fairly easy for her to begin her search."

"But you don't mean you'll let her? Suppose she should find her mother. There's no telling what kind of a woman she may be."

"Have you so little faith?" asked Mother Dorn.

Meanwhile Gracie waited and had no answer. Oh, it was obvious what was wrong. Dad Dorn was right when he said at prayer that the Lord loves those who help themselves. On the sleeping porch in the quiet night, she tried hard now to remember her life before her mother had brought her here. The memories were few and vague. Only a few stood out.

She could remember the time her mother had come into the kitchen with an apronful of baby chicks, and she had squealed with delight and reached for them, and her mother had said, "Be careful. You'll hurt them." There was a toy monkey on a stick. There were open shelves at one end of the kitchen where the cooky crock stood. The wooden house had stood on a hill—an old gingerbread house with an ornate porch. If the house still stood, she was sure she could find it in the hot valley town whose name she remembered.

Each afternoon, in the sewing room, older girls worked on the boys' shirts, and for this they were paid. Gracie asked Mother Dorn if she might work also, and Mother Dorn asked no questions and agreed.

No one worked so carefully to keep the seams straight, to make such fine buttonholes. When Mother Dorn inspected Gracie's first shirt and told her she had done well, Gracie could not meet her eyes. It was a rule in the home that if you had a problem, you took it straight to Mother or Dad Dorn, and she had not done so.

In two weeks she had saved enough money to buy a bus ticket to the valley town of her childhood, and the very next Saturday she had a chance to get away. It happened so naturally that Gracie could only consider it providential, and it seemed to her appropriate that providence had used for its instrument the green new adjutant.

Each Saturday morning the adjutant went to town to shop, and sometimes she asked a middle or an older girl to accompany her and help with the errands and the packages. This time she asked Gracie.

Gracie sat beside her in the ancient pickup in which they would carry home the supplies. In her pocket, wrapped in a handkerchief, was the money she had earned. She clutched it tightly, trying to hide her eagerness and to be natural. But the adjutant was so dumb that she noticed nothing, and the supermarket was so full of shoppers that escape was easy.

While the adjutant plucked cans from the shelves, Gracie slipped into the crowded aisle, around a corner into another and out. She knew where the bus station was, and she ran all the way, holding tightly to the handkerchief with the money, so breathless that when she arrived, she could scarcely ask for a ticket.

Only eight minutes to wait, and the bus already loading, and so crowded it was easy to make herself inconspicuous in a rear seat, hidden by the latecomers who had to stand.

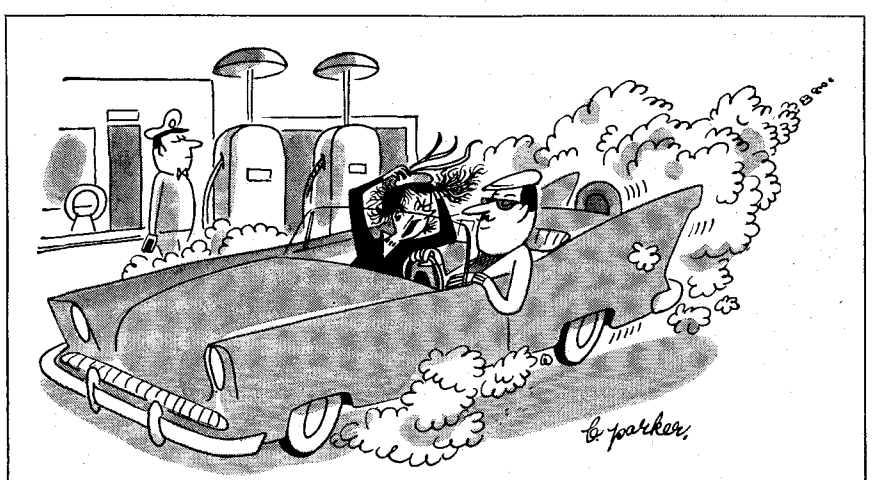
When the bus started, Gracie pretended to be tying her shoe. She was afraid to look up. The adjutant must have missed her by now, and might be scuttling on the street like a frightened chicken. But when the bus reached the outskirts of the small town, she straightened and felt safe, freedom and daring like a wind in her face.

The bus stopped at every crossroads. People climbed off and people climbed on, and the driver had to help stow their luggage. When it reached the town of her early childhood it was almost noon, and she spent a precious dime for a glass of milk, swallowing it quickly because she was eager to begin her search.

It was little more than a village, dusty and hot in the summer sun, a cluster of old stores, and three roads leading out. In each store she sought the oldest employee and asked each if he had heard the name Hitt. No one had.

Each of the three roads led upward toward hills terraced with grapevines. She chose one, trudging along sturdily. But the houses were all new, set far back among trees, and this could not be right, so she returned and tried the second road. It was no better. Nothing was familiar. Not a bend. Not a tree; so, after following the road for a mile or so, she retraced her steps.

When she started on the third road, she was almost without hope. She was tired and she was hungry, and her feet dragged. There were new houses set back among trees, and they were wrong, and then there was a half mile or so with no houses at all. And then a small old white



"Pit stop?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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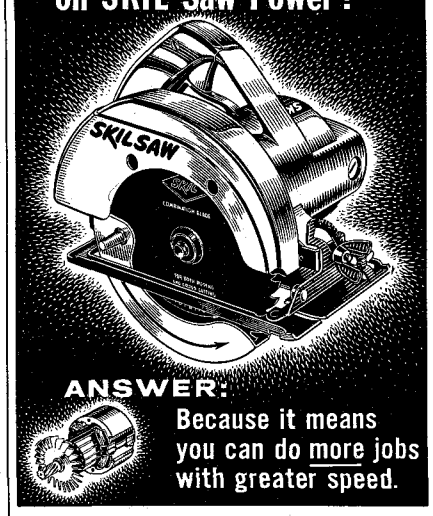

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house, and the road began to climb. And suddenly it seemed to Gracie that her feet knew the way, knew the bend was there before her eyes saw it, knew the clump of trees would be waiting to the right.

Her steps quickened and suddenly she forgot her weariness. And then she saw it. She saw the house at the top of the hill. It had been long neglected, the fence unmended, the gate hanging on one hinge. It was a wooden house, a gingerbread house, with an ornate porch, and somebody lived in it, because washing hung on a line at the rear.

This is the house, something told her. *This is the house.* And she was afraid to go on, and determined to go on, and she walked through the gate and up the path, and she climbed the shabby steps to the door.

She knocked and waited. From somewhere in the rear of the house came the faint sound of voices, querulous, dulled by old quarrels. Gracie knocked again, more insistently, and the voices stopped, and a woman said, "I'll see who it is," and steps came to the door. It opened.

"What do you want, kid?" asked the woman, and Gracie searched the dull, worn face for some faint sign of recognition, and her eyes swept past the woman, down the hall to the kitchen, and found the open shelves where the cooky crock had stood. She was sure of the house then, and this gave her courage.

"I lived here once when I was very small," she said. "I lived here with my mother. She took me to the children's home and she never came back for me, and I'm trying to find her."

The woman stared. For an instant something flickered in her eyes and went out.

"You must know something. The name's Hitt—Gracie Hitt."

The woman said almost indolently, "Never heard it. We ain't lived here too long. Our name's Lombrosi. You can see it on the mailbox by the tree. Lombrosi's our name."

From the rear of the house a man's voice asked, "Who is it?"

The woman went quickly down the hall. "Just some kid. I'll get rid of her," and shut the door. Then she came back.

"Sorry I can't help you," she said. "You been living at the orphanage, you say? They good to you there?"

"Oh, yes!"

"They feed you good?"

"Yes, they do."

"Well, if I hear anything about the Hitts, I'll let you know. Not likely." Then there was a silence, and as Gracie turned to go, the woman took a step forward.

"Your mother'd be mighty proud to have a nice girl like you," she said. "She'd be mighty proud. You remember that, kid," and she started to close the door.

Gracie walked down the steps and the path. At the gate she looked back. The door was open just a crack and the woman was watching her. Then it shut with a click.

Gracie walked slowly back to the village, possessed by a huge and aching doubt. She waited on the battered bench at the bus stop, unable either to accept or to discard. On the bus trip back, she scarcely thought at all, only felt.

But when at last the ride was over and she was walking the last quarter mile on the road to the children's home, for the first time she realized she had run away. She had left without permission. No girl had ever been sent to Coventry, made to stand in front of the main house in a pair of overalls with one blue leg and one brown leg. She would be the first. She would suffer it gladly just to get home. She would accept it cheerfully, and more, too—even the words Mother Dorn would surely speak, and which she deserved.

She could hardly wait to reach the place in the road from which she could see the tracks on the hills where the small ones coasted their sleds down the dry grass, and when she reached it, she saw also Dad Dorn waiting in the road with a bunch of kids, and one of them cried, "Here she comes!"

They came to meet her.

"Gracie child," Dad Dorn said, "we're so glad you're home. We've been watching for you," and he put his hand on her shoulder, the kids tagging along, playing games as they went.

He did not question her. He did not ask where she had been. When they came to the main house, he said, "Cookie's saved your dinner, Gracie. Now run along. You must be starved."

It was so late now that the nursery kids were in their cots, the small ones going up to bed. The kitchen was empty and the dishes done, and Gracie's dinner was warm on the back of the big stove.

She ate slowly because she knew what she must do, and she both wanted and dreaded it. Then she walked through the dining room and down the long corridor to the office and knocked.

Poor dear little Gilford was gazing from his frame, and at the desk sat Mother Dorn.

"I'm glad you've come, Gracie," she said gently. "I knew you would. I've been waiting for you."

And Gracie sat down in the chair by the desk and told her everything. She spilled it out, holding back nothing, and Mother Dorn did not interrupt or question her. When she had finished, there was silence.

... ...

Stillness

By B. R. Gibbs

There is no deeper stillness
that can touch
The earth than snow. A
solitary bird
Mopes with bunched feathers,
having borne too much
Of frozen night to let one
note be heard.

Feather flakes in their
clinging patterns take
Whitewashing to the trees;
there is no thin
Whisper of wind to let the
holly shake
One layer from its sagging
burden; in

Eye-dazzling waves a pale
sun glitters on
A world so soundless that
the sudden cry
Of a lost sea gull, quickly
come and gone,
Screams like a hurtling jet
across the sky.

... ...

"I was so sure He would answer me," said Gracie.

"But didn't He?"

"Yes, I suppose—yes, I ——"

"You are sorry you went?"

"No. Only"—and now she came to the part that hurt most—"only now I'll never know. I'll never be sure if she is my mother or is not."

"But you're sure of the thing that counts. If this woman is your mother, she brought you because she felt you would find here a better chance in life than she could give you. And if this is true, surely there are times when the love of giving up is greater than the love of keeping."

For a moment, Mother Dorn was busy with some papers on her desk.

"Carl's father is taking his family to the circus next Saturday," she said. "Carl has asked permission to take you and Tina. Tina's never been to a circus. Tina has no one, Gracie. I have hoped you would be her sister."

"But I am—I mean I feel I am. I'll take her. I'd love to take her. If she gets too tired, I'll see she rests. I'll be careful of her."

"I'll let you tell Carl, Gracie. A huge box of clothes came in today, and I've picked a new dress for you to wear, and one for Tina. Tomorrow we'll talk further. We've had enough excitement for one day. Off to bed with you, child."

She went with Gracie to the door, and opened it on a surprising sight. Tina was going up the stairs, the adjutant after her. Tina was holding up her little white nightgown, and under it she had on her bloomers, both legs bulging. Cookie had forgotten to lock the storage closet, and Tina was taking a treat for the kids in the small girls' ward.

"Tina," said Mother Dorn, and Tina turned quickly, and the bloomer elastics broke, and she stood there raining old dried prunes all over the stairs. And the adjutant burst into laughter, and Mother Dorn also.

"Oh, what a family I have," said Mother Dorn.

When the prunes were picked up, Gracie undressed in her little room, and slipped into her cot on the sleeping porch. She lay still in the dark, and she put down her old dream of the car coming up the drive. She put it down tenderly, as one puts away a doll, a monkey on a stick, a toy much loved in childhood.

Tomorrow was bread day. She could hardly wait for it to come. She would be the first one down. She would tell Carl she would go to the circus and she would thank him.

"When I grow up, I think maybe I'll be a nurse," she would say.

And when he had poured all the flour into the trough and put away his knife and gone, she would mix the yeast into the flour. She would mix it until it was spongy, and knead it until the dough pushed back at her.

In her mind the bread dough was life, and Gracie Hitt held her life now in her own two hands.

Combat Code (Continued from Page 24)

the sky, jamming like crazy on Me and My Gal.

"Hit it, Joey!"

Some white hat in the whaleboat gave that gleeful cry. Joey hit it, all right. And the other clarinet went prancing in and out and all around the tune. The Banyan's rails were lined by then. The exec at the deck-log desk moved over toward Brodson, doing his best to suppress a grin.

"Oh, no, Mr. Chaley," Brodson groaned. "Oh, no; not that!"

Then the whaleboat rounded to at the foot of the gangway. The men came clambering up with their seabags, murmuring curiously, the way new drafts always do. Till Brodson went walking down the line. They stiffened to silent attention at the icy glint in his steel-blue eyes. He stopped in front of the two with the clarinet cases, squinting with narrow displeasure.

"Which one of you two jokers might be Benny Goodman?" Brodson's hoarse voice growled.

"I'm Benny, chief." The youngster in front of him broke into a wide, infectious grin. "Not Goodman, though. Risko. Benny Risko, chief." White teeth flashing, his head tipped quickly sidewise. "My twin brother, Joey, here, he mostly plays the leads. I ——"

"What the Navy needs in this tin can is sailors. That's what you're gonna be!" Brodson's voice was snapping like a whip. "We got no blasted use in the Banyan for a hot-lick-combo band!"

"Golly, chief, we didn't mean no harm." Benny's voice was guileless as a child's. "We come from Flatbush. We just got music in our souls."

"Well, that's just dandy." Something began to twinkle behind Chuck Brodson's eyes. He came from Flatbush himself. Over near Ebbets Field. He did his best to keep harsh gravel in his tone. "Blasting a jive session across the anchorage!" he snarled. "How do you think it sounds?"

"Gee, chief, Benny don't often get that hot. I thought it sounded fine."

That was Joey. The chief looked at him sharply, glaring. They looked like a couple of dark-headed little boys caught in an impish prank. They weren't little, though. They were tall and lean, all muscle and bone, alike as peas in a pod. Except that Joey had a patch of bandage plaster above one joyful eye.

"How do I tell you two jokers apart?" Brodson growled.

"Hard to do," said Benny, flashing his teeth again. "But from now on, Joey's the one with the cut on his head. Doc says it will leave a scar. I had to clobber him the other night. I thought he was trying to beat my time. It was my liberty turn to take Judy to the dance from Pickwack's. He ——"

"Was not!" snapped Joey.

"Was too!" said Benny.

But they weren't glaring at each other. In fact, they were grinning. They simply didn't know how to be really angry at each other. It puzzled Brodson. He heard his own voice saying, "You don't mean Judy Johnson, that tricky redhead waitress up on Broadway?"

"Sure do," said Joey. "You know her, chief?"

"Who don't!" Brodson heard a chortle in the shadows. He heard a quick guffaw, and it brought him to his senses. "O.K.," he growled, "let's knock it off. I see you two jokers are striking for radioman." His tone was ominous. "We'll square that all away later. Take chow and stow your gear. At eighteen hundred, I want you

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mustered aft. Lieutenant Commander Chaley, the executive officer of this ship, will speak to you then. You listen good! That's all. Dismissed."

Brodson watched them straggling aft, his chief's cap pushed far back on his sandy head. How long since he himself had wandered like that down the deck of his own first ship? His blue eyes clouded with memory. Guadalcanal and Savo Island. Saipan and Okinawa. Destroyers all the time. He'd only gone in to win a war. Here he was, still. Still with a war to win. He sighed. Then the twinkle returned to Brodson's eye. Twins! Music in their souls! What were they doing, tangling with Judy Johnson up in Pickwack's? The chief began to frown. He had an instinct for worrying about twins. Maybe because he had two of his own. Girls, though. Not identical. Janey was a blonde, and Julie had chestnut hair. Chuck Brodson would have given his eyeteeth any day if only he'd had a son. Five kids. All girls! All married, and childless. All married, except Janey and Julie, the prettiest of the lot. The twinkle began to bubble in Brodson's eye.

"You wouldn't by any chance be thinking, chief," a slow drawl murmured at his side, "about rigging these Risko boys to meet those cute little twins of yours?"

Brodson's head snapped quickly round. It was Mr. Chaley, all right, chuckling to himself. Chuck Brodson grinned. Before he could answer, though, a long-drawn wail came floating from the after passageway. It flittered around on the evening breeze till the other clarinet picked it up. Joyful howls of glee came with it. Then all at once those two down there were doing some real hot licks with Melancholy Baby.

"Yes, sir!" the chief said firmly. "That's exactly what I was thinking." His grin was very broad. "It might be a fine idea."

That's how Benny and Joey Risko joined the USS Paul Banyan. It didn't take long for the whole destroyer force to know it. In San Diego harbor, along Tin-Can Row where the lean, gray ships lie moored, or far at sea in the operational training areas, you'd often hear those two making music when the working plan of the day was done. And the ship herself, with all hands knowing they were waiting orders for Korea where the flames of hate and cruelty were blazing again, became combat ready and confident. Benny and Joey Risko helped a lot. The skipper, Cdr. Harry Bartlett, knew it. Music like that was a joy to hear. They loved sweet Dardanella. They could really kick it around.

They kept quarreling about Judy Johnson too. They courted her, share and share alike, in their own peculiar way. Neither of them ever dreamed of trying to beat the other's time. Judy, who certainly knew all the answers, must really have had great fun. She came down to Fleet Landing with both of them, last liberty they made in Diego, one arm hooked into Joey's, Benny on the other side. Judy was pretty gay.

"When we come back," said Benny, serious as could be, "maybe you'll have your mind made up which one of us you chose. Meantime, we'll write."

"You slay me," Judy gurgled. She gave her thin, clear laugh. "If Joey didn't have that scar, I'd never even be able to tell you two apart. Now wouldn't that be something?"

Benny kissed her first. They probably had it all arranged. When Joey took her in his arms in his turn, she gurgled and laughed again. Then they went down to the boat float where the Banyan's whaler waited to shove off. By the time they turned around to look, Judy was already gone.

"Sure hope she writes," said Joey later, on the Banyan's fantail underneath the stars. "Promised she would. Promised whenever she wrote to one, she'd always write the other."

The music that night was sad.

And next morning the division stood out past Loma Point. The long, smooth ground swell heaved beneath the four gun-studded ships, their signal halyards full, the Banyan third in column. They steamed to the west and south at twenty knots beneath a cloudless sky. They knew where they were going. They wouldn't stop long at Pearl. Place named Chosen was where they were going. Who ever heard of Chosen? Everyone called it Korea.

Benny and Joey Risko heard a lot about it. Both striking for radioman, reading Fox circuit and learning their trade in the wireless shack, they heard about the Seventh Fleet and the First Marines. They heard about a place called Hungnam too. When they reached it, they knew Chuck Brodson was right. Who ever won a war? Here it was again, revealing its dreadful face. They were too late to see the pillars of flame and smoke from the ammo dumps, but they saw the backwash of ruin and some of the broken men. They heard the scream of the jets aloft, knew the rumbling thunder of heavy gunfire engaged in distant bombardment.

No one in the Banyan, after that, looked quite the same. Not Joey and Benny, either. Some of the innocence was gone. They seemed older, though still with the impish, infectious grins. And they still made music too. They came from Flatbush, and they had to. Often when they

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did, exhausted men could smile again, unlocking their secret memories, remembering how a wheat field looked in August, how a child's face lit with joy.

The Banyan's people understood their luck. So did the skipper, Commander Bartlett. It was up near Songjin in a sleet-filled half gale that the Banyan took twenty survivors aboard out of a mine-blown sweeper, most of them shuddering, half in shock. They were down in the mess compartment when the skipper found time to go have a look. He was still in foul-weather clothing, fresh from the bridge, binoculars hanging against his chest. In the passageway, above the blowers' whine through the undogged hatch, he heard those clarinets. He went in with narrowed eyes.

Balanced to the pitch and lunge of the trembling deck, he stood there quietly. It seemed like all his off-watch people were in there, smiling up at the overhead. The sweeper's people, huddled in blankets, were in there too. No one saw the skipper. No one came to attention: the commander was glad they didn't. Because sitting there on the deck, their legs outstretched and their backs against the bulkhead, Benny and Joey Risko had those gobsticks tipped aloft. They were doing sweet things with Me and My Gal. They weren't giving it any hot licks. The people were listening raptly, some with their eyes half closed. There wasn't any such thing as war. They all had the small half-smile of peace. Benny and Joey were playing it straight.

So the skipper turned quietly away and went out. And that's the way it went. That's why it was so catastrophic when the first real trouble came between Benny and Joey Risko. They were aft on the fantail in morning light, the division steaming in column after long bombardment missions in the north, secure from general quarters at last. First hints of spring were showing on the bleak Korean hills and the sea, for once, was almost smooth. Benny's clarinet was flittering up and down a scale and the Banyan's people, lounging by the depth-charge racks, were waiting patiently for Joey, who still had his own pet reed in his mouth, getting it good and wet. Joey didn't seem satisfied. His eyes looked overbright.

"I don't feel so good," drawled Joey, his mouthpiece ready at last. "I just don't feel good at all."

"Who does?" said Benny. "The whole ship is bushed." Benny grinned. "I'll give you the lead this time. You hit it whenever you want."

Benny sent a long, clear note aloft. He let it teeter a moment till he suddenly tripped it into melody. On the fourth bar Joey picked it up. He was doing his level best, but certainly something was wrong. Benny knew it right away. He looked sidewise over at Joey out of darkly frowning eyes. Joey didn't have any tone technique! He just wasn't giving it the schmaltz. It shocked an ear like Benny's. It must have shocked Joey, too, because all at once he stopped.

"Joey," said Benny, "you got no lip."

"I know it, Benny. Got a lump here on my neck. It hurts. I just can't ——"

"Joey! You ain't lost your embouchure?"

They sat there staring at each other, horrified. It was a wind-instrument-musician's nightmare. What earthly good was a clarinetist if he lost that subtle, intangible faculty, that instinctive and individual shaping of mouth, of lips, of tongue that gave all the depth, all the tone, all the life! The Banyan's people were crowding around, murmuring anxiously. Then Ripson, the pharmacist's mate, was squatting in front of Joey, pulling the lower eyelids down.

"Bet you got temp," said Ripson. "You got some fever sure." His fingers began a skillful search along Joey Risko's neck just underneath the jaws. Then suddenly Ripson sat right down. "Joey," he said, "I think you got the mumps."

"Mumps!" cried Benny.

"Yeah. We got to get him off the ship. I better go tell the exec."

"Mumps!" cried Benny again. "I don't believe it! Mumps is for little kids. What you doin', Joey? Striking for stateside hospital leave so you can beat my time with Judy, back in Diego?"

"Benny!" Joey's voice was a doleful wail. Joey was hurt clean through. "I wouldn't do a thing like that," he moaned. "Benny, you know I wouldn't!"

But Joey had the mumps, all right. The Banyan made a high-speed run to rendezvous with her task group. They carefully high-lined Joey across to the cruiser in a cage stretcher while the Banyan's people lined the rails, calling good luck to Joey. Benny stood all by himself, staring sadly across the boil of water between the running ships. Benny's loss was the greatest. He knew it wouldn't be the same. He was glad he'd made sure that Joey's clarinet case was in the stretcher with him to give Joey some comfort. Benny sighed.

Mumps! Suppose it really ruined Joey's embouchure for good! It was a dreadful thought. Music locked in the soul of a man, and no way to let it out! It was too awful to contemplate. Benny blinked his eyes and turned away. But he played that night. All by himself. His music suited the mood of the ship. It had a melancholy air.

Joey didn't get stateside, though. He didn't get to see Judy alone. He didn't even get to Sasebo. Joey went instead to an isolation ward in Pusan hospital. They heard all about it in the Banyan. Signal and radio ratings always get hold of the inside scoop. So, in the best tradition of the Navy, the people of the Banyan knew all about their Joey. He was getting along O.K. Chuck Brodson and Mr. Chaley could have easily guessed as much from the sound of Benny Risko's music.

Meantime the USS Paul Banyan went on about a tin can's work. They always get the sticky jobs. The Banyan got her share. She was steaming southward, swinging all alone against a lumping sea beneath a cloud-swept sky, her independent fire missions accomplished. She needed recreation and replenishment. Tin cans always do. The lower deck was dreaming of Japan and liberty. Mr. Chaley and the wardroom ensigns were talking about Minato's place in Sasebo. They got sidetracked, though. The orders they got were different. When Cdr. Harry Bartlett read the decoded signal from the clipboard, he stepped from his searoom onto the bridge at once.

"All ahead full," he said. "Make turns for twenty-five knots."

The blowers' whine began to build, and the bow wave grew. At evening general quarters, when the squawk boxes began to crackle, the men all knew they'd soon find out if the scuttlebutt was true. It was.

"This is the captain speaking," the skipper's dry voice said through the P.A. circuit noise. "There is an LCM, code name Pintail, with a dangerous mission in Bitun Cove to the southward of Cape Yujin. She will put a demolition detail ashore to blow an important bridge tonight at twenty-two-hundred hours. Her supporting ship has had serious engineroom casualty. We are relieving her. I am sure my people will not let Pintail down." The voice hesitated. The skipper cleared his throat. "We have had a long, hard tour. You have all done well. I'm proud of you. That's all. Good luck."

That's how that famous mission began for USS Paul Banyan. She went knifing down to meet it in darkness under a moonless sky. No one expected great hazard. To a tin can's people it sounded routine. No one expected trial or pain. No one ever does. It always comes leaping at you, taking you unawares. It happened like that in Pintail and to the demo detail ashore. It happened like that in the Banyan, closing that bloodstained coast where the bleak hills towered darkly.

"Pintail, this is Birdseye," the officer's voice in the weird gloom of combat information center was droning into his mike. "We are on station. Bearing two seven zero, I say again, two seven zero true from Butin Point. We have the area grid maps. We have some five-inch stuff here too. Your people need it, you holler. The C.O. says good luck. Me too. Over."

"Birdseye, this is Pintail," the voice in the crackling speaker replied. "Roger, and thank you. This is the captain here. Demo detail is away. I intend to stand offshore and await recovery of my whaleboat. Over and out."

That's how the thing began. The Banyan, lean and dark against the night, main battery gun snouts all trained landward, slowly prowled her station, the hiss and gurgle of the sea noise all around. They heard it clearly in the dim-lit pilot house, familiar overtone to their professional murmuring. Against the splinter shield outside on the open bridge, the skipper heard it, too, Mr. Chaley at his side. They stood with binoculars at their eyes, peering at the rocky hills of land, trying to pry the ink-black night apart. They saw nothing. Not until, without warning, over there against the ridges of the land, a sudden spear of flame erupted.

Southward of it, almost at once, another gush of fire leaped up. In momentary distant brilliance the stark hills revealed themselves, a bridge span visible an instant, collapsing slowly like a toy in empty space. The rumbling thunder of explosion reached the Banyan just before the darkness closed again. Then stillness. Nothing left but stillness, sharpened by the wind's low stutter, by the slap and hissing of the sea.

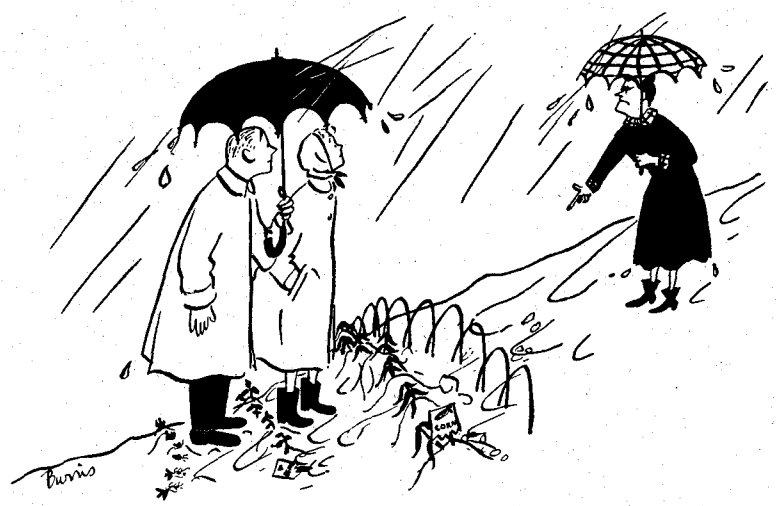
That much the topside watchers on the Banyan clearly saw. Mission accomplished! There were people over there, though, those who thrust their lives in jeopardy. They had no refuge in that tortured land. They'd be retiring now down to a hostile beach. Were they secure? Their fellows, watching on the water, could do nothing but pray. Maybe in the Banyan some men did. There are always some who do.

The rest all happened swiftly. Without warning, sudden points of flame began to flick against the darkness. Quick tracer patterns streaked the distant night. An instant later, the sharp, crackling sound of automatic-weapon fire reached out across the water. The skipper of the Banyan knew at once its meaning and its threat.

"I'll be in combat, Mr. Chaley. Take the conn."

His voice was sharp. He turned at once. Back in the weird-lit clutter of the CIC room, he was just in time to hear the voice of Pintail, urgent in the rattle of the speaker noise. The skipper over there was saying, ". . . Gook patrol. Just jumped my people. One dead. Two wounded. They are withdrawing down the gully to the beach. Request permission to stand in and take them off. Over."

"Pintail, this is Birdseye. Roger." Commander Bartlett had the mike himself. "This is the captain speaking. Do you need supporting fire? Over."



The Perfect Squelch

The Johnsons had hardly settled in their new suburban home on a hillside when a deluging rain washed heavy soil downhill into their garden. With the next rain came another miniature avalanche. Meanwhile the lady whose land kept eroding into their garden turned out to be a waspish neighbor. She objected to the Johnsons' pets, their radio and television, their auto horns, and much else. One day she concluded her complaints by saying, "And besides, you must have tons of my best soil on your side of the garden fence."

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Johnson inquired.

"I most certainly am," the woman snapped, "and I think it is high time that something is done about it."

"So do I," Mrs. Johnson replied evenly. "I think you should pay part of our real-estate tax."

Albert M. Hobbs

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"Birdseye, this is Pintail. It would be dangerous. I don't know just where my people are. We have lost communications. Urgently request permission to stand in and take them off. Over."

"Granted. Good luck."

The Banyan's skipper went back to his bridge. Radar was useless so close against the land. By the splinter shield, he swept the cold black water of the cove through glasses, searching a shadow, searching for a darker blot that would let him know where an LCM named Pintail was. He thought he caught the faint white streaks of her bubbling wake. There she was! In another instant he was sure. A gush of flame erupted there, capped by a cloud of steam and smoke. Roar of explosion reached the Banyan, concussion through the water. They could see the shape of Pintail clearly for some moments under livid light. She was staggering, down by the head. Then the light went out.

"Bridge. . . . Combat." The skipper heard the voice from CIC on the pilothouse speaker. It had an excited sound. "Pintail reports she has struck a mine. Damage undetermined. She is close to the beach, intending to ground." The voice broke off. Moments later it came back. "Bridge. . . . Combat. No word from Pintail. I can't raise her. Her radio must be out."

They could speak no more in Pintail. But she tried again. From close against the beach she showed the eye of her signal lamp. It began to wink in darkness. Not for long. Before the Banyan's signal bridge could answer, two red spears lashed out from somewhere up along the bleak Korean hills and the thunder came. Thunder of heavy guns. The shells splashed over there where crippled Pintail was, exploding close aboard.

"On the director!" Commander Bartlett shouted. "Two seventy-sixes up there! Did you have time to get on them?"

The captain's talker passed the query. A moment later he droned reply from main-battery fire control, "No, sir. They came too quick."

So the skipper faced dilemma and decision. Could he risk his ship into mined waters? It would serve no purpose. His mission now was to get the demo squad and the Pintail's people off. The battery of 76's would have to be silenced. Where was it? They wouldn't fire again and betray their position. Not even if he sent a blind salvo over. The skipper was sure. These things were boiling through his mind. He heard the distant rattle of small-arms fire from over against the land. It pointed the urgency. Only moments had passed. And that's just when it happened—the startling, the amazing thing.

Suddenly a thin, ascending note came drifting clearly on the offshore breeze. No one at first believed it. How could it be true? Still, the Banyan's topside people heard it and their heads came up. How could they forget or mistake it? Clarinet in the upper octave! It flittered there an instant, toppled over into melody, lilting the first four bars of Dardanella. Commander Bartlett frowned severely. Maybe he thought it the nonsense of delusion. Benny Risko didn't.

Benny was charging up the ladder, stepping over the weather sill to the pilot house behind the skipper. Benny had his own clarinet in his hand. He had a reed in his mouth. He was wetting it. He was crying out, "Captain! Captain, that's Joey!" Benny's voice was gushing from him. "Joey's got temporary duty in Pintail. I know it! Even if they abandoned her on the beach, he'd never leave without his gobstick. That's Joey! He wants to talk to me. He ——"

"Risko, you quiet down!" The skipper's voice was cold and hard. Maybe he thought poor Benny was in shock. "Get off this bridge!"

"Captain, please! Joey ain't lost his embouchure at all! Did you hear that pure, sweet tone? Joey's got something to tell me. He ——"

"Risko," the skipper's hard voice snapped, "you better make more sense!"

"Joey wants to talk to me! That's what Joey wants. I know it. I wouldn't lie to you, captain. Let me answer him! Please."

Benny Risko stood there in the dim-lit pilot house of a fleet destroyer rocking in the ground swell off the East Korean coast. Benny was taut, all the pleading in his darkly glowing eyes. Commander Bartlett stared at him, severely frowning. Were they mad, those two? Radio people were all a little bit nuts, they said, and the Risko boys were strikers for it. The skipper looked up. Chuck Brodson was there, and Mr. Chaley. They wanted to speak, but didn't. Their eyes were on the captain, plainly pleading his approval. The skipper's frown grew more intense.

"The wind is off the land," he said. "They wouldn't hear you."

"Sir, we can put it on the bull horn."

That was Chuck Brodson's gravelly voice. Commander Bartlett's eyes snapped up at him. The big chief never blinked. Those two had been together for a long, long time. In other ships. On other duty. And there is a bond that welds itself between men in the brotherhood of service. For an instant it flashed clearly. Then it instantly expired.

"Very well," the skipper said. "Rig it. Risko, you see what you can do."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

So that's why Benny stood in the Banyan's pilot house in front of the master mike. His hands were trembling a little, putting his mouthpiece together. Then he tipped up his clarinet. All the people of the watch were staring at him. Who'd ever heard of a thing like this? Benny started in the throaty tones, sending a long, ascending note aloft. He let it flutter there before it fell over into Dardanella. He was answering Joey over there with the second phrase, I Love Your Harem Eyes. Then at once, in the upper octave, he played the *R* and the *K* of the International Code, holding the dashes strong and long, telling Joey he was being received, telling Joey to go ahead.

It went blaring out on the bull horn. It didn't sound pleasant at all. You could never call it music. It probably shocked Benny Risko's ear. Then they waited in the Banyan. They didn't have to wait long. Sure enough, Joey's clarinet came wailing back on the wind. They could read it on the signal bridge. Benny could read it too. And a radioman first wrote down what it said.

"Unuse the signal lamp. Battery will clobber you. Send one round over. Try range four five hundred. Will spot. Grid map co-ordinates follow. . . ."

"Pass that to fire control," the skipper told his talker. "Mount fifty-one. Portside gun. One round. Fire when ready."

Almost at once the forward rifle spat its flame, clapped out its sudden thunder. The flash lit up the forecastle, sent a momentary spear of weird light out across black water. Then against the land the common shell erupted in explosion. They heard nothing till the silence closed. Then Joey's clarinet came wailing back.

"Up two hundred. Right zero five. Full salvo."

The Banyan's whole main battery sent flame and thunder toward the land. They saw the shellbursts over there, a moment later a tall gush of fire. Hit! Joey didn't have to tell them. They were on. Right on! That was the battery's ready-ammo dump exploding. They were hurt. They knew their battery could no longer hold concealment by its silence. They would never find out why, but both 76's began to talk. Two shells splashed close aboard the Banyan, sending waterspouts aloft. She sent three salvos over at the flashes of the guns, and the flashes stopped. The flashes stopped forever.

And that's the way it happened. Benny was right about Joey. Communications by clarinet was strictly Joey's idea, and Pintail's skipper approved. He had to. There was no other help. Joey knew Benny was in the Banyan. He knew if Benny heard Dardanella, he'd know right away who it was, and he'd answer. So, in a sick-gray dawn the demolition detail and Pintail's people came safely off the beach in the motor whaler, shallow drafted, untouched by any mines, bringing their wounded with them.

Halfway between the land and the USS Paul Banyan, draped in haze and stirring slowly through the water, the men at the tin can's rail saw Joey on an after thwart of the whaleboat. He was tipping up his licorice stick. He was sending his familiar flittering note aloft. He went into a lead on My Gal Sal.

"Hit it, Joey!" A seaman apprentice howled gleefully from the Banyan's rail.

Joey hit it, all right. Hearing it, Benny's dark eyes glowed. He was standing near the gangway, clarinet in his hand. He picked up the melody right away and the music bubbled and soared and sang. Chuck Brodson and Mr. Chaley grinned. Even the skipper had a twinkle in his eye. Then the whaler rounded to. The people came aboard and they helped the wounded below. Joey, limping, was one of these. His dungarees were blood-caked. Joey had a couple of burp-gun slugs in the flesh of his thigh. He didn't seem to mind. Benny tried to comfort him while a corpsman probed. Joey's face was pouring sweat, but Joey only grinned.

"Hell, Benny," he said through gritted teeth, "it's better than the mumps." Joey didn't think mumps was honorable. Not for a tin-can man. "Lots better," Joey said with that wide, infectious grin. "I'll get me a Purple Heart."

So that's the way it really was. That's why, if ever you're down on Harbor Drive along San Diego's foreshore, you might hear that startling music. Two clarinets will start talking to each other. Maybe one from the forecastlehead of a nested ship in Tin-Can Row, the other from a fleet destroyer coming up the channel to her mooring berth. Because Benny and Joey shipped over. They're first class now, serving in different ships. And whenever that music begins, on Fleet Landing, on the decks of all the ships, the people will all look up. They will listen and grin. They know that's Benny and Joey Risko, kicking sweet Dardanella around. It's some kind of tradition in Destroyer Division Sixty. Not many, though, know exactly why.

Chuck Brodson does. The chief has got his twenty in. He is safe and snug on the beach. He comes down to the foreshore often to smell the channel water. And when the music of those clarinets comes drifting sweetly on the evening breeze, Chuck Brodson always smiles. He knows he's a very lucky man. Five kids. All of them girls! Never a boy in the lot. But that's all right. It's all been fixed. The chief's got four grandchildren now. All of them boys. Best little boys in the world. By Benny and Joey Risko. Because Benny married Janey, and Joey married Julie, the Brodson twin with the chestnut hair.

It seems that Judy Johnson, the redheaded waitress from Pickwack's, ran off with a water tender third. It's just as well. She would never have been any good for Benny or Joey Risko. Judy had no music in her soul. THE END

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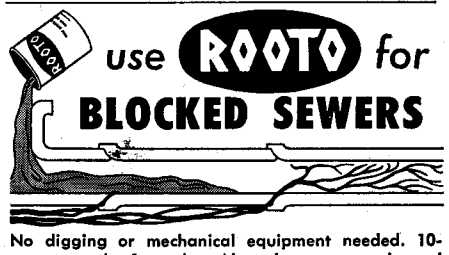

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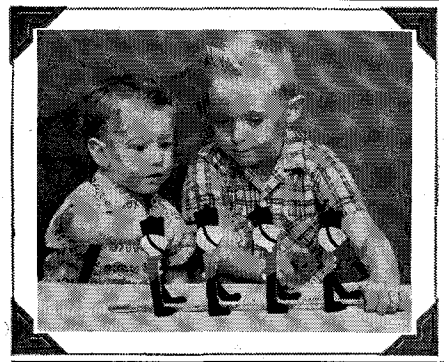

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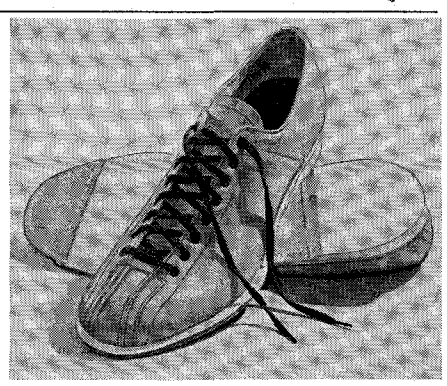

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What You Don't Know About Money

(Continued from Page 23)

The manufacture of these precious pieces of paper, these tokens of value which glide through our hands every day, is a larger and more complex operation than I had realized. The skills and know-how involved have grown out of trial and error—plenty of error—dating back to Colonial times.

All our paper currency is printed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, a division of the Treasury Department, in its big building on 14th Street in Washington near the Potomac River. In the year ended last June thirtieth, it printed over 1.6 billion individual notes having face values running from $1 to $100 each, and a total face value of more than $6,000,000,000. (No denominations higher than $100 have been printed since 1946, though several hundred millions' worth of the large notes are still in circulation.)

The person primarily responsible for printing this supercolossal annual bankroll is the director of the bureau, Henry J. Holtzclaw. He is a modest, conscientious career man who started with the bureau forty years ago as a maintenance helper and moved up through the ranks by study, brains, ability and hard work.

The weight of last year's output of paper money was 1674 tons. If laid out end to end the notes would form a money belt girdling the earth six times. It is an enormous production job which must be carried out with the utmost precision. During the various stages of the printing the notes must be counted and recounted, inspected and reinspected. Each finished note is a specimen of the engraver's art of such quality as to make counterfeiting one of the more hazardous crimes.

The cost of this printing operation last year, including the many security precautions which must surround it, was about $15,000,000. The cost per note was just under one cent, whether it was a $1 or a $100 bill.

Of the annual printing of 1.6 billion notes, the bulk, or about 1,000,000,000, are $1 bills. Next come the $5 bills, over 250,000,000 of them, and the $10 bills, over 200,000,000. As for the $2 bills, the demand for these is so slight that only about 10,000,000 are printed a year—this because of an old superstition that $2 bills are unlucky. How this started nobody seems to know.

Whatever the cause of the superstition, the result is a loss to the taxpayer. If the $2 bill enjoyed a normal popularity, we would print at least 150,000,000 of them a year, and thus would need to print 300,000,000 fewer of the $1 bills. This would save over $1,000,000 a year. It's an expensive superstition—enough to make rational old Thomas Jefferson, whose portrait graces the $2 bill—turn over in his grave.

It was Jefferson, by the way, who gave the name to the dime, deriving it from the French *dixième*, or tenth (part of a dollar). The word was originally spelled "disme" and pronounced "deem." The word "cent" was invented by Gouverneur Morris, of New York. Our word "dollar" came via Spain from the German word "*thaler*," which, in turn, came from "*Joachimsthaler*," a large silver coin first minted in St. Joachim's Valley (*thal*), Bohemia, in 1519.

After this glance at the oldest *thaler*, or dollar, let's look at the newest: the $1 bill, series 1957, which began to go into circulation in October, 1957. This note, though seemingly almost identical with the old $1 bill, represents the most substantial change in our paper money in many years.

Outwardly, the chief change is that it bears on its back, just above the big "ONE," the motto "In God We Trust." From the production standpoint, the important difference is that the new notes are printed by a radically new and more

"Now, if you drop anything, let me pick it up."

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efficient process. They are turned out by high-speed rotary presses, printing on dry paper. The old flat presses, printing on wet paper, are gradually being replaced.

"In God We Trust" first showed up on coins in 1864. It all started with a letter which the Rev. N. R. Watkinson, of Ridleyville, Pennsylvania, wrote in November, 1861, to Salmon P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, urging "the recognition of Almighty God in some form on our coins." It took more than two years of discussion and debate before the change was authorized by Congress. Many forms were suggested, including "Our God, Our Trust," and "Our God, Our Country."

Chase himself apparently chose the final wording, "In God We Trust." It first appeared on the bronze two-cent piece, and was added over the years to other coins. I have been unable to learn when its cruel companion phrase, "All others pay cash," first appeared on the walls of barrooms and other cynical emporia. As for Chase himself, he is one of the three non-Presidents honored by having their portraits on our paper money. The two others are Franklin, on the $100 bill, and Hamilton, on the $10. But the picture of Chase is inaccessible to most, since it appears on the $10,000 bill.

For more than ninety years, while "In God We Trust" appeared on our coins, we never got around to putting it on our paper money. Why not? This question was raised in 1955 by a constituent of Congressman Charles E. Bennett, of Florida. Mr. Bennett, a former combat infantryman and winner of the Silver and Bronze Stars, decided to do something about it. He introduced a bill requiring that all future new issues of our money, coin or paper, bear the motto. It was passed and signed by the President.

While working on this law, Congressman Bennett was surprised to learn that the United States had no official national motto. So he drafted another bill, duly enacted, which provides that "the national motto of the United States is hereby declared to be 'In God We Trust.'" (Public Law 851, 84th Congress, 2nd Session.) I doubt whether many of our 170,000,000 citizens realize that this is now the law of the land, though Francis Scott Key foreshadowed it closely in 1814 when he wrote, in The Star-Spangled Banner, "And this be our motto: in God is our trust."

The $1 bill is the only one which contains Latin mottoes—three of them. They appear on the back of the bill as part of the Great Seal of the United States. On the right you see the familiar "E Pluribus Unum." On the left, in larger letters, you see "Annuit Coeptis" and "Novus Ordo Seclorum." Though we see these two latter phrases every day, how many of us have ever noticed them, or know what they mean? (Certainly not I, until I got tangled up in these monetary researches.) But they must have meant much to Franklin, Jefferson and John Adams, who formed the first committee on the Great Seal on July 4, 1776. I am told that "Annuit Coeptis" means "He (God) Smiles on Our Undertakings" and that "Novus Ordo Seclorum" means "A New Order of the Ages" (ushered in by American independence).

All United States paper currency has on its face another Latin phrase which is not a motto, but which is (a) a misstatement and (b) an example of either wishful thinking or of large ideas, as you please, among the Founding Fathers. On the right-hand side of the face of every note, circling the Treasury seal, you will see the letters which are an abbreviation for "Thesauri Americae Septentrionalis Sigillum." This means "The Seal of the Treasury of North America." Thus even during the Revolution, the vision of the Founders embraced the entire continent. So far as I can learn, neither Canada nor Mexico has ever protested this overstated, universally circulated assertion of our sovereignty.

If you study any piece of United States paper currency, you will be astonished at the intricacy and variety of its pattern. Besides the portraits and vignettes there are many different styles of lettering, of numbers, of ornament, of scrollwork and tracery. The natural question is: Why not make the designs more natural, harmonious and simple?

The answer is that the bill is designed not to please the eye, but to baffle the counterfeiter. The ornamentation on any bill is not the work of one man. It is the assembled work of many gifted engravers and specialists who have worked for the Bureau of Engraving and Printing over the last ninety-five years. For example, the face of Lincoln on the $5 bill was engraved by Charles Burt in 1869; that of Washington, on the $1 bill, by G. F. C. Smillie in 1918. Other noted portrait engravers were A. Sealey, who did Jackson ($20) in 1867, and John Eissler, who did Franklin ($100), McKinley ($500), Cleveland ($1000), and Madison ($5000) during the 1920's.

Mr. Holtzclaw, director of the bureau, calls the portrait engravers "the unsung heroes" of our paper currency. Unknown to the public, they are public protectors, since their workmanship is the hardest part of a bill to counterfeit. If you suspect that a bill is a phony, the Secret Service advises that you first study the portrait, and compare it with a genuine note for distinctness, fineness of line and the expression of the eyes.

Some feel that the vignette and letter work require just as much skill. Look at the Lincoln Memorial on the back of the $5 bill. This was engraved by Joachim Clarence Benzing, now retired and living in Florida. With strong magnification you can read the names of no fewer than twenty-six states on the building. Consider the precision and steadiness of hand required for such work.

Benzing also engraved Independence Hall as shown on the $100 bill. I had been told that the clock on the Hall showed twenty past two. But when Mr. Holtzclaw and I examined it under twenty-fold magnification, we read it as ten past four—a judgment apparently confirmed by the shadows around the building. Recent observations of the actual clock—from the windows of The Saturday Evening Post in Independence Square—show the hands stopped at ten minutes past ten—apparently while new works are being installed.

As for that lone auto on the back of the $10 bill, it is of no one make. The engraver, L. Schofield, deliberately drew it as a composite of various cars in use at that time—around 1927.

The skill, care, art and thought which have gone into making our paper money are based not on finicky whim, but on the hard lessons of the past. In earlier days counterfeiters not only gypped the public on a grand scale but messed up the whole currency system.

Counterfeiting is an ancient crime. As soon as men learned to use money as a medium of exchange, other men learned to fake it. The most savage punishments failed to stop the practice. In the Roman Empire counterfeiters were mutilated, burned alive, thrown to the lions. In Europe, during the Middle Ages, they were punished by having their ears and noses cut off, by torture, and by death. In Merrie Olde England they were drawn—disemboweled—and quartered. But so long as money was easy to fake, the temptation was irresistible. For each counterfeiter mutilated or executed, ten more seemed to spring up. Many of the older currencies were so debased that trade was driven back to the clumsy processes of barter.

America experienced comparable troubles. In the early Colonial days, currency was scarce and Indian wampum was widely used as a medium of exchange. Soon some of the simple Red Men, as well as certain of the less virtuous of the Pilgrim Fathers, were busily making and passing counterfeit wampum. As the colonies began to issue their own currency—coins and, later, paper money—the counterfeiting problem became increasingly serious.

As the problem grew, the penalties were made more drastic: first, confinement to the pillory; later, the loss of an ear; then both ears; then whipping—lashes on the bare back, "well laid on." Terms of imprisonment were stepped up to ten years, to twenty, to life. Some of the colonies made counterfeiting punishable on the gallows, and printed on the paper money, in large letters, 'TIS DEATH TO COUNTERFEIT. All this to little avail. Counterfeiters imitated the death warning as easily and briskly as the rest of the bills. Currency, trade and the honest citizenry suffered accordingly.

Our worst experience with counterfeiting occurred during the Revolution. The Continental Congress, to finance the war, issued paper money which at first held its value at par. The bills were called Continentals or Congress-notes. Private counterfeiters soon began faking the stuff. Then, far more serious, the British authorities got into the game, and circulated counterfeit Continentals by the millions. They flooded the country with them, through agents and loyalist sympathizers, and even advertised them in the newspapers. After Howe's redcoats occupied New York, the New York Gazette carried this remarkable announcement:

> Persons going into the other Colonies may be supplied with any number of counterfeit Congress-Notes, for the price of the Paper per Ream. They are so neatly and exactly executed, that there is no Risque in getting them off. . . .

The Continental currency began to slip in value, faster and faster, and within five years was worthless. The disaster left its mark on our language in the phrase, "not worth a Continental." No doubt the desperate uncertainties of the Colonial cause would have depreciated the money in any case, but counterfeiting hastened the collapse.

Partly because of this experience, the new American republic shied away from paper money, confining itself to the minting of gold, silver, nickel and copper coins. The issuance of paper money was left to the banks. The state banks, particularly, printed bank notes in quantity and of bewildering variety. In the decades before the Civil War there were thousands of varieties of bank notes in circulation, so that it was almost impossible for the public to tell genuine bills from the bogus. Counterfeiters flourished, with little to fear from the ordinary police or from the private detectives who were sometimes put on their trail.

Not until the early 1860's, under the financial stress of the Civil War, did the United States issue its own paper currency. As an outgrowth of this, the United States Treasury created the two organizations which were eventually to bring counterfeiting under reasonable control. One was the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The other was the United States Secret Service.

The bureau, as we have seen, began assembling the teams of engravers, designers, artists and technicians which have made United States paper money ever more difficult to imitate. Also, over the years, it developed the new inks, materials and secret processes which have kept it several jumps ahead of the counterfeiters. Mr. Holtzclaw, chosen director in 1954, owed his elevation partly to the fine work he had done, as chief of research and engineering, in improving quality, modernizing processes and reducing costs.

The United States Secret Service was organized in 1865 by Secretary of the Treasury Hugh McCulloch for the specific purpose of "detecting and bringing to trial and punishment persons engaged in counterfeiting." (After the assassination of McKinley in 1901, the Secret Service was assigned another nationally important task, the protection of the President.)

As the Secret Service developed into a highly trained elite corps, the popularity of counterfeiting began to fade. The punishments for it were not more drastic, but ever more swift and sure. The Secret Service kept files on every known counterfeiter, in or out of prison, and his handiwork. Its experts could not only spot the finest counterfeit but often identify, in the laboratory, where and by whom it was made. And it had agents who, at the risk of their lives, lived in the criminal underworld, ready to pick up and follow the first whisper of any sizable counterfeiting operation.

When the bureau and the Secret Service were formed, in the 1860's, it was estimated that more than 30 per cent of the paper money in circulation was counterfeit. Their joint *expertise* has driven this figure down and down, until it is now less than a thousandth of 1 per cent. In the year ended last June thirtieth, the Secret Service seized $101,000 of counterfeit which had got into circulation, and $1,446,000 more from the counterfeiters before they could pass it. Compare this with the total circulation of about $29,000,000,000 in paper money and $2,000,000,000 in coins.

That is quite a record. But U. E. Baughman, chief of the Secret Service, is not inclined to complacency. He knows that counterfeiting, however unprofitable and dangerous, has a powerful, irrational appeal to many ingenious persons, who lie awake nights thinking up new tricks and techniques. He knows, too, from experience, that counterfeiting can pop up in the most improbable places or among the most unlikely people.

Two years ago, for example, a counterfeiting operation was discovered within the walls of a state prison in Speigner, Alabama. Three long-term convicts, in respectively for armed robbery, grand larceny and murder, were making $5 bills. How was this possible? Well, it seems the prison had a print shop where certain state documents were printed. The enterprising convicts studied printing so assiduously that they were able, working from a genuine $5 bill, to turn out a fair sort of reproduction. They talked too freely, their plates were found, and all three have Federal terms waiting for them when they get out of state prison.

In 1955 the Secret Service broke what is called the Charley's Aunt case. A new counterfeit $20 bill appeared in Los Angeles. Agents got on the trail, which led them to a theater where the comedy, Charley's Aunt, was playing. As the agents went backstage an actor, who was awaiting (*Continued on Page 83*)

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"There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction . . . that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed upon that plot of ground which is given to him to till."

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(*Continued from Page 81*) his cue to go on, tried to conceal two paper bags under the floor of the stage. The bags contained $9060 of the fake twenties. The actor was only a minor figure in the ring—a "passer." Further investigation led to the capture of the makers of the notes, the plates and $400,000 of the fake twenties. In all, twenty persons were tried, convicted and sentenced.

Last year, in a fine old colonial mansion in the Massachusetts village of Worthington, there lived a seemingly quite respectable gentleman. His business also seemed most innocent: the printing and publishing of school yearbooks. He had a nice family and was well thought of by his neighbors. His name was George W. Humphrey—strikingly similar to that of the then Secretary of the Treasury, George M. Humphrey.

Possibly the similarity exercised a power of suggestion. If George M.'s Treasury could print money by the billions, why should not George W. print a modest $100,000 or so? Be that as it may, George W.'s neighbors were greatly shocked, a few months ago, when he was arrested on the charge of delivering $77,000 in bogus $10's and $20's to a Secret Service undercover man. Agents said they found other thousands, along with elaborate counterfeiting equipment, in the basement of the old Colonial manse. Experts described the notes as "very deceptive," but few got into circulation. One of the first $10's passed came into the hands of an unusually eagle-eyed gas-station attendant, who thought it didn't look "quite right." This put the Secret Service on the track.

The biggest counterfeiting operation in recent times was initiated by Hitler, Himmler and Heydrich at the start of World War II. They enlisted not only the most skilled forgers but chemists and other scientists, and set them the task of producing perfect imitations of Bank of England notes. They eventually developed notes—according to Wilhelm Höttl, an Austrian engaged on the project—so good that they passed the scrutiny of banks in neutral countries. They were printed by the millions, and used to support the Nazi espionage system in foreign lands. Eliazna Bazna, the notorious spy who worked as valet to the British Ambassador in Turkey—"Operation Cicero"—was paid off in these bogus British notes.

When America entered the war, Hitler set his experts to forging United States paper money. Apparently they found this extremely difficult, for, says Höttl, it was not until early 1945 that they came up with phony American notes on which the engraving and printing were judged close enough to perfection. Even then the notes were rejected—the paper was defective. Hitler's paper fakers were still fussing with this problem when the war ended.

The special quality of the paper on which our money is printed ranks, indeed, only after the work of the bureau and the Secret Service as a protection against counterfeiting. This paper has been made since 1879 in the mills of one family, the Cranes of Massachusetts—and that is a story in itself.

In 1799 young Zenas Crane pushed westward and founded, in the little town of Dalton, Massachusetts, the first paper mill in that part of the country. Soon he was advertising, in the Pittsfield Sun:

AMERICANS!
ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN MANUFACTURES
AND THEY WILL IMPROVE.
LADIES, SAVE YOUR RAGS!

Zenas and his descendants continued to "improve" their manufacture, specializing in unusual and high-quality papers. Today the great modern mills in Dalton are still owned and operated by the same Crane family, of the fourth, fifth and sixth generations. In one of those mills, under strict United States guard and inspection, is made all the secret-process paper on which our money is printed.

During the 1870's United States currency was printed on paper containing jute, which tended to blot and roughen, and which cost seventy cents a pound. In 1879 the Secretary of the Treasury laid down strict new specifications for a distinctive, high-quality rag paper and called for bids. Many paper manufacturers competed, wining and dining officials who they thought might be helpful. Quiet young Winthrop Murray Crane, grandson of Zenas, did no lobbying, but kept his large ears open. A few minutes before the deadline he slipped away from his competitors, who were gathered in the old Riggs House, and sprinted hatless and coatless to the Treasury with the bid which won the contract at 38.9 cents a pound. From that day to this no other company has been able to compete with the Crane currency paper in quality and price. Recent prices are around sixty-five cents a pound, which is still less than the seventy cents which the Treasury was paying when the Cranes entered the field in 1879. Every year invitations to bid are sent to fifty other makers of fine papers, but they all seem willing to leave this complex specialty to Crane and Company.

The Crane researchers have worked with the Bureau of Engraving and Printing through the decades to improve the distinctiveness and durability of the paper. The present product can take 2200 double foldings, along the same crease, without breaking. Machines test this, as well as tensile strength, resistance to puncture, and so forth.

The basic raw materials in the paper are cotton and linen. While much of the manufacturing process is secret, I am able to disclose (sh-h!) that the hides of the Indian water buffaloes have played an important part. Until Pearl Harbor, that is, when the supply was cut off. The chemists went to work, and this precious ingredient is now obtained from the hides of certain American animals that shall remain anonymous.

The Pacific war changed another feature of the paper. See those tiny red and blue fibers in the unprinted portion of your paper money? They used to be made of Japanese silk. After Pearl Harbor, nylon fibers were substituted. When nylon for parachutes and aerial towing cables became critically short, cotton fibers were used. Then the scientists developed a special synthetic fiber. Its composition is secret, but it can be readily identified in the Secret Service laboratories. There is a public belief that if you can see the fibers, the currency is sure to be genuine. Chief Baughman warns that this test is not infallible: a few counterfeiters have been able to imitate the fibers well enough to deceive the unskilled naked eye.

Despite the all-around quality and durability of our paper currency, it eventually wears out under public handling. When notes become so limp, dirty and worn that the Federal Reserve banks judge them not fit for further circulation, they are retired and replaced by newly printed notes. The $1 bill, which gets the hardest usage, lasts an average of thirteen months. The higher denominations last longer, ranging from about two years for the $5 to more than ten years for the $50.

Thus each year, of the $29,000,000,000 of paper money in circulation, about 1.6 billion pieces, of a face value of $6,000,000,000—corresponding roughly to the amount of new money printed by the bureau—is retired. Then comes the question of what to do with this vast volume of old, but still passable paper currency. Shred it? Bleach it? Grind it up for salvageable pulp? All these processes have been tried and found too expensive. The old money is burned.

Some of it is burned in the incinerators of the various Federal Reserve banks. But the larger denominations, including all Federal Reserve notes, to the tune of some $5,000,000,000 a year, are sent back to Washington and burned under the expert supervision of John F. Moran. Mr. Moran is chairman of a remarkable Treasury committee of which few have ever heard—the Destruction Committee. He has been its chairman since 1927, and was a member of it for seven years before that. As such, he has had more money to burn than any other man in history—upwards of $100,000,000,000 worth. The four other members of the committee, appointed by the Fiscal Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, are also trusted civil servants of long experience.

Mr. Moran has devoted most of his life to burning money, and can talk most learnedly on the subject. It is not easy to burn great bundles of money so that no scorched notes may survive. Special incinerators, or "destructors," are required, with firing chambers, combustion chambers and plenum (or settling) chambers. The chimney must be screened just so, lest any money escape. The draft must be exactly right. If too strong, ash drifts over the neighborhood. If too weak, you get "smoulder"—incomplete combustion. Every barrel of the final ash must be wetted down and inspected before it is carted off to the dump.

Mr. Moran is the world authority on his specialty. After Pearl Harbor, when we feared the Japanese would capture the islands, he was sent to Hawaii to burn $70,000,000, of American currency so that it could be replaced by distinctive, brown-seal notes, stamped "Hawaii," which the Japs could not pass in foreign lands. After the war, the British paid Moran's expenses to London, where he counted and burned some $25,000,000 in American currency. It would have cost many thousands of dollars to ship this money back to the United States under proper guard.

On the morning I spent with Mr. Moran, in the basement of the bureau annex, he and his colleagues burned up $25,000,000—an average day's work. Of this amount I was allowed—under the vigilant eyes of the Destruction Committee—to throw two bundles of $20 bills ($160,000) and two of $10's ($80,000) into the roaring flames. Casually—just like that.

At the beginning of this article I suggested that I acquired no cash for myself from my sojourn among the multimillions. This is not exactly accurate. When my researches ended I complained to Mr. Holtzclaw that I had performed a useful service in burning the $240,000, and had not been paid. Next day I received a nice note from him, containing one dime (or disme, or deem). The trouble is, I'm afraid to spend it. Questions might be raised in Congress. I think I will put the dime in escrow pending some word from the Supreme Court. THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

While alien Joe was fishing off Miami, a sudden storm forced his boat into the British port of Bimini. After Joe returned to the United States, immigration agents arrested him. They charged him with failing to admit that he, as an alien, left and re-entered the country without declaring that he had visited a foreign country. For this, they were about to deport him when Joe went to court.

"I wasn't willfully visiting a foreign country at all," Joe protested. "In effect, I was just stepping in out of the rain."

"It's an open-and-shut case," the immigration officials replied. "The law does not ask why he visited a foreign country. It simply makes it illegal to do so and then conceal it."

If you were the judge, would you deport Joe?

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Joe stayed with us. The court ruled that his brief entry to Bimini was forced by angry seas. It said the law must be interpreted sensibly and "to hold otherwise would rest the privilege of a lawfully admitted alien's continued residence on a most precarious basis. Such was not the intent of Congress."

Based upon a 1954 decision of a U. S. Court of Appeals.

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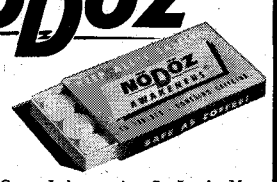

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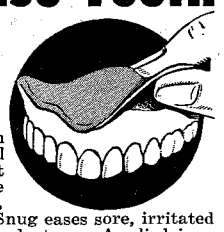

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The Changing Midwest

(Continued from Page 19)

of the best horse regions in the country. Now I doubt if there's a dozen horses left doing farm work." Why the trend to bigger farms? "Because you've got to have machinery, and it's expensive, and if your farm is small, your costs are too high. Twelve years ago, one man with a team and his tools could take care of eighty acres. Today, with machinery, you can take care of one hundred sixty."

Had all this forced many farmers off the farm? "Some have left. They sell the farm, keep the house and a few acres for themselves, and go to work in factories. Some with small farms work in the factory all day and come home nights and farm. Some men work the farms while their wives work in town. About twenty-five per cent of farmers' wives are working out—teaching, nursing, clerking." What has happened to the family farm? "We still have family farms. They're a little larger, that's all."

Land here was worth $350 an acre, even $500. A third of the farms were owned by wealthy city men and rented to tenants. Farming was big business.

"If a man is going to be on his own farm, he'd have seventy to eighty-five thousand dollars tied up in land and buildings and machinery and livestock," said Spuller. "I know of a farmer here, back in 1933 he got started with two hundred fifty dollars cash. Today that wouldn't even make a down payment on a tractor."

He picked up a clip board and went out and got into his truck, parked by the courthouse lawn, to make some calls around the county. First he stopped to see a man who owned a feed store in town and 187 acres out in the country, Newton L. Halterman, a tall, spare man of sixty-six, one of the best farmers hereabouts, twice international corn king.

"Some of this came back," Halterman said, gesturing at some bags of seed corn. "It rained the farmers out the first time and it's too late to plant now. It's bad enough around here, but northwest and on over into Illinois it's—oh, my—it's bad. They've really had rain over there." Were farmers prosperous this year? "No. Hogs are $20.35, not too bad, but the price of everything the farmer buys has gone up too high. Four years ago a little eighteen-inch file cost thirty-five cents. Now they charge you eighty-five. It's the little items eatin' you up. Costs will never go down till there's a major depression. Maybe it's already starting," and he told how hard a salesman had tried to sell him a new truck.

What were farmers talking about these summer days? "Prices and costs and taxes." Were they interested in other national affairs or foreign affairs? "Not much," Halterman said. "You hear some say they don't like the giveaway programs,"—that is, foreign aid. Had President Eisenhower lost any popularity?

"Oh, my land, yes. He's lost some with me," he said laughing. "Not him personally, but some around him." He paused, gestured. "It's so big any more and so complicated the President has to be a figurehead. He can't really know what's going on."

Halterman had been born and raised in Rush County. He had two boys, the elder in the seed business with him, the younger going to Purdue. "A young fellow can't hardly get started farming nowadays unless his father helps him, it costs so much. The boys at Purdue don't pay any attention to the measurements of the girls any more. They want to know whether she's a three-hundred-and-twenty-acre girl or a six-hundred-and-forty-acre girl. It's their only chance to get started farming."

In his pickup truck, Spuller headed out of town, leaving the main highway and running down a gravel road across the smiling countryside, a windmill beside a white barn, cattle standing in a creek, tall pines and cedars standing before an old frame house spiked with lightning rods, a red-brick church—"Campbellite Church," they call it here. Men in overalls were fishing on the riverbank among the weeds. Hollyhocks grew by a mailbox, and sheep walked by a stream; a wild canary flew up in front of the truck, flashing yellow in the sun.

Spuller turned into a farm lane. Across a field he could see a green tractor raising a cloud of dust. He waved, and the man on the tractor waved back—he'd be coming in soon.

Spuller said, "He's a tenant farmer. Marion Liggett. He's renting two hundred forty here, forty more up the road. I don't see how he does it."

Liggett drove his tractor up to the fence and stopped. He was a husky young fellow of thirty-two in a white T shirt and blue jeans. He had been born at Lawrenceburg, down on the Ohio River; his father had passed this way, going to the state fair. "When dad saw this land, he said if you can't make it in Rush County, you can't make it anywhere. I started housekeeping ten years ago October. Went in debt four thousand five hundred dollars. I was out of debt in five years." Now he was worth $25,000 in stock and machinery. He owned no land—if he sold out for $25,000, he could only buy about eighty acres and couldn't make a living. He was better off renting. In a good year he could probably net $2500 above living expenses.

Squinting into the sun, he said, "I tell my wife I make money every year we have a youngster," and he laughed, his white teeth flashing. "If I modernize on the farm with something that saves me labor, I aim to get something for Lois. I got her an automatic washer, dryer, ironer. I have a clean shirt and pants every day. We've got a freezer and a TV. We're doing all right."

What did he hear farmers talking about? "Well, this farm program's pretty unsettled right now. We had a corn referendum, and some fellows just wrote on their ballots that they didn't want any program of any kind. The fellows that are going into the soil bank are older; it's a modified form of social security, really."

Did he hear much talk of national politics? "No." How about international affairs? "The money being spent over there we don't think's been doing any good," he said. "But you don't hear a lot about it." He adverted to the St. Lawrence Seaway—perhaps it would expand the farmer's market. Talk of the H-bomb? "Not much any more, except this rainy weather—they blame it on the bomb," and he went back to talking about farming. "This land can produce a lot of food and keep on doing it, but you take like petroleum and minerals, there's an end to that. When the mine's dug out, it's done. But you can keep on raising corn. There'll be someone else farming this land after you're gone."

One day six months later, when the fields were brown and farmers were dug in for the winter, Halterman and Liggett came to town and stopped at the county agent's office, where the price of hogs has been posted on a blackboard daily since 1918. How had they made out in 1957? Both grinned.

Halterman said, "We've got a great deal more money in the bank this year than last." Hogs were down to $17.25, a lesser seasonal drop than had been expected.

Liggett said, "I started housekeeping ten years ago, and this is the first time I've had money in the bank and been out of debt. I always run two litters of hogs, January and July, and it took all my spring hogs to pay my spring bills, but this year I caught up with my bills and as my fall hogs come in I quit runnin' and caught my breath a little."

Not all farmers were as well off. Halterman said, "A lot of the younger tenants are still in pretty bad trouble—the ones that started since the war—started big, borrowed money and bought a lot of equipment." Halterman was still worrying about the high prices of things he had to buy. And Liggett said he'd like to have a new car—his was seven years old—but he'd make do with the old one.

Spuller nodded. "There for a while everybody was trying to keep up, buying new stuff, but the trend is different now—they're not spending their money."

What were people talking about? Liggett said, "What they're going to plant next year."

How about national affairs? Halterman said, "There's some talk on the farm program. Not good, not complimentary." What about national affairs other than agriculture? Halterman said, "Well, there's been a lot of excitement around the country about this integration, but you didn't hear it discussed much around here because we've been integrated for years and think nothing about it."

In the 1920's the Ku-Klux Klan had been strong in Rushville, but today about 300 Negroes dwell there in peace. The forebears of some had arrived on the Underground Railroad in Civil War days. Schools and swimming pools were integrated. What had been the reaction here to the trouble at Little Rock?

Halterman said, "What few I talked to didn't like it. There's a lot of States'-righters around here."

Liggett said, "This is a Christian country, and integration's coming, but they don't want it forced on 'em."

Halterman said, "It's made more propaganda for Russia than the Russians' moon."

What about the satellite, anyway? Liggett said, "At first there was just jokes about it. Like the joke about the drunk lookin' at the moon and a guy telling him, 'Don't worry, buddy, that's one of ours.' But a lot of times a fella can kind of hide his real thoughts with a joke. I believe that it's more than a laughing matter. We've always taken this America first for granted, but the Russians showed us there's a little competition."

Spuller said, "It's beyond me."

Had they heard talk of war? No; still, war seemed a remote possibility. Liggett said, "These firecrackers that goes off in the Near East and other places has their day and then they disappear. You take Syria and Turkey—it's just like when I'm climbing over a fence to look at an old sow, long as she's raising Cain with me, snortin' and gruntin', I'm not scared, but that old sow over in the corner that's not sayin' nothing, that's the one I'm worried about. It's the same with Turkey and Syria."

Any interest in national politics?

"No," Halterman said, "it's kind of a standstill."

Had Sputnik undermined Eisenhower's popularity further? Liggett said, "Not as much as his sickness has overcome. Every time he takes a spell like that he kind of gains back all he's lost."

Were people concerned about the President's health? Liggett said, "I took some hogs up to Indianapolis the day

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after Thanksgiving. Last year they jumped a dollar that day, but this year they didn't, and I figure his health does have a lot to do with the economy of the nation."

Was there talk of Eisenhower's successor? There hadn't been, till Eisenhower's stroke in late November. "Now," Liggett said, "we all wonder who's going to take his place. Nixon is naturally going to carry a lot of popularity. On the Democratic side there are several fellas pretty well on an equal footing," and he mentioned Governor Clement, of Tennessee, and Senator Kennedy, of Massachusetts.

Were people basically contented and undisturbed, as they had been last summer? "Well, there is some talk of layoffs at the furniture factory. But maybe these defense contracts will pick things up. The satellite and all the rest hasn't really disturbed people. You see, 'Fifty-seven was a pretty good year around here, so people are not concerned. You take when you have a good year financially, a lot of the gripes about other things disappear."

Halterman said uneasily, "I'll tell you one thing that worries people was the last cutback in defense—that has caused some unemployment in Indiana."

Spuller said, "I've noticed more hitchhikers on the roads in the last two months than in recent years."

Were people here rather indifferent to national or foreign affairs other than agriculture? Liggett, smiling, said, "I'll tell you. You're tired when evening comes and you pick up the paper and read national affairs and you just can't get enthused. You don't care who's fightin' who, just so you can go to bed peaceful. But you see that the price of nitrogen is coming down—now there's news!"—and he laughed, and in a moment he and Halterman and Spuller, comfortable on their creaking chairs in the county agent's ancient office, were talking again about hog and fertilizer prices and their plans for farming next year.

The Kiwanis Club met at six P.M. in the back room of a restaurant on the courthouse square. About forty men in business suits ranged themselves behind chairs at a U-shaped table, sang one stanza of America, recited the Pledge of Allegiance, bowed their heads during an invocation, then sat and talked and ate. Most were businessmen, plus two or three farmers, a couple of retired farmers and a minister. A Rushville saying has it that the Lions have all the fun, the Rotarians own the town, and the Kiwanians run it.

After dinner, the chairman said that Kiwanis had sent three girls and two boys to a state-wide junior-leader conference at Greencastle and they were here to report. They were, indeed—scrubbed teen-agers sitting at the table—and in turn they related what they had learned at the conference. One recalled, "We heard a saying, 'There's only one place where success comes before work, and that's in the dictionary,' and I thought that was a good thing to remember." One remembered a speech on Youth's Great Decisions. A girl with a pony tail said they had discussed many subjects, including what is the proper age for going steady. The Kiwanians laughed comfortably. The teen-agers were remarkably unabashed in front of the middle-aged audience, and the audience was remarkably attentive. At the end, the girl with the pony tail summed things up, then said, "And we thank Kiwanis for sending us." The men applauded. There was something rather touching about the proceedings—the attention given, the kids' confident assumption that attention would be given, the simple good humor and calm confidence of it all. Afterward, the vice president invited questions, and a farmer, a grandfather, said, "Yeh, I want to know how old you're supposed to be before you go steady." It brought down the house.

Since the end of the war, other Indiana towns have grown mightily. Rushville has not. Why? Vance Waggoner, the city attorney, a heavy man with long silver hair, sitting in his office on the courthouse square, said, "This community is still agricultural, and it has its substance in the thinking of retired farmers. The Chamber of Commerce keeps trying to bring industry in, but the trend of the thinking is, 'We don't want it.' We're losing some young people; no question about it."

About 1000 men were living in Rushville and going to work in factories at Indianapolis, Connersville, Shelbyville, New Castle. The practice started during the war—Rushville had no defense plants; other places did. Rushville people enjoyed saying, "We're a little healthier than these industrial towns, don't have the terrific ups and downs. In the depression, even, we managed to get by. We didn't apply for WPA projects. We built our swimming pool ourselves."

Waggoner said, "It won't be many years till everything is built solidly all the way to Indianapolis. Another decade will tell whether this community stagnates till the development of metropolitan Indianapolis catches up with it, or whether it does something on its own. Rush County hasn't grown in sixty years." None of this meant the town was dying. "There's civic spirit here. A while back we built a hospital, and we raised in two weeks over $150,000 by popular subscription. You find a group of younger people, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, idea-a-minute fellows—they constantly want to change things. But they haven't got very far."

What were people talking about?

"This is what the late lamented F.D.R. called an isolationist town. We don't call ourselves that. There's no talk of foreign affairs around here, but the people are probably doing a lot more thinking than talking." Did they think themselves prosperous? He laughed. "They don't think they're prosperous, that's for sure." Did they, then, talk about the high cost of living? "No, they don't. This isn't a boom, but it's far from a depression."

How were business conditions? Rushville retailers were being hurt by a big new shopping center between Rushville and burgeoning Indianapolis. And farmers, less prosperous than a few years ago, weren't buying.

"It's a little drag in business," said Pres. M. A. Havens, of the Rush County National Bank. "The livestock market's a little better, but it's still rather rough in agriculture." Not all factory workers were in clover either. "Layoffs," said Havens. "And they're used to overtime pay—they're all set up on credit on an overtime-pay basis. We have a consumer-loan department here, but it's small. We don't want to expand it too greatly. If you get too much debt and have a depression, it'll hurt. I went through one and that's enough," he said earnestly. "The latest thing's the stock-market drop. It's hard to tell what it means. There's not enough unemployment for me to get really scared. But people today are worried about inflation and depression, I think."

Did he hear talk about the Russian satellite? "No, not a lot. Matter of fact, nobody around here's been scared about it." He laughed nervously. "Just a case of one nation beatin' another. But what that means I don't know."

In his little office over the fire station off Main Street, Rushville's first full-time mayor, William Morgan, a stocky, crew-cut man of forty-eight, born in Rushville, formerly an auto salesman and filling-station operator, was worrying about the fight over whether the city-owned power company should be sold or expanded. "That's all I think about day and night." He seemed to feel that the fight to preserve the light plant was a battle against the encroachment of giant outside utilities. Had the town changed much in recent years? "No, not much. It's composed of many retired farmers—wonderful people, but they take to change very slowly. I'm thinking of putting in some one-way streets, and I know that for the first twenty-one days they'll scream their heads off." He laughed; then, leaning forward, said, "I believe in this community. I was raised here; lived here practically every minute of my life; I just think the world and all of it." Why did he like it so well? "A very large percentage of our families have been established families for many generations. We haven't had any foreign element come in, like a factory town has, to upset our tranquillity. Then, good churches and schools. We're building a new high school now. Then, in a community this size, everyone knows everyone else's business, but as long as you keep your nose clean, it don't hurt to have everyone know your business."

Did he hear talk of national affairs? "I hear a lot of comment about giving taxpayers' money to foreign countries. Then, of course, segregation is —— We are very fortunate here, the colored people in our town, I suppose ninety per cent of them are old, established families, and we have no trouble with them whatsoever. Of course, people say we don't know what they have to put up with in Little Rock. About the troops, it seems in Indiana people are divided fifty-fifty—about as many were in favor of sending troops to Little Rock as were against it. But there hasn't been too much talk about it here. There has been a lot of conversation about the satellite," and he laughed a little. "But people seem to think we can retaliate with what we have just as well as they can." Had the Russian Sputniks hurt Eisenhower's popularity? "No. There are a few people who, for political reasons, would try to use things like that." Were people concerned about war? "No. They don't see too much connection between the satellite and war. People here are contented—they have been interested primarily in Thanksgiving and Christmas."

... ...

Of Girls and Beaux

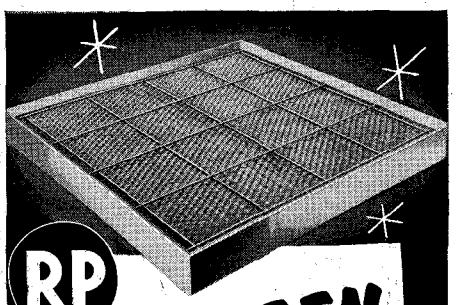
By Richard Wheeler

Young ladies like dating
Young men who possess
Good manners, good looks
And good habits of dress.

However, they also
Appraise us concerning
Our vigor, ambition
And aptness for earning.

They hanker to marry
A man who's a dreamboat
Yet has all the stoutness
And push of a steamboat.

... ...



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Then the public temper, one of contentment, had not changed much since last summer? He thought not. Were people concerned about the President's health? "Yes, they think he should take better care of himself. People read about his going to the airport to meet this king, I think of Morocco, and standing out in the bitter wind and all that—they think he should let someone else do that." What did people think of Nixon? "The trend is that they wouldn't have the confidence in him they have in Eisenhower." Had Eisenhower lost popularity before Sputnik? "I feel that he did. I believe that man is just what you call a downright good man all the way through. I think he may get persecuted, but I think goodness will prevail, that's the way I feel about Eisenhower. I do hear quite a bit of comment that the continued rise of the cost of living is going to fall back in our faces—but those that say this have got plenty of money. The average person that works for wages, a good honest person trying to keep out of serious debt, is just looking forward to Saturday night and meeting his neighbors. Which I think is more healthy than making comments about how there'll be a depression. If enough of us think about it, there'll be one."

In his law office upstairs over the Rushville National Bank, of which he is president, Philip Willkie, son of Wendell, was sitting in a rocking chair, looking out over the courthouse square. It was a gray, wintry day, snow clouds scudding above the courthouse spires, a few leaves swirling across the lawn. Willkie was a broad-faced, quick-moving, stocky man of thirty-eight. His office contained spindly furniture that had belonged to his great-grandfather, who had practiced law here. On a table was a suitcase plastered with steamship labels.

Philip Willkie had been born in Rushville and in 1947 had come back here from New York to live. Some thought he had returned, as his father had, to establish a political base. He was elected three times to the Indiana Legislature. In 1954 he ran for judge and lost. He had been mentioned as a candidate to succeed Sen. William Jenner in 1958. With his internationalist views and tendency toward "modern Republicanism," he would provide a sharp contrast to Jenner, but Willkie said he wouldn't run. He was working hard at becoming a member of the community. Some people disliked him—he was well-to-do and the son of a famous father, he was brusque, and, with his dark business suits and wide-ranging mind, he seemed, in a shirt-sleeved farm town, alien.

Had Rushville changed much since the war? Willkie, rocking by the window, said, "I think there's been a tremendous change. Half the population commutes to jobs in industry. This used to be a retired-farmers' town. Now it's a suburban-mill town." He was overstating the case, but he had a point. "There is a profound economic change going on. We took over the management of the bank three years ago and we've built a million-dollar consumer-credit department in the last two years—young couples buying refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, furniture, cars. That's industrial-worker buying."

The Midwest was in the midst of a great economic boom. The St. Lawrence Seaway would provide new thrust. Industrialization had visibly transformed other Indiana towns.

"You see it least here in Rushville, but it's here, below the surface. Now, politically"—he got up and walked rapidly around his desk—"politically all the surface manifestations are very conservative. Foreign aid is basically unpopular. Yet I question whether there aren't some things under the surface. These people have traveled. I don't say they've become internationalist, but where they've been does reflect in their political viewpoint. I'm not sold that the people here are as isolationist as the newspapers would have you believe. There's a feeling of disinterest rather than an 'anti' feeling. The same thing on domestic issues. There was a good deal of interest in Little Rock. This region talks pro-Southern, but treats the Negro as an equal. The only real prejudice I know of around here is against wealth and privilege.

"The impact of the New Deal and two World Wars has had a lasting effect. We had to empty the wastebasket under the counter at the bank twice today because the envelopes from Government checks were so overflowing—Soil Bank, Social Security, pensions, and so on." He paused, musing. "Now is a dead time in politics. If you think back to the days when the Supreme Court packing plan was up, lend-lease, the old New Deal fights—there's no interest now like there was then. And Sputnik—at first nobody was taking it seriously. But after a while they began to." Were they concerned about the President's health? "I've talked to a good many people, but I don't feel that people are alarmed about it. I don't think the people have got the idea yet that he might not be here for the rest of his term."

What do the local professional politicians say? What issues are paramount today? The Republican county chairman, Richard Phillips, slouched in an easy chair before a television set at home, said, "The state gross-income tax—it was raised to one and a half per cent. The right-to-work law—the Republican legislature passed it this year, and only God knows what the outcome will be. There are union men in every town these days, but the union can't deliver its vote." What of national issues? "'Course, we're very much isolationist here. We're much against foreign aid. Dulles has never been too popular in our section of the country. I personally was for Bob Taft and would be still if he were alive. I'd be for Herbert Hoover if he were still alive." (He is.)

"You've got this war scare—the most that I hear is it's got to the point where if Russia makes one more step, either we stop them or they stop us. The people weren't concerned about what you call Sputnik One, but after Sputnik Two, and after the scientists and military men brought out that we were behind, the people were more aware of the gravity of the situation." Would people approve spending for missile development? He nodded. "They go along with that. There's a little less opposition to foreign aid than there used to be. 'Course, I'm still an isolationist." Did he hear talk of the H-bomb? "It ties in with the weather. People are not worried about it."

His wife put in, "We just think it causes tornadoes and rain."

Phillips, a sporty-looking man with gray crew-cut hair, had been county clerk for eight years; now his wife had the job. Had Eisenhower lost popularity? "Yes. He's a lame duck. Then the international situation, the fear of war, and Russia's outstripped us—there's been a lot of indecision in Washington in the last few months. But he's still popular with the public." Was there any talk of his successor? "Only since he was sick in November." Who was favored to succeed him in 1960? "Right here the most popular would be Nixon. Among the fighting Republicans it'd be Bill Jenner. Then it'd be Bill Knowland."

What of desegregation? "You heard a lot about Little Rock at the time, both sides—that Eisenhower was wrong and right for sending troops in. It hurt Eisenhower. I think it was a political move to keep the colored vote—which he'll never keep. Right here it won't have any political effect at all. We always keep the Second Precinct"—where Negroes live—"in a presidential election. And the white Republicans here believe in State rights, but they believe in integration more. But I'll tell you a new issue—people are scared to death of Wall Street. They just can't forget 'Twenty-nine. You lay off ten per cent of the workers in Indiana for three months, and that's the end of the Republican Party."

Nowadays Phillips worked in Indianapolis for the state, a patronage job. "I don't believe in Civil Service whatsoever. We used to have the police and fire and street department; now only the streets. They've taken all the incentive out of politics."

His sentiments were widely shared in Indiana. Last year the Democratic candidate for governor was quoted as promising that if after election he found a job which a Democrat could not fill, he'd abolish it.

Phillips said, "Right now it's a low time in politics, no interest. If you want to really have a scramble, just let hog prices drop three or four dollars. That's what hurts us."

Times change. The Elks club was still the biggest social center in town, but old-fashioned celebrations on Memorial Day and Fourth of July had all but disappeared. The County Fair was still the biggest event of the year, but midget auto racing had replaced harness racing. The town's social life revolved around the clubs, especially in the winter. One woman said, "There are about three hundred fifty organizations in this county—service clubs, church circles, farm clubs, everything." Everybody was mobile. People thought nothing of driving to Cincinnati to a ball game or a night club.

How does it all look to an old-timer? Chase Mauzy, seventy-five years old, born on a Rush County farm, was a small, white-haired, vigorous man sitting in the living room of his snug house on Main Street. He owned a 300-acre farm and ran a mortgage-and-insurance business in town. Couldn't a man get by on eighty acres today if he was willing to go back to the horse-and-buggy days?

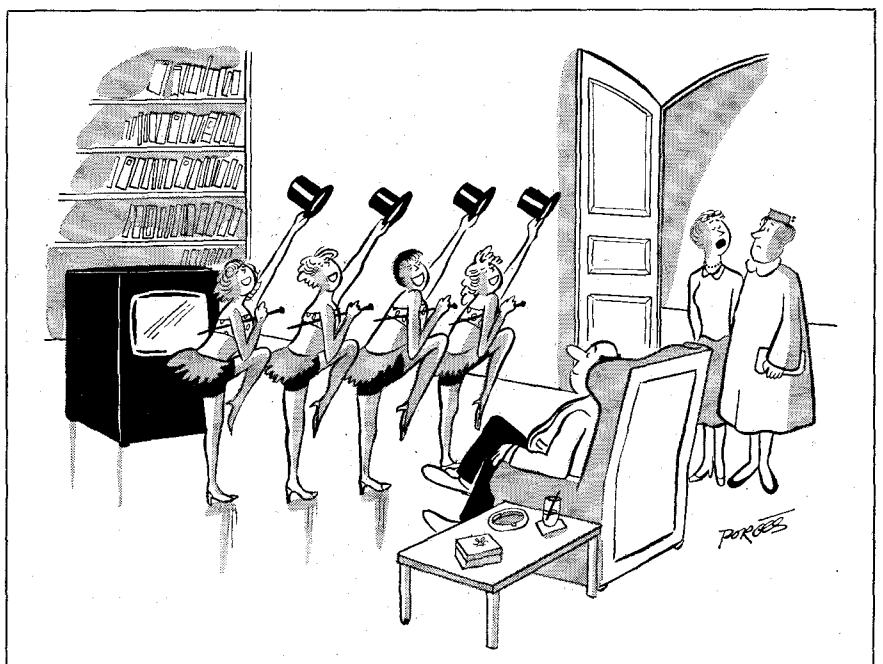
"You couldn't make a living," he said. "You've got to have volume. I used to think if I had a thousand-dollar income it was a good living. Now it takes a thousand dollars a month to keep you going. Overalls are four dollars, and they used to be fifty cents. You couldn't take a horse and buggy to town today—you'd get killed. Times have just gone apast us. It's a different age," and he bobbed his white head. "I've had a good life. I had two daughters, both graduated from Butler." Butler University is in Indianapolis. "We lost the older daughter. The other girl's married and has two children. She's a teacher here. Her husband and I operate the farm. He may quit soon. He's a city boy. I'm seventy-five and I'm going to quit it. I don't want to go out and fool around that darn old farm." His eyes twinkled—he didn't mean it. "I'm in the insurance business and loan business. I haven't retired. Maybe I should, but—if you want to die, just quit."

His wife, who had been in the dining room, went upstairs. Watching her, he said, "I lost my wife four, five years ago. Married my sister-in-law. She's a nice woman. She's going to fly to Boston. Just think, she'll leave Indianapolis at four and get to Boston at ten." He was silent a moment.

"Rushville's been a good town. We got a lot of good farmers around here," and he named several proudly. "And we got some good lawyers," and he named them too. "This land will go to a thousand dollars an acre in forty or fifty years. It's getting in the hands of a few people, and people that'll hold it. We're eventually getting like England—the land'll be in the hands of the older families. We used to just farm half-hazard, but you can't do that any more. It's just like any other business. Some man'll take a peanut roaster and get rich. And some man'll do it and starve to death. It's nearly all up to the individual, after all."

He was the only person in Rushville who volunteered this sentiment, once so common in Indiana and indeed in America.

"I'm kind of proud of this town. I don't like Chicago. Chicago's too big for me. New York's worse. I was over to New York. You don't live over there—you just exist. I've been to California a couple of times. Going to New Orleans in October. Been to Florida, four, five times. I like Miami. But in two or three weeks I get all of it I want. I prefer the small town myself. It's just where you grew up; it's what you like."



"Henry likes his programs live."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Editors' Note—This is the first of four articles by John Bartlow Martin. The second will appear next week.

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The Pelican That Hated to Dive

(Continued from Page 21)

taken on a community fishing trip, he and the other youngsters were told to watch how it was done. So Pomeroy watched as poppa, cruising at a hundred feet, unaccountably folded his wings and plummeted straight down. Horrified, the boy bird watched the Old Man hit the water with a horrendous splash.

"Did he complain of feelin' bad?" the lad hollered to momma. "Did he ever have his blood pressure ——"

"Don't be alarmed, dear," momma said. "Poppa is merely having lunch."

"This is havin' lunch?" Pomeroy gulped.

The sight of poppa emerging from beneath the waves with a mackerel in his bill failed to reassure Pomeroy. Nor did the fact that other pelicans—momma, the neighbors and even his own dear little playmates—made similar high dives for fish make him feel any better. He noticed that all the pelicans, young and old, shook their heads dazedly when they surfaced. That didn't look good.

"Merely to tenderize the fish," momma explained.

"It looks like they're punchy," Pomeroy muttered.

"Nonsense," momma said briskly. "Of course, at the very first you might feel a slight jar when you strike the water, but it's nothing, really. There's a school of fish. Try it."

"I have to?"

"It's customary," poppa smiled. "Especially among those of us who like to eat."

Pomeroy looked down at the fish far below, swallowed hard, shut his eyes and dived. Three or four hours passed while the wind whistled past his ears, almost drowning out the joined juvenile jeer of "There goes Pom-er-oooy!"

Then—whammo!

Momma had mentioned a "slight jar"; to Pomeroy it was as though somebody had brought a baseball bat down on his skull. There was water up his nose and down his throat, but no fish in his bill—and who would be interested in fish, anyway, a second after taking a mule's hind hoof in the face? He rose groggily to the surface and shook his head, trying to tone down the carillon that was pealing in his ears.

"You arched your back a little too much," poppa commented, coming alongside, "but on the whole it was a very passable dive."

"I'm glad you liked it," Pomeroy said bitterly, "because it's the last time I'll ever get conned into a stunt like that. Slight jar!"

Of course they argued with him, taunted him, coaxed and caviled, momma, poppa, the hoary oldsters of the Spindrift Key colony, but it did no good.

"But all pelicans dive for fish!" they cried.

"All pelicans are named Pete too," Pomeroy returned. "Except one. Me."

He looked shoreward, toward the pier where fishermen from all the forty-eight states and Canada's twelve provinces jostled for elbowroom. "Besides," he added, "those old guys look like they're doin' all right and they ain't goin' off the high board for it either."

Momma and poppa and the others turned their eyes toward the pier and the seven well-fed pelicans that perched on the pilings there, stealing hooked fish. A note of respect approaching awe came into poppa's voice.

"That," he explained, "is The Club."

"So I join The Club," Pomeroy shrugged. "It's that simple."

"Join The Club?" momma asked, aghast. "You don't join The Club, dear. It's very exclusive. You have to be invited, don't you, poppa?"

"Of course," poppa nodded. "The way I understand it, a committee picks one pelican from each colony in the Boca Ciega Bay area every three or four years to stand for membership."

"Every ten years," interjected an elder. "Or is it twenty?"

"Anyway, after the committee looks into the background ——"

"It's not that way at all," somebody broke in. "The way I heard it, so many names are put in a hat and ——"

"Where do they get the hat?" poppa asked coldly. "And if all the names are Pete what good would that do, anyway?"

An argument developed. At its height, Pomeroy snorted and headed for the

... ...

Winter Night

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Not daring to stay still
Lest suddenly it freeze,
Wind walks up and down
the dark,
While knobby-knuckled
trees
Crack their joints for
exercise
Or huddle close, with
groans,
To houses creaking protests
At winter in their bones!

... ...

pier. Those old boys seemed to have something pretty nice going for them and he wanted in, club or no club.

He was about a hundred yards from the end of the pier when the first clubman raised his head and stared with disbelieving eyes. When Pomeroy was fifty yards away, all seven members of The Club were fixing him with stony glares.

Our hero landed on a piling a bit removed from the overcrowded fishing dock. For the record, he did try to be friendly.

"Hi," he said to the nearest clubman. "Nice place you've got here."

The seven members of the elite exchanged glances. So grave was this intrusion that a tourist was allowed to land a seven-inch grunt, unmolested.

"Yup," said Pomeroy into the silence. "Mighty nice place."

"And private," creaked one of the clubmen, barely parting his bill. "For members only."

Pomeroy looked about him with exaggerated care before meeting the withering stare again. "I don't see no signs," he smiled.

"No signs are necessary," another clubman said icily.

"Well, I ——" Pomeroy began, and broke off. One of the tourists had snagged a fine mangrove snapper which was beating the water to a froth in its struggle. Pomeroy slid off the piling and swooped on the fish, disengaged the hook, swallowed the snapper. He did this expertly even though it was his first experience; taking fish from hooks is as much a part of a pelican's heritage as the ability to fly.

The human who had been robbed set up a cursing, and Pomeroy returned to the piling, grinning. "This is living," he told the silent seven. "Out there"—with a derisive nod toward his parents and neighbors—"those dopes are knockin' themselves out doin' high dives while here all we have to do ——"

"Young man," interrupted a clubman harshly, "go away."

Pomeroy widened his eyes. "Pardon?"

"I said, go away. This is a private preserve, the property of The Club since the first tourist cast a line from that pier into this gulf. No visitors. Posted. Keep out."

Pomeroy thrust his lower bill forward. "And if I don't?" he asked.

"Then," said the oldest of the clubmen heavily, "we shall be forced to eject you, distasteful as a brawl might be to us."

Pomeroy eyed the clubmen. Along in years, they were, and not in the best of shape by reason of their sedentary life, but there were seven of them and they were large; he was only a stripling. Still, a beating was only a beating while an unanswered challenge somehow was the most shameful thing in life to Pomeroy; so the young pelican dug his bill into his chest and said, "I take considerable ejectin'."

He got it too. While the fishermen with feverish joy pulled in mackerel, snapper, sheepshead, sailor's choices, grouper, catfish, trout, eels, crevalle jack and even one pompano without a single hook being burglarized, the seven clubmen gave Pomeroy a going-over. But good.

"Must be the mating season," observed one tourist learnedly when the ejection proceedings were at their most riotous. "I read somewhere that they turn savage then."

At the moment, Pomeroy was under water with three or four clubmen dispassionately bashing him over the head, sending him down again each time he came up. He was about ready to quit trying when there was a considerable commotion overhead and he sloshed up to blessed air to find, miraculously, that no sledgehammer bill was poised to let him have it. When he got his eyes uncrossed he discovered the reason for the surcease; his father was laying about him, and poppa was better than fair at handling himself in a fight.

The clubmen drew off in a body, outraged beyond repair and with more than one sporting a swelling eye. They scowled at poppa in concert.

"Of course," the oldest said finally in the voice of doom, "you realize what this does to your chances of becoming a member."

"I don't care," poppa panted. "You've got no call to rough up a kid like that, no matter what he did."

"They jumped me, poppa!" Pomeroy cried. "I wasn't doin' a thing and these guys just started pushin' me around."

"Come, Pomeroy," poppa said, and led the boy away. He did not wait until they got home to administer disciplinary measures; he gave Pomeroy a walloping out on the fishing grounds, in full view of the neighbors. Which, as any child psychologist will agree, is always a mistake.

"Ruin my chances of making The Club, will you?" poppa growled. *Whap!* "Put me on the black list by acting like a drape, will you?" *Whap-whap!*

"Poppa," momma protested, "not on the head."

Back home, Pomeroy got off by himself and brooded. This was one crazy world. Being a pelican was bad enough, if pelicans were expected to knock themselves silly every time they wanted a bite to eat, but to be a pelican named Pomeroy with an old man who walloped him in public just for standing up for his rights—how could it be worse? And those old creeps in The Club, where did they get off? This was a free country, wasn't it? If he wanted to, he bet he could take it up with the right people and make those guys let him feed off the tourists' fish.

If this Spindrift bunch had any backbone, forgot the exclusiveness bit, they could push The Club off the pilings, take over and feed easy. But would they? No, they'd rather yessir The Club and hope for a bid to join some day, meanwhile going bald pounding the water with their heads in hundred-foot drops.

Well, he wasn't going to take this lying down; not Pomeroy. If the old folks wouldn't back him up, he'd go it alone. Just wait.

He waited while he got a few more pounds on him, and during that time he became the biggest juvenile problem ever known to Spindrift Key. He refused to fish and when poppa ordered momma to quit feeding the big loafer as though he were just out of the egg, he went hungry until his father had to break down, fearing for the boy's health.

Came the day when momma and poppa started thinking about another little one and Pomeroy flatly refused to leave the nest. Tearfully on momma's part and grimly on poppa's, he was dumped out bodily. Pomeroy climbed back five times, but after the sixth splash his aversion to diving overcame his stubbornness and he left home. Poppa had to hold momma to keep her from going after her boy as he flapped away into the sunset.

"It'll be the making of him," Pomeroy's father said, with a couple of wing feathers firmly crossed, out of sight.

"But Pomeroy will starve!" momma wailed. "He won't dive."

"When he gets hungry enough he'll dive," poppa promised. "Through concrete, if necessary."

Poppa's prophesy, however, was not fulfilled immediately. Pomeroy went hungry for a while, but he did not dive; instead he joined up with a disreputable gang of gulls that hung around Mooney's Fish House and fed off the leavings that came down the slops chute. If he knew he was lowering himself on the social scale by several hundred notches, he convinced himself that he didn't care. Besides, Gilly, the gull gang leader, and his boys at least didn't go around screeching "Yoo-hoo, Pom-er-oooy!" in falsetto voices.

He continued this disgraceful existence until the day when, flexing his muscles, he decided he was ready to get things straight with The Club, fix it so he could eat whole, fresh-hooked fish instead of the bits and oddments at Mooney's. He made his way down to the pier, muttering what he was going to do to the first clubman that tried to stop him. He arrived and was promptly set upon by all seven members, who, it would seem, had spent the intervening weeks doing pushups in anticipation of his return.

This time there was no poppa to come to the rescue. Pomeroy finally escaped, looking as though he had been caught in a propeller.

"And stay out!" they told him, but he didn't.

Now, anyone would think that a pelican that had twice been thrown out of a place so definitely would admit he'd had it. The ordinary pelican might have, but there was only one Pomeroy. He did concede that as things stood his chances of getting those tourists' fish looked mighty dim, but he met this admission with the vow that so long as he could not dine at The Club, no other pelican would.

The next time he returned to the pier, therefore, it was not to the pilings where the clubmen held forth. Instead, he flew

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down the shore, picked up the pier at its land end and flew, fast and low, out its entire length, buzzing the tourists.

As has been mentioned, the fishing folk were tightly packed. Between January first and June first, railing space at the wharf was at a premium from dawn on, regardless of conditions of tide or weather. This churning mob was a perfect setup for a holocaust. Put a tourist on a pier, struggling for breathing room, already enraged by having some of the biggest fish he ever hooked in his life swiped by pelicans, one after the other, and then send a modern pterodactyl avalanching upon him, uttering weird noises, knocking off his hat and sunglasses, and you have a highly emotional individual. Multiply this by two or three hundred and you have an explosive potential that is frightening.

As Pomeroy zigzagged out the pier, uproar spread ahead of him, utter chaos followed in his wake. Some fishermen who saw him coming tried to fend him off with their rods and succeeded only in thrashing their neighbors about the head and shoulders. This brought retaliation, and the sounds of splintering tackle formed a jagged obbligato to the cries of terror and outrage. Somebody flung a can of live bait at Pomeroy and missed the pelican, but not anybody else within a twenty-foot radius. Several fist fights broke out, a large woman went into keening hysterics, the kids whooped ecstatically and the beach cops converged on the scene.

Pomeroy sailed out over the end of the pier, banked sharply, turned and made another run.

"Here he comes again!" squalled the tourists, and the second act of the panic was on. Most of those in the target area hit the deck, a few stood their ground and swatted futilely at Pomeroy. Kicked overboard in the scramble were scores of tackle boxes, vacuum bottles, picnic lunches, camp stools, bait buckets and suntan-lotion bottles. A beach cop plunging into the maelstrom was flattened by a wild swing thrown by a lady from Wisconsin. The children threw back their heads and squealed in pure rapture. Pomeroy banked again, surveyed the scene of carnage and flapped away.

"Now let's see how it goes with those old jerks and their club," he told Gilly and the other gulls who had come along to see the fun.

The clubmen had drawn off during the riot, frozen in shocked disapproval. As relative quiet descended again they went back to their pilings and prepared to take up where they had left off. They got their first inkling that something was very wrong when the most venerable of their sacrosanct number took a pop bottle beside the head.

The blow itself was not too bad, but its significance was colossal. Previously, the pelicans had been cursed despairingly in every accent known to the United States, but that was all. Now, thanks to Pomeroy, the tourists were taking to violence. Another missile, this one a bait can, grazed another clubman.

"Throw the rascals out!" sounded a hoarse voice, and that triggered a barrage of objects ranging from a child's sand pail to a brand-new sixty-dollar reel. Several clubmen were hit hard; one was knocked plumb off his piling.

"Hey!" a beach cop protested anxiously. "You can't do that! They're protected by law!"

"This for a law that protects the buzzard that busted my glasses!" cried a senior citizen from New Hampshire, and bunged a heavy sinker at the nearest pelican.

"It wasn't their fault," cried the cop. "It was that other screwball."

"A pelican is a pelican," panted the oldster, and followed the sinker with a scaling knife.

The clubmen fled, their dignity demolished. They came as close to scurrying as a pelican can and they did not stop until they were out of range of the lethal fire.

They did not return until the following dawn and they might have been slightly apprehensive about their reception, but not too much; after all, a pier fisherman lost his frustrated docility only once in a thousand years and yesterday had been that day. Today he would be his old self again, eyes glued on his bobber while his elbows fended off his compatriots and he rent the air with impotent oaths as the pelicans stole his fish from his hook.

And, indeed, this was how it was. The fires of revolt had died overnight. The beach cops who had assembled nervously at daybreak breathed a collective sigh of relief; things were back to normal. They returned to the tiresome chore of judging which Bikini encased the most admirable contents.

Then Pomeroy came back with Gilly and his gull gang from Mooney's, there to watch the fun. They saw plenty. This time Pomeroy made four runs over the pier before he was satisfied with the shambles and led his sycophants off, convulsed by jeering laughter.

Hardly had the last piercing scream died away over the Gulf of Mexico before the tourists turned their attentions on The Club. The day before, the senior citizen from New Hampshire had said that a pelican was a pelican and this was the view of all; to them it was plain that one of them damn birds roosted there on the pilings was to blame for all this. Hands reached for things to throw.

This time, The Club fled at the first volley, appealing over their shoulders for police protection. The cops were there by that time and trying to soothe the people; they did fine, too, until somebody announced that on the morrow he was bringing a shotgun with him and then those pelicans would get what was coming to them, by dogies.

"You shoot one of those pelicans and we'll have to lock you up," warned a cop.

"Lock up a winter visitor?" gasped a tourist. "Blasphemy!"

"Well, uh," said the cop. "Anyway, you can't shoot a pelican."

"We'll see if I can't," said the fisherman, and next morning, sure enough, he carried a pump gun onto the pier with him. He brought it up to his shoulder as the clubmen edged into view and so there was no meeting that day. Nor the next. On the third day the shotgun wielder was missing, gone back to Iowa, but Pomeroy was not; Gilly reported that The Club was in session again and so Pomeroy made a run over the pier and got things back to what they had been, chaotic. After that, a week passed without The Club convening.

"Those old guys must be gettin' pretty hungry by now," Pomeroy chuckled. "They must be about ready to come around invitin' me to join their dopey club."

"Sure they are," the gulls chorused, and laughed out of the side of their bills at the idea. They knew full well that a clubman would starve before he'd be pressured into making an equal of a bum from Mooney's.

Pomeroy waited and no clubman appeared, bearing a humble invitation. He checked the pier constantly from a distance, and saw no sign of The Club; all that was there were delighted tourists,

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snatching fish from the gulf without a single burgled hook.

"They must've found another pier," Pomeroy said finally. "They couldn't go this long without eatin'."

"Naw, they ain't found another pier," Gilly told him. "There's a club at every fishing dock and them stuffed shirts wouldn't dream of crashin' a place where they wasn't wanted. Naw, they're out in the gulf, divin' for fish like ordinary workin' stiffs."

"Then the pier they used to have is open to all," Pomeroy grinned. "What are we waitin' for?"

"You go ahead," said Gilly. "It's all yours; you earned it. Me and the boys will just come along to watch."

Pomeroy lit out, triumph high in his heart. Approaching the dock, he licked his lips; the fish were biting like crazy and they looked like blues, his favorite. And they were all his, as Gilly had said. He'd take it slow, not stuffing himself right off the bat. He'd stretch out his pleasure, dawdle over dinner, and when he'd had his fill maybe he'd hang around awhile and swipe fish off the hooks just for kicks. He'd ——

"They're trying to move in again!" boomed a voice on the pier. "Battle stations!"

Pomeroy braked with his wings and stared in astonishment. Something had happened to the tourists. All these days free from pelican suzerainty had given them the will to resist; they had become bold on the heady stuff of actually keeping the fish they caught. And every man jack of them was armed with something throwable which he proceeded to hurl at Pomeroy.

The young pelican ducked and dodged, but even so he caught plenty. Something cracked him in the head, dizzying him, sending him into a spin from which he barely recovered before he crashed. Another missile stung him in the tail-feather region as he frantically winged over and tried to get out of there.

"Police!" he squawked. "Us pelicans are protected!"

The cops were elsewhere; they had determinedly avoided the fishing pier ever since the horrid possibility of having to arrest a winter visitor had been raised. Pomeroy's cries went unanswered except by gibbering laughter sent up by the gang from Mooney's, who had come to watch the fun.

The debris pelted Pomeroy, but he finally escaped, considerably beat up, and made for a buoy offshore. There he perched, the laughter of Gilly and his gang still ringing in his ears. It was a low moment.

"Fine thing," he told himself, aloud. "You were goin' to fix things and you did, all right. You spoiled it for The Club, sure, and when you did you spoiled it for every pelican that flies. That, my pointy-headed friend, includes you."

He gloomily looked out toward the fishing grounds where the pelicans who dived for a living were dropping from the skies, snagging fish, chatting with friends, laughing over little jokes, never thinking of Pomeroy these days.

He turned his sad eyes shoreward, toward the pier. Gilly and his gang had moved in and now they cluttered the pilings that had once been reserved for the most elite of pelicans, The Club members.

The tourists did not bother them—no gull could unhook a fish—and the Mooney's Fish House crowd were doing all right on dead bait, scraps of leftover lunch and other titbits.

"My pals," Pomeroy said bitterly. "Split their sides laughin' while I was gettin' that going-over. They knew what I was goin' to get and they let me stick my neck out. And I thought they were my friends."

Friends? He had no friends. The world was against him.

He peered out into the gulf again and saw that the people of Spindrift Key were starting home, the morning's fishing finished. Yes, there went momma and poppa, too, and he half raised a wing to wave to them, folded it again. No use; they were through with him.

"And I can't go back to Mooney's," he muttered. "That gang would ride the tail feathers off me. Gilly said every other pier on the West Coast had a club, so what would be the use of tryin' someplace else? All it would do would burn up the tourists wherever I went, if I tried that dive-bombin' stuff."

Burn up the tourists—for a moment Pomeroy was tempted to do just that, out of meanness, but he shook his banged-up head; somehow it seemed a pretty lousy trick, spoiling everything for everybody just because he'd goofed off completely with his own life.

"Hey," he told himself, "stop thinkin' like a square. What do you care about anybody else, any more than they care about you? It'd serve 'em right if you started up at Cedar Key and went right on down the coast to Cape Sable, makin' tourists hate pelicans. Maybe then they'd be sorry they picked on you. Maybe then they'd wish they'd never yelled 'Yoo-hoo, Pom-er-oooy' at you."

But no pelican had yoo-hooed Pom-er-oooy at him in a long, long time and no pelican would, ever again. He was alone, an outcast, a pariah, and he was only a little boy, after all. It was awful. The more he thought of it, the worse it got, and pretty soon it became too much for him to bear. He began to weep, the tears coursing down his cheeks.

How long he sat there, weeping, the buoy's bell tolling a mournful accompaniment, he never knew; but it seemed forever before a wing was thrown over his shoulder and poppa cleared his throat and said huskily, "There, there, son. It'll be all right."

Pomeroy turned and buried his face in his father's breast. "It'll never be all right," he sobbed. "I've been a stupid jerk. I've spoiled everything."

"Maybe you're a little mixed up," poppa conceded, "but there's not a vicious feather on your body. You got off on the wrong foot with that name your mother—well, never mind about that. Let's go back to Spindrift Key and start all over again. Why, you haven't even met your baby sister. Name of Pete."

"Go back? But they'd throw me out," Pomeroy cried.

"No, they won't," poppa said. "They'll welcome you home, even the fellows who were in The Club."

"Them?" Pomeroy asked, drawing back in horror. "They'll murder me."

"Unh-unh," his father smiled. "Y'see, while they may have wanted to wring your neck when they lost their gravy train, they don't now. Seems that having to get out and dive for fish did things for them. Took off all that excess weight; gave them some muscle tone. They all swear they feel twenty years younger; wouldn't go back to The Club if they could."

And that was the way it was when Pomeroy went back to Spindrift Key. Maybe the ex-clubmen were a bit cool at first, but they accepted him eventually and so did all the other pelicans when they saw how Pomeroy had changed. If you're down that way, you'll see them all getting along very buddy-buddy, at Spindrift Key and out on the fishing grounds.

And at the latter place, if you look sharp, you might notice that one of the pelicans, when he dives, hits the water tail-first, an agonized expression on his face, one wing tightly clenched over his beaked nose.

That's Pomeroy. He is firmly resolved to do everything he's supposed to do, even high-dive for fish, but that doesn't mean he has to like it.

The Music Hall (Continued from Page 35)

The stage shows are always lavish and often startling. A mighty battleship with turrets turning and cannon belching smoke may loom up suddenly on the stage, which can be made big enough—it's a hundred and forty-four feet long by eighty-four wide—to accommodate an ordinary house and lot. Or a transatlantic liner may break in two and seem to sink almost into the laps of the front-row customers. Or the curtain may go up on a circus scene with twenty-three trained horses, a few elephants and a chorus of seventy dancers.

Such spectacles, always elaborately beautiful and pleasantly corny, have made the Music Hall one of New York's top tourist attractions since its doors first opened a quarter of a century ago. But not all the surprises are on the theater program, nor are all the miracles at the Music Hall performed in view of the audience.

Take the day that three elephants refused—that's what their trainer said—to go on stage unless they first had a bath. The backstage labyrinth at the theater is equipped for almost anything, but nobody had ever thought of trying to bathe an elephant there. John Jackson, director of stage operations, studied the split-second timetable on which the show runs, took a quick look at the balky elephants and began giving orders. A garden hose was run into the animal dressing room, tubs and scrub brushes were produced, and everybody went to work. Three freshly bathed and contented elephants made their curtain call on time.

The stage crew must be able to solve such problems immediately, because a delay or a missing performer can wreck the pace of the whole show. On one occasion a member of a three-man Swiss juggling team was suddenly stricken ill. A look at the schedule showed that the Swiss team was supposed to perform while heavy scenery was shifted for the next act. If the jugglers failed to go on, it would be necessary to lower the curtain and stop the show for eight minutes. Jackson, who had been watching the jugglers every day for a week, could think of only one alternative. Taking a deep breath, he put on a fancy costume and went out on the stage with the two remaining Swiss to toss Indian clubs around for the first time since he had studied juggling as a boy vaudeville trouper. He did well too.

Some of the unscheduled but best-remembered surprises at the Music Hall have centered around the four big stage elevators, which can lift the musicians or half a hundred dancers or a few tons of scenery from the basement up to stage level—or higher if desired. Both of the theater's stage-show producers—Leon Leonidoff and Russell Markert—make extensive use of the elevators to get unusual effects, such as raising the swirling members of the Corps de Ballet high into the air as they finish their dance number. This almost always brings a gasp of delight from the audience. On one unhappy afternoon, however, the elevator apparatus blew a fuse. Instead of raising the dancers above the stage, the elevator lowered them to the basement, where they took their bows before the astonished eyes of engineer William Kells—and nobody else.

The elevators, which can move at any speed from five to forty-five feet a minute, occasionally upset the musicians and performers. Some years ago, a newly hired trombone player turned slightly green as the orchestra pit was raised from the basement into view of the audience. He looked around wildly for an instant, then leaped over the railing of the pit and ran madly up the center aisle to the men's room. Another time, a Rockette—one of the theater's famous group of precision dancers—was following the line along a narrow shelf extending from the stage when she missed her footing and tumbled on top of a violinist in the orchestra pit. The thirty-five other Rockettes closed ranks and went right on kicking at the rate of twenty kicks a minute.

The most memorable blooper occurred, however, during a gaudy production in which the orchestra was supposed to be raised by elevator to stage level and then moved to the rear of the stage on an electric-powered device known as the bandwagon. Before the show started, an electrician was installed in a small compartment under the orchestra pit, where he lay prone and operated the controls of the bandwagon. All went well until the show reached its finale. The orchestra, as if responding to a flick of conductor Raymond Paige's baton, rose majestically to stage level—where it stopped dead. The whole show stopped dead, too, until in desperation a dozen stage hands crept out behind the orchestra and manually rolled the big bandwagon to the back of the stage. When they opened the operator's compartment, it was cozily warm inside and the electrician was sound asleep.

One of the phenomena of New York show business is the crowd that flocks to the Music Hall during holiday and vacation seasons. At Christmas or Easter time, the first patrons may arrive soon after dawn and stand in line for several hours before the doors open, even on bitterly cold days. Russell V. Downing, president and managing director of the theater, recently estimated that more than 90 per cent of Music Hall patrons during peak holiday periods were tourists or out-of-town visitors. At those times as many as 100 chartered buses filled with vacationers or school children may arrive at the theater in a single week. One day in 1951 police estimated that close to 10,000 persons, or one and a half times the capacity of the theater, were waiting for admittance.

Sydney Goldman, director of theater operations, has six assistants and 120 ushers and doormen trained to handle large crowds. Most of the staff are local college boys working part-time. The

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staff is prepared to deal with anything from a request for directions to a good, moderately priced restaurant to complaints that the theater is too hot or too cold. The Music Hall air-conditioning equipment pumps air at the rate of forty cubic feet a minute for each patron through apertures in the ceiling. Engineers check the temperature and humidity six times a day, and each assistant manager carries a pocket thermometer to show unhappy customers that they are really comfortable after all.

The Music Hall is so large and there are so many aisles and so many rows of seats that it is easy to get lost. Youngsters who think they are old enough to find their way to one of the nine rest rooms alone usually are right, but finding their way back to mother is another matter. Ushers are accustomed to rescuing weeping children, using a bit of psychology to stem their tears and then leading them up and down the aisles until an anxious mother comes to the rescue. There have been instances, of course, when some mothers have got so absorbed in the show that they didn't miss their children until the youngsters were led down the aisle, wailing loudly.

"But the really persistent offenders are the grandmothers," Goldman said recently. "They lose more children than all the others put together and often get lost themselves."

Gloves, glasses and earrings are the articles most frequently lost in the theater, but the cleaners find between six and ten wallets each week, and on two occasions pistols were picked up after the late show. In both instances, the owners had licenses to carry arms. Now and then a woman's shoe is found, apparently kicked several rows away from its owner and given up as lost. Curiously, the staff has never observed a woman leaving the theater wearing only one shoe. Once a cleaner rescued a book entitled How to Improve Your Memory. Goldman's staff takes all this in its stride and the first-aid nurses who are always on duty have even handled a couple of cases in which expectant mothers were bundled into ambulances and taken to a hospital just in time.

Among the Music Hall patrons—there were once 186,000 in a single week—are a few "regulars." One slight, white-haired amateur photographer, James Valentino, has been in his front-row seat several times a week for the last half dozen years and recalls that he saw one show, The Great Caruso, no fewer than thirty times during its ten-week run. Valentino has a collection of about 500 color pictures he has taken of the Rockettes in action.

Another regular was a sweet-faced old lady who was always rather shabbily dressed in the high-necked, long-skirted costumes and high-button shoes of the gay nineties. She was always first in line for the opening of new shows and in time became acquainted with members of the staff, including a courteous young man named William Reilly. One day she told Reilly that she was curious about what went on backstage, and he arranged for her to attend an early-morning dress rehearsal. During rest periods, the ballet dancers sat near her in the front of the theater, and one of them, Rosalie Spatcher, explained what was going on. This proved so exciting that she came back to many other rehearsals and always chatted with Miss Spatcher and Reilly. Then one day she failed to appear. Some time later a lawyer came around with news that she had died and that in her will she had divided her estate of $409,000 between Miss Spatcher and Reilly. The case of the shabby old lady, Mrs. Edna M. A. Elliot, is one that Goldman frequently cites when he emphasizes to his staff the importance of courtesy and helpfulness to patrons.

The Music Hall was built with the idea of making it a kind of super-theater. Everything about it was and still is described in superlatives. Its 6200 seats provided the greatest capacity of any indoor theater. Its proscenium arch—sixty feet high—was the largest in the world. Its organ had pipes thirty-two feet tall and so many mechanical attachments that it could imitate anything from a tambourine to a glockenspiel. Its famous contour curtain, which weighs three tons and can be moved into almost any imaginable position by thirteen motors, was the biggest ever constructed. And its opening performance on December 27, 1932, was described almost unanimously by critics and patrons as the biggest bore on Broadway.

The opening show was "conceived and supervised" by director general S. L. Rothafel, better known in show-business circles as Roxy. Roxy put together sixteen numbers—there was no movie—that included the Wallendas, famous European aerialists; the Tuskegee Choir; dancer Ray Bolger; Martha Graham's dance group; the vaudeville team of Weber and Fields; and, on Sunday, the First Popular Symphony Concert, with Leopold Stokowski as guest conductor. It was an incredible collection of talent and it was a resounding flop, perhaps because there was just too much of it.

After two weeks of fading box-office receipts, the stage show was cut to fifty minutes and a motion picture was added, inaugurating a policy that has continued ever since. Business picked up a little, but by 1933 the Music Hall was one of the outstanding financial failures in show business. That autumn the management was reorganized by its owners, Rockefeller Center, Inc., and in the next decade the theater made a slow climb upward. In 1946, it set a world's attendance record of 7,108,000 and in 1956 it grossed about $7,500,000 under the direction of Downing, who originally joined the organization in 1933 as treasurer.

Today the Music Hall has a permanent staff of approximately 600 persons, a weekly payroll of $50,000 and a reputation that lures tourists from all parts of the country.

This reputation rests on a direct "family appeal" to the popular taste of Americans of all ages and a remarkable ability to produce a lavish new stage show approximately once every month. Downing and his advisers more or less have the pick of new motion pictures because of the prestige of the Music Hall. Still, it is difficult to select a dozen films a year that will not only draw youngsters in droves to the matinees but will appeal to enough older persons to fill the theater each evening.

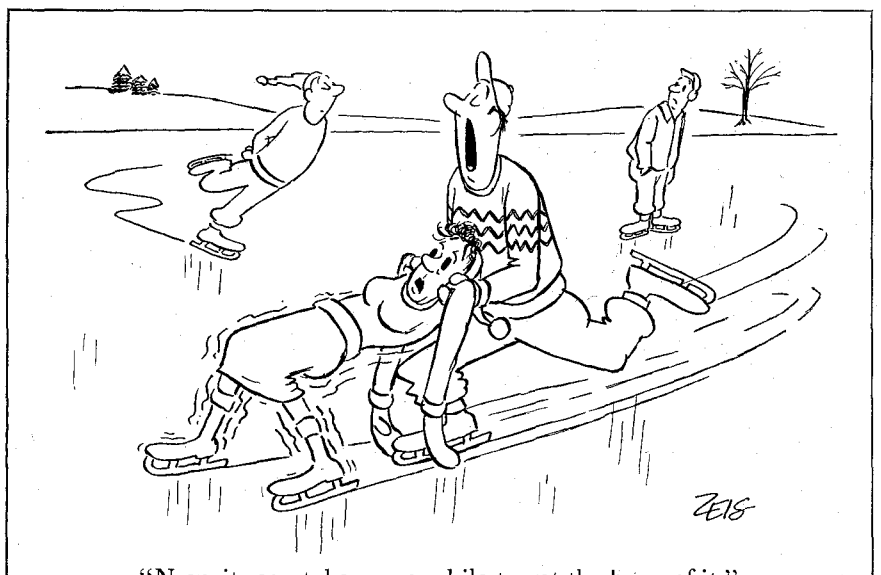
The stage shows are primarily the responsibility of three men with wide experience in the entertainment field—Russell Markert, producer and director of the Rockettes; Leon Leonidoff, senior producer; and Raymond Paige, director of music. Markert grew up in the Florenz Ziegfeld tradition and tends toward elaborate show-girl productions. Leonidoff, born in Rumania and a former dancer, emphasizes ballet and surprising "transformations," or changes of scenery, before the eyes of the audience.

Each stage show must have something for everybody—the suburban clubwoman who adores symphonic music, the small boy who gazes wide-eyed at performing bears, the men who like to look at a high-kicking chorus line. Still more important, the show must be as lavish and as elegant in its own way as any musical extravaganza in town, but it must be produced for a fraction of the cost and in a fraction of the time usually required to put a musical on Broadway. This is only slightly less impossible than it may seem at first glance.

A big musical may cost several hundred thousand dollars and may be "on the road" for several weeks before opening on Broadway. A Music Hall production, on the other hand, is limited to a scant two hours of dress rehearsal before its first performance. That the productions come out so well is due to the skill of Leonidoff, Markert and Paige. Among them they co-ordinate the efforts of a permanent staff of stage designers, dressmakers, hatmakers, artists, carpenters and performers, including the symphony orchestra of fifty pieces, the forty-six Rockettes, the forty members of the Corps de Ballet and the twenty-five members of the Glee Club.

Normally three different shows are in the works at the same time—one being performed four times daily for an audience, another in rehearsal and a third in the planning stage. If Leonidoff, for instance, is to produce the November show, he would probably call a planning meeting in September to outline the theme to such staff members as Paige, Markert and his Rockette assistant, Emilia Sherman; Margaret Sande, director of the ballet; James Stewart Morcom, art director; and Frank Spencer, costume designer.

The Music Hall is able to produce big shows at low expense because it has a huge warehouse crammed with scenery, stage properties and fantastic mechanical



"Now, it may take you a while to get the hang of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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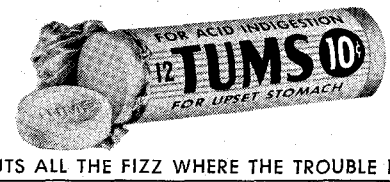

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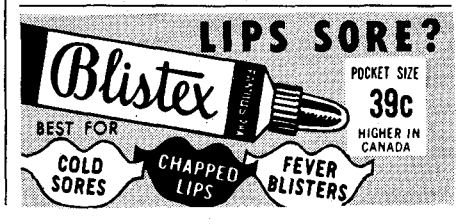

POCKET SIZE 39c HIGHER IN CANADA

BEST FOR COLD SORES CHAPPED LIPS FEVER BLISTERS

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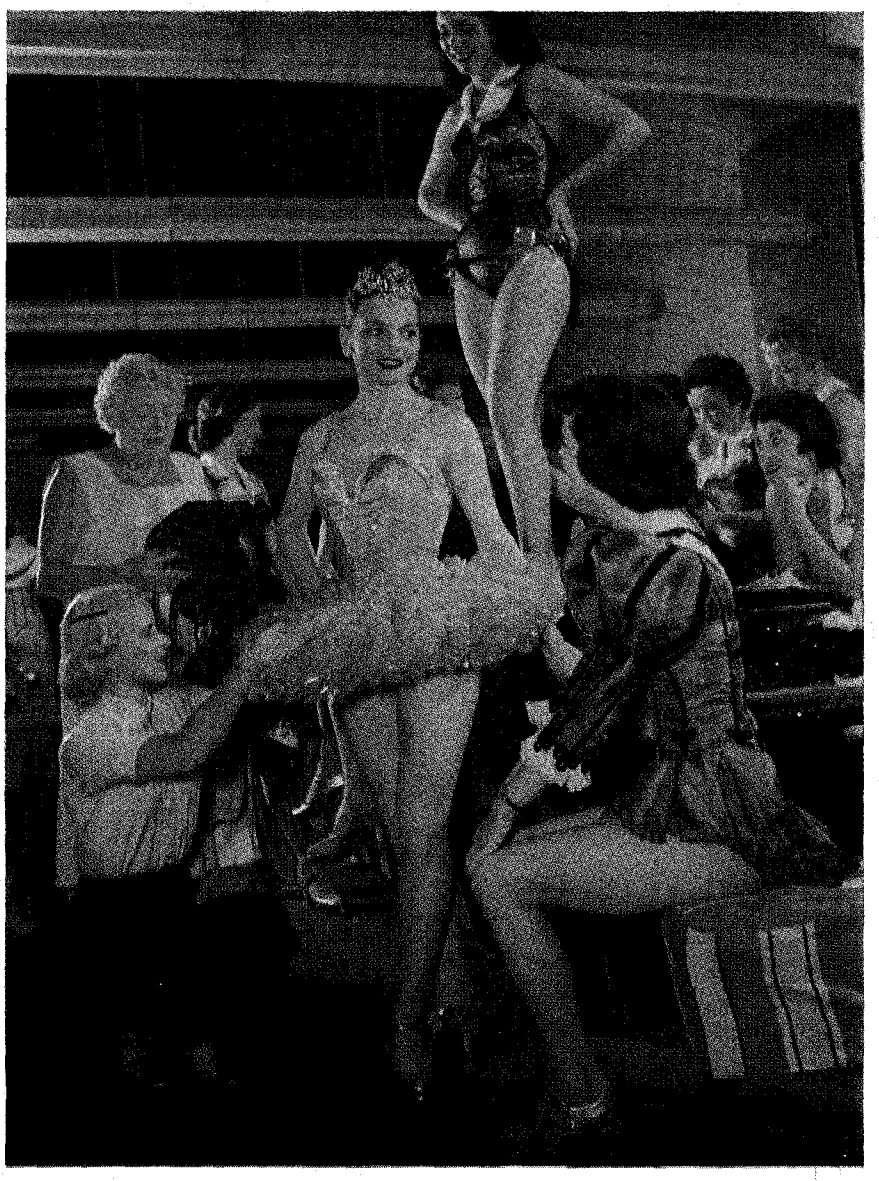
devices. By refurbishing and reconstructing this equipment and using it at intervals over several years, Morcom can produce a bright new background for almost anything from a display of electric fireworks to an April shower of real raindrops bouncing off a spatterboard high above the stage.

In setting the Music Hall stage, both Morcom and Spencer have problems that are unusual even for Broadway. The stage is almost a city block wide when the cast is spread along runways at the sides. In such a large space everything has to be twice as big and twice as bright as normal, or the effect on the audience will be lost. Subtle colors or detailed decorations simply disappear. Spencer sometimes makes wigs for the dancers out of such things as shirred satin and sequins to get the effect of brightly colored hair on the vast stage.

One of the more unusual scenes on which Morcom and Spencer have worked was a ballet at the bottom of the sea. In order to get an underwater effect, Leonidoff proposed the use of ultraviolet lights on a darkened stage to fluoresce the special paint on costumes worn by dancers and sea creatures. The idea seemed good until it was tried out. When the ultraviolet lights were turned on, the painted costumes showed up brilliantly—but the unpainted heads, arms and legs of the dancers disappeared in the gloom, leaving a stage eerily occupied by fifty floating, twirling dresses. The problem eventually was solved by making wigs, gloves, stockings and masks that also would glow under ultraviolet lighting.

Another presentation that gave Spencer trouble was a Glory of Easter show which called for the ballet dancers to appear in one scene as nuns and as woolly lambs in the next number. Such a change could be made in a few seconds because the dancers wore the lamb costumes underneath the sober robes of the nuns. But at dress rehearsal, an hour before the show opened, Spencer made a horrible discovery. As the nuns walked sedately down a short flight of stairs, every one of them showed two small cloven hoofs under the long skirts of her robe. Producer Leonidoff shouted the rehearsal to a stop. Miss Sande screamed in dismay. Spencer clutched his head in his hands and engaged in furious thought. There was no time to change the order of scenes or to make new costumes. But Spencer did have time to send out to the nearest department store for thirty-six pairs of those little socks women wear in their shoes when going bare-legged. The dancers put these on over their hoofs for the first scene and then kicked them off backstage before appearing as woolly lambs, and the situation was saved.



In Radio City Music Hall's costume workshop, a ballerina receives a final fitting of her ensemble. Making new and different outfits keeps 25 seamstresses always busy.

Doubtless the costume department could have devised some other solution if it had been necessary. It has met some man-sized emergencies over the years. A few years ago when there was a last-minute switch in programs, the theater's hat and costume makers were given two days in which to make 300 complete outfits for forty ballet dancers and forty-six Rockettes. The job was finished in time for the opening.

While the costumes and scenery for a new show are being prepared, the dance routines are worked out by the directors of the ballet corps and the Rockettes. About a week before the opening they and the Glee Club, directed by Ralph Hunter, begin rehearsals in separate backstage halls. Rehearsals are limited, by union regulations, to fifteen hours in all and are usually held in the mornings. The Rockettes—there are forty-six of them, counting spares, but only thirty-six can get on the stage conveniently at one time—are perhaps the best-known precision dancers in the world. They were organized in 1925 by Markert as the Missouri Rockets. Later they became a hit in New York as the Roxyettes at the Roxy Theater and, due to legal complications, had to change their name to Rockettes after shifting to the Music Hall in 1932.

Most of the Rockettes come from small towns in various parts of the United States, but this year there were two English girls in the line too. Markert receives letters almost every day from young girls who want advice on how to train, so that they can become Rockettes when they finish high school. Some of these aspirants—Jeannette Dix, of Hallwood, Virginia, in the present group, for example—eventually join the group. A Rockette's career usually ends in marriage after two or three years, but some continue as long as ten years; at present there is one member, married to a musician, who has two children. The basic idea of the troupe is that all do exactly the same thing at exactly the same time, so that none stands out from the rest and none becomes known as an individual star. In fact, a "captain" is always watching from the audience at each performance not only to catch any mistakes but to prepare a reprimand for any girl who calls attention to herself by dancing better or kicking a half inch higher than the others. The Rockettes are so famous for their unison dancing that once when the lead girl went on stage too soon and threw the line into chaos, the audience refused to believe it was a mistake and loudly applauded the "comedy" dance routine.

The orchestra requires only a few rehearsals for each show. Music director Paige, who formerly headed one of the best-known orchestras on radio, puts a lot of showmanship into conducting, shakes his fist at the kettledrums, coaxes the violins tenderly and sweats through his sport shirt before work is well started in the stuffy rehearsal hall. He and his three assistant conductors have what may be the most trying jobs at the Music Hall, because musicians and singers often are widely scattered around the big stage and unusual skill is required to keep the drummers over near 50th Street in time with harpists or a soloist way over at 51st Street.

The tempo of activity in the theater picks up rapidly on Monday, but, except for separate rehearsals of specific numbers, most of the work is done in staff meetings. Actually, it is not until the last stage show ends at ten o'clock Wednesday evening and the movie is shown for the final time that the real work begins. Behind the big motion-picture screen the stage crew removes the scenery used in the old show and brings on the new properties. By about midnight, the audience is out of the theater, and Leonidoff has just ten hours in which to "go on the road" with the new show in an effort to smooth out the rough spots before the Thursday-morning opening.

"On the road" at the Music Hall means that virtually everybody works all night, sticking rigidly to a minute-by-minute schedule. Leonidoff usually arrives at the theater soon after two A.M., by which time Morcom and Patrick Douris, the head property man, have finished hanging the new scenery. At four A.M., Leonidoff perches himself behind a temporary control board set up about twenty rows back in the orchestra seats and starts the scenery rehearsal. For an hour, as he talks into a microphone, the stage crew runs through the various changes of scenery, the stage director Jackson notes on his schedule the number of seconds required for each shift. At five A.M., Leonidoff and Eugene Braun, director of lighting, begin setting up a timetable for the lights, which are controlled from a fifteen-foot-long console that is located just in front of the orchestra pit, but is camouflaged from the view of the audience.

There are 15,000 lights in the Music Hall and almost all of them are connected to the console. Although the console has more than 4000 switches, only one man is needed to operate it. By setting a series of thermionic controls in advance, he can handle all but a few of the lights needed for an entire show. To get color changes on an ordinary spotlight it is necessary for an attendant to change the colored slides manually. On the console, which was built especially for the Music Hall, the operator can achieve color changes on thirty-six big spotlights by setting in advance a number of switches which control colored slides that are moved back and forth by small motors. Then, when a single master switch is flicked the console will automatically make a carefully timed series of switches from white to red to blue to green, and back again to white.

By the time the task of "lighting the show" is completed, about eighty microphones have been shifted into position under direction of Warren Jenkins, head of the sound department. Thirty of these microphones are in the orchestra pit. If the string section of the orchestra is being drowned out during a performance, a sound operator on duty in the back of the theater can boost the volume on ten violins to make them sound like twenty by the time the music is projected into the auditorium through forty-seven loudspeakers around the proscenium arch.

By about seven A.M., Leonidoff has exhausted much more than half of the ten hours allotted him for polishing the new show. By that time, too, a great many more persons—musicians, dancers, performers, Florence Anderson, the wardrobe mistress, managing director Downing and assorted staff members—are arriving at the theater for the only full rehearsal of the production. Warnings go out over the public-address system to all backstage dressing rooms, the cafeteria, the flies high above stage and the subbasements: "Five minutes to curtain." Musicians climb into the orchestra-pit elevator at the second basement level. Dancers drift into the wings, resplendent in new costumes. There is a momentary pause, a kind of lull in which everyone takes a deep breath before the final, frantic two hours in which the new show must be put together for the first time, polished and perfected.

Backstage, John Jackson looks at his stopwatch and signals the central control board. The curtain rises. The music breaks the silence of the empty theater. The dancers move out.

"Now! Now!" Leonidoff barks from the gloomy shadows of the orchestra seats. "Give me the blue lights! The blue lights!"

The Music Hall show is "on the road."

THE END

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I Saw the Algerian Rebels in Action

(Continued from Page 27)

in Algeria. The settlers have made the best of the bad pickings. They have built cities, schools, hospitals, straight roads, and most of the appurtenances of "better living." They dominate the professions, control most of what good land there is, and hold the bulk of the administrative jobs. Even so, only a handful of big landowners and merchants are rich. Clerks, foremen and shopkeepers are the rule.

The leavings of the Europeans are not nearly sufficient for the rapidly growing Moslem population. Most of the Arabs and Berbers live in acute and deepening economic misery. They are not only poor but impoverished. Moreover, through daily contact with the Europeans, they have developed a keen desire for improvement, edged with bitter resentment toward the settlers.

"You think," M. Lacoste himself put it to me, "that this is a colonial war. It isn't. Our problem here is to help the settlers and the Moslems live together without bloodshed. To surrender to the rebels would be to abandon the Europeans to their fate. The rebels are only a handful of terrorists—like a thousand mad bombers on the loose. It is as though a gang of Negroes in St. Louis, Mississippi, [sic] suddenly wanted to be independent. What would you do then?"

What the French Government has done is to launch the so-called pacification campaign—a war on two fronts. On the one, the military and police struggle to crush the rebels and their supporters. On the other, the administration and army are advancing political and economic reforms which, they hope, will rally most of the Moslems to the French cause.

Higher wages, more land, better education and a larger Moslem voice in local government are parts of the program. In the past fifteen months the government has opened 159 new schools, established 381 work projects giving jobs to 20,000 laborers, set up 1128 village councils in areas formerly administered by civil servants, and made Arab workers eligible for workmen's compensation, free medical assistance and old-age pensions. Approximately 900,000 acres of European-held land have been earmarked for expropriation, with compensation, for distribution to Arab peasants in twenty-five-acre lots. A minimum wage, about a dollar a day, has been decreed for agricultural labor. At least 50 per cent of all new civil-service jobs must go to Moslems.

But the heart of the reform program is the SAS or Special Administrative Section set up by the French army to "establish contact between the Algerian people and the French administration." Each SAS unit—there are now about 800 of them—is headed by a French officer (captain or below) and staffed with an assistant and secretary (often the officer's wife). The officer takes up residence in the midst of some troubled Moslem area. His job is to minister to all needs of the people; to be, as one of the enabling orders puts it, a *curé de campagne*, or country priest.

The first SAS I visited was about 200 miles south of Algiers, in mountainous country—the native habitat of the rebels. A migratory tribe of about 5000 Arabs had come out of the hills and the SAS officer had been dispatched to look after them. "I fought with Arab soldiers against the Germans in Italy," the officer told me. "I like them, and when I have to shoot at one it hurts me. What's good about this job is that I can help them." His help in the past six months has been prodigious.

A thousand acres have been secured from a co-operative French settler and assigned to the tribe. With tiles for roofing, supplied by the SAS officer, and sticks lashed together for walls, a new village has been built. There is a school attended by 500 children. When I went through it, one class was reading a fable from La Fontaine. A well has been dug and a pump installed. The surrounding fields have been terraced against erosion. The men of the village were working on a road to connect with a nearby town. It was plainly made work and the tribesmen went about it with something less than enthusiasm.

"Those Arabs, they've got plenty of time," said the colonel who brought me out to the village.

The SAS officer retorted with visible sharpness: "The question is whether France has time."

Even as we walked, he was pressing the colonel for an allotment of a thousand dollars to build a metal barracks for a native police squad he had raised. "We could also use it," he said in urgent tones, "as a permanent installation for an infirmary." How much, I interrupted, had he spent on the village already? "I don't know," the SAS officer replied. (Later, the records showed the total was close to a hundred thousand dollars). "All I know is that I need more money for that barracks and I'm going to get it."

Next I visited the largest *bidonville* (jerry-can town) in Algiers. Some 7500 Arabs were clustered in a two-acre warren on a hillside. The SAS officer here had established a cheap local market, and built a school. He was arranging the gradual removal of the Arabs to a block of new apartment houses under construction. His office was a prefabricated aluminum hut, rather like a tool shed. On the table before him were perhaps a hundred letters on which he had made rough pencil notes. "I'm the judge here," the SAS officer explained, "and I try to settle the *chikiya* (petty disputes) among the Arabs. Some of them are easy, say a theft, or if a fellow wants to open a vegetable stall where another man would like to sell soda pop. But what can I do about this?" He proffered a meticulously lettered note. It read:

Dear Mr. Officer: I am an old man. For several days a woman has been coming to my door and arguing with me, showing a lack of respect. The other day she threw her garbage on my doorstep, shouting insults. I would like you to invite this woman to respect my age.

"How," the officer asked again, "would you settle that?"

How indeed? Not with all the soldiers in the world. Not even with anything so grand as the wisdom of Solomon. To settle that dispute—to soothe the ruffled feathers of a proud old man and to make a lady of a saucy baggage—requires a personal relationship of an easy sort, a free give-and-take among equals. And that exactly is what does not exist between the French and the Moslems in Algeria.

One reason is the war itself. Pitted against an invisible enemy that melts into the countryside, the French military have never been able to draw a hard line between nationalist soldiers and the rest of the Moslems. In Algiers it is common practice for French paratroopers to round up a thousand Arabs for a security check which usually results in the release of all but a score. In the countryside, dozens of villages, bombed out by French aviation, testify to indiscriminate punishment. Cases of mistaken identity are common.

One particularly tragic incident occurred when I was visiting an oasis town on the fringe of the Sahara. French soldiers were making a house-to-house curfew check in a nearby Arab village. They came to the home of the local caid, a friendly Arab official. He had received threatening letters from the nationalists, and had detailed two of his retainers to guard his door. The French troop, a dozen ordinary soldiers, knew nothing of that.

When the French knocked on the caid's door, the two guards thought it was the rebels and refused to open. The knocking continued and they panicked and opened fire. The French shot back, of course, and broke down the door just as the caid burst from his bedroom, rifle in hand. In the fracas, the French lost one soldier; they killed their best friend in the community—the caid—and his two guards.

"What can I do?" the local commandant said to me later. "Every time we harm an Arab who is not a rebel, we make ten real rebels. But the thing that most resembles a rebel is an Arab who is not a rebel."

Nearly as important as the war in poisoning relations between the Arabs and the French is the attitude of many of the European settlers—notably that of the petty local officials. The bureaucrats have indulged themselves at the expense of the Arabs, whom they hold in contempt. "The Arabs," I was told by a long-time town mayor, "weigh against the Europeans like a mountain of feathers balanced by an ounce of gold." Such bullies bear the primary responsibility for the black side of the French record in Algeria—the tortures, mass reprisals, arbitrary arrests and systematic hounding of the Moslem population.

In the face of such tactics most Arabs have cut all contacts with the French. One of the few I met while with the French, turned out to be a secret nationalist. He told me, "There is not a single Moslem of any prominence who is with the French. To see the Arabs of Algeria, you have to cross over to the nationalists."

Three weeks later I flew to Rabat, the capital of neighboring Morocco, dispatched the coded telegram to New York, and soon was in touch with the nationalists. They took me by train and truck to Bou Beker, a Moroccan mining village not a quarter of a mile distant from the Algerian frontier. There they gave me a costume consisting of an army uniform, a *djellabah* (Arab cape) and turban, a revolver made in Austria, and a guide.

Lieutenant Tahar, his *nom de guerre*, was hardly a typical rebel soldier. Shorter, darker, younger and handsomer than most and wearing a mustache to conceal his youth (he was twenty-three), Tahar looked like a pocket edition of Cesar Romero. He had been educated well beyond the average at a college in Algeria, and the University of Grenoble in France, where he married and divorced a French girl. Then, thanks to a scholarship from a

... ...

TWO A.M.

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Martha Manheim

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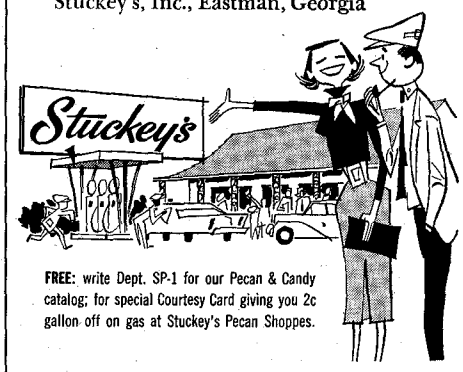

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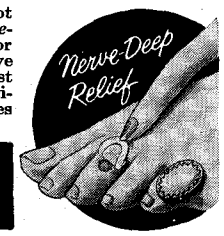

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French tire company, he attended the University of Paris, which he quit in 1956, lacking one year of an advanced degree in mathematics. A passionate lover of music, he hummed snatches from The Magic Flute all day long. He had seen Porgy and Bess in Paris, and could whistle some of the tunes.

Tahar was prey to wild enthusiasm about the nationalist cause. At our first meeting he ran into the room, clapped his hands and burst into a speech: "You are going to see something stupefying—a revolution. We have passed through the fire, and now we are clean. We want our revolution to be a complete change. Before, we lacked everything—liberty, education, work, an army, politics, radio broadcasts. Now we want all that. Ours is a total movement."

In common with many other nationalists, Tahar had a weakness for melodrama. I asked him once why, as a musician and mathematician, he had bothered about the rebellion. "Because," he said, puffing his chest, "I am an Algerian first."

Before we left Bou Beker, Tahar outlined the nationalist military organization. Algeria had been divided into seven commands—six large areas called *Willaya*, and a seventh independent zone for the city of Algiers. Military units ranged from battalions of 1000 men, attached to *Willaya* commands, through companies of 100 men and sections of thirty-five men attached to lesser commands. A company was going to take us straight across the frontier into the Fifth *Willaya*, or Western Algeria.

Tahar and I joined the company late one afternoon in a field near Bou Beker. Just after dusk we began marching, first parallel to the frontier for a mile or two, then due east toward Algeria. I had been warned by the French that the nationalists would put their best foot forward for visiting journalists, that they kept special shock companies along the frontier to put on a good show. Show or not, the company I saw was a regular unit of well-drilled troops.

They wore uniforms (combat boots, twill fatigue suits, battle jackets and green caps) bearing insignia of rank. They carried knapsacks, canteens, cartridge belts and grenades. The American carbine was the basic weapon, and there was also a sprinkling of automatic rifles and machine guns of American, British and French make. Markings on the French and American weapons convinced me that these had been seized in ambushes or had been supplied by Arab soldiers deserting the French forces.

On the march, the rebel troops automatically did everything I had been taught in the United States Army. They walked single file about a yard apart, with no talk except for the whispering of orders up and down the line. Scouts were out ahead and to the flanks. At the slightest rustle the troops hit the ground. In open country they ran, bent over, from cover to cover. At the tail end of the line, a sergeant dragged a bush behind him to cover our tracks.

Crossing the frontier was no problem at all, although it was protected by two lines of barbed wire with a mine field between. The scouts clipped the barbed wire and rooted for mines with bayonets. We moved single file through the mine field, each man treading in the footsteps of the man ahead. Four more hours of marching brought us to a wooded area just before dawn. There, taking cover under bushes, we slept until noon.

After rations of bread, broken from round loaves carried in the knapsacks, and sardines, I had a first chance to talk with the soldiers. There was a uniformed sameness about them. Almost all were in their late teens or early twenties. They were in good condition and seemed positively happy to be in the army. Many had suffered in one way or another from the general poverty of Algeria, but tended to equate their troubles, with specific grievances against the European settlers. One, for example, complained that the settlers had stolen his family's land—although actually the farm had been submerged in a reservoir backed up by a French-built dam. In many cases, the simplicity of the soldiers was pronounced. Thinking they might want to know something about the United States, I asked one, a former member of the Algerian Boy Scouts, whether he had any questions. "Yes," he said; "when were the Boy Scouts of America founded?"

I had a more revealing conversation with another soldier, a boy of nineteen who carried the company's first-aid kit. When I asked him what he had done before becoming a soldier, he said, "Grenade-thrower." In plain language that meant a terrorist.

I put it to him that the terror in Algeria was nothing to be proud of, that the grenades hurled into crowded cafés, and time bombs left in streetcars, had killed and maimed hundreds of innocent people.

He seemed genuinely surprised. "I threw grenades under orders," he said, "and always in places where there were soldiers or men who had hurt our people."

How did he know there were no women or children in those places?

"If I bombed a café, I would look in to see there were only men. If there were women there I would go away and come some other time."

I asked him about the affair of the Corniche, a night club outside Algiers where an exploding bomb killed or maimed a score of young girls. He had not heard of that, but after several moments said, "It was the Jews," apparently referring to the 150,000 Algerian Jews who are formally classed as European settlers.

"Why would they do that?"

"Because they are our enemies. Yes, it must have been the Jews."

At that point Tahar intervened vigorously. Naturally, he said, there were a few combatants with prejudices. Maybe some had been cheated by Jewish merchants, and maybe they were against Israel. "But our movement does not discriminate. We welcome Arabs, Jews, Frenchmen even. If there were any racism I would not be here. It is a point of honor."

He was not much more reassuring on the terrorism. There had been, he acknowledged, a lot of throat-cutting by the nationalists. "But now we are well organized. It is strictly against regulations to cut anyone's throat. An enemy is first tried and when found guilty, shot or hanged. But it takes time, you know, to arrange a firing squad. Cutting a man's throat is a moment's work. Anyway, some of those pigs don't deserve to be shot."

I resumed the march with somewhat prickly feelings, which soon became intensified. Toward evening we reached a white plaster building partially hidden by trees, evidently close by some village. I entered first, and in the dim light saw some Arabs sitting against the wall. As customary, I went down the line, shaking hands. When I reached the third man, no hand stretched back. Stooping down, I saw a face glistening with dried blood. Very feebly, the man indicated he could not lift his arms.

Closer examination disclosed a physical wreck. His body was covered with bruises. Broad bands of skin had been rubbed off his wrists and ankles. Both arms seemed dislocated at the shoulder. One ear bore an ugly jagged cut. This was the story he told:

His name was Berrahal Abdel Kadar Ben Yahia. He was twenty-six, had a wife and two children, worked as an agricultural laborer in a small village, and for the past two years had been serving the nationalists as a tax collector. French soldiers had arrested him early in September, and turned him over to four French policemen, who took him to what he called an abandoned airplane hangar. He refused to answer questions, and for the next four days was tortured in a variety of ways. First, he was stripped naked, punched around the body, then beaten with a stick. He was given electric shocks through electrodes attached to his mouth and ears, then to his penis and testicles. He was tied with his hands bound under his knees and held head down in a tub of water. He was hung by his wrists to an iron bar with weights fastened to his feet. His mustache was burned off with a cigarette. He was dragged back and forth across the floor by a police dog.

On the fifth day, the story continued, Ben Yahia and eight other prisoners were loaded into trucks and driven some fifteen miles into the country. Seven were taken out of the trucks, knocked down, beaten and then shot to death with machine guns. Ben Yahia and the other remaining prisoner were returned to the hangar for more questioning. The next day Ben Yahia, left wired to a steam pipe while the four policemen took dinner, managed to loosen his bonds and crawled away. Other Arabs found him and moved him by mule into the hills. Now he was fleeing to Morocco for safety.

When I woke next morning Ben Yahia was gone. Tahar and I joined our company several miles off on the reverse side of a hill that sloped steeply toward a dirt road about 500 yards away. The soldiers had fanned out, lying in prone position with rifles in front of them. Equidistant between the two wings of the fan, a sergeant crouched with an electric battery between his knees and two wires in his hands. The wires ran over the crest of the hill, then down the slope under a covering of dirt, rocks and brush to a mine buried under the road. A sprig of green indicated the position of the mine.

Late in the afternoon we saw two specks winding up the road in the distance. As they came nearer I saw that the first speck was a command car with a chauffeur and four or five French soldiers. About a hundred yards behind came a jeep, with a driver and two men, presumably French officers, in the rear seat. The command car passed by. As the jeep neared the green sprig, one of the soldiers on the brow of the hill raised his hand, then dropped it suddenly. The sergeant thrust the two wires onto the battery.

There was a puff of smoke and a dull thud, not the thunderous explosion I expected. The jeep flew into the air, falling apart. Up ahead, the command car braked and the soldiers poured out on the double. For several moments they poked around in the wreckage. Apparently they found no survivors, as the soldiers ran back to their car and sped away.

Our company withdrew immediately, leaving scouts who later reported that the command car had returned in an hour and a half, leading several tanks which nosed about and fired off several rounds at the empty countryside.

Two days later I was back across the frontier in Bou Beker, weary but impressed. Tahar was neither. "Our army is good," he said, "but we are soldiers and we have arms. What really counts is the courage of our people who have no arms. They are the ones who are going to win this war. You should see them."

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Kraft. The concluding article will appear next week.

"Defrosting?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Crispness that *lasts* right to the bottom of the bowl! Here's proof that milk won't wilt New Wheaties: photo at right shows new Radiant-Crisp Wheaties flake after soaking in milk. Still temptingly crisp and crinkly!

NEW "Breakfast of Champions"

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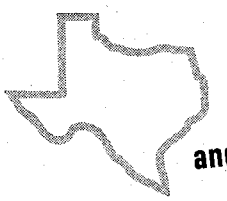

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Keeping Posted

Krista Gordon: and the character in her arms is Plato.

Reunion in the Pages of the Post

This is about three little sisters who a few years ago were in a German postwar orphanage, and who now are happy Americans.

Last year in the April 7th Post **Guanetta Gordon** contributed a touching article, How Krista Became an American. She told about falling in love with the little girl while taking gifts to the orphanage at a time when her husband, a former Army colonel, was stationed in Germany. She told about the legal difficulties of Krista's adoption, and about the child's coming to love her new "daddy and mummy," and later her new homeland. Today Krista is a ten-year-old schoolgirl in Falls Church, Va., getting nice marks on her report cards. "She was so proud of being in the Post," says her mother. "Only recently she pointed to her picture in the magazine and exclaimed, 'Look, it says here "Now I'm an American" and that makes it so!'"

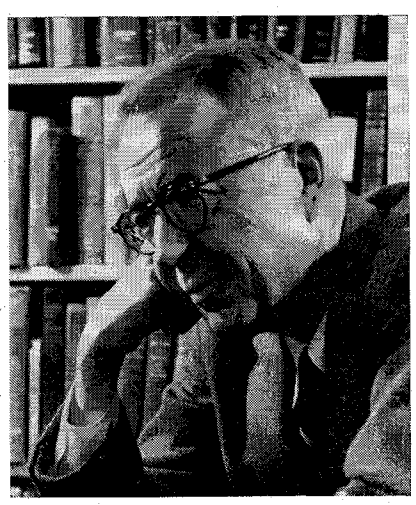
Mrs. Gordon's article brought her a great flow of warmhearted letters from many countries, and after twenty months they are still coming. One day she got a letter from a Mrs. Orville L. Swanson, of Seattle, who had been in Germany with her husband, a former infantry captain. Mrs. Swanson had debated for a long time about whether the letter would be an unwanted invasion of privacy—but Mrs. Gordon thought it was wonderful. Mrs. Swanson wrote that Krista's picture in the Post looked very much like her children, Rosemary and Sue, whom she and her husband had adopted in Germany; and the article (which purposely omitted names and locations) convinced her that the girls must be Krista's sisters. They are. And they are delighted to know about Krista. "Someday they will become reacquainted with her," says Mrs. Swanson. "Meanwhile, along with my 17-year-old daughter, Leruby, we are a typical, happy American family. How richly Rosemary and Sue have rewarded us!"

P.S.: Actually there were *five* sisters in the German orphanage; there's also a delightful story about the others, but it can't be told now.

Peter B. Kyne

Peter B. Kyne, 77, who died in San Francisco on Nov. 25th, was fond of saying that he had written more best-selling novels in a row—twelve—than any other author, and had financed more bums and had more fun than any contemporary writer. He made a fortune with his 25 novels and 1000-odd short stories, lost most of it in ill-starred ventures, yet always maintained a happy zest for living. The Post was fortunate in presenting more than 60 of Mr. Kyne's stories, many of them featuring his best-loved creation, the temperish, softhearted, trouble-seeking old sea dog, Cappy Ricks.

Tales of the Authors



Bev Smith.

At noon one day **Beverly Smith, Jr.** (page 22), left the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where, during his research, he had hefted and fondled money by the tens of millions—and found just enough money in his pocket for a *very* light lunch. He felt, he says, like Cinderella when the clock struck twelve.

Don Tracy confesses that he personally never knew a pelican who did not like to dive (see page 20). "But I knew a gull once who was always complaining that he got water in his ears."

Peg Bracken's theme on page 30, that housewives aren't worth their keep, is called nonsense by her gallant husband, Post author Roderick Lull. "There's nothing exciting about finding your clean socks in the clean-socks drawer, but when you find them in the refrigerator because your wife happened to be putting away groceries and laundry at the same time, it keeps life from becoming unendurably dull."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Rough Road Home"

A woman tells the moving story of her family's tragedy, the compassion she discovered among strangers, and the new life she created for herself and her children.

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